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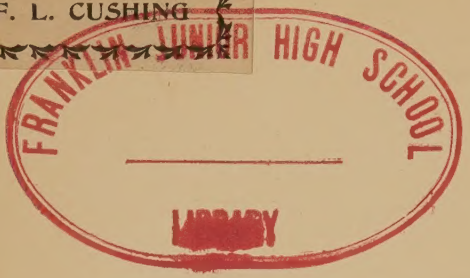

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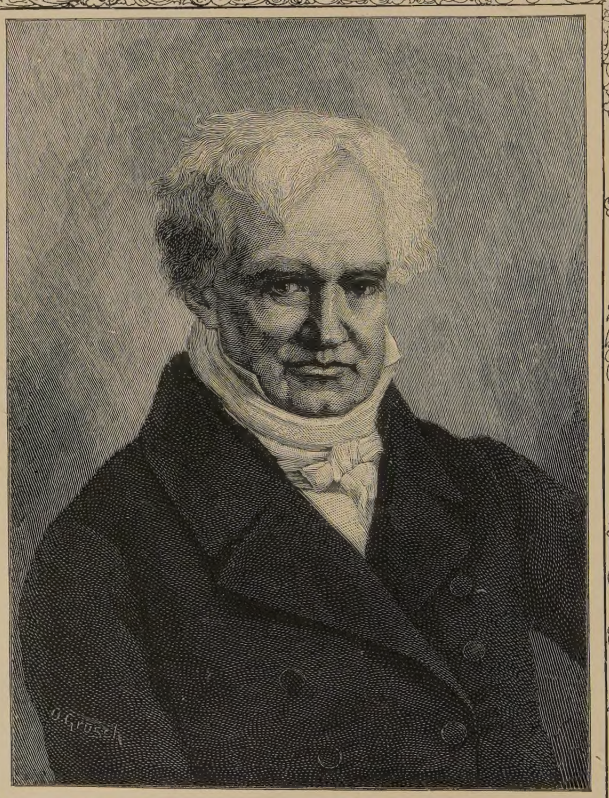

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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XIII

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HERACLITUS

(535–475 B. C.)

HERACLITUS, the most original of the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers, was born at Ephesus about 535 B. C. His father's name is uncertain; but he belonged to the nobility, and claimed descent from Androclus the founder of Ephesus, a son of the Athenian king Codrus. He had even a claim to the royal title himself, doubtless as the titular head of the State religion; but resigned it to his brother when he devoted himself to philosophy. He remained, however, always an aristocrat, and bitterly opposed to the growing democracy of Ephesus, which banished his uncle Hermodorus. The latter is said to have gone to Rome and assisted in drawing up the laws of the Twelve Tables. Heraclitus seems to have lived a retired life, and to have died about 475 B. C. He was known in later times as "the weeping philosopher."

HERACLITUS

Few men have influenced the world by their thought more deeply than Heraclitus. He was the inventor of the *Logos*, from which the science of Logic is named, and on which the first principle of Stoicism and the Christian doctrine of "the Word" are based. His one book, 'On Nature,' was written in Ionic prose, in a form so difficult as to earn him in subsequent times the title of "the Dark." This darkness, however, was due far more to the matter than to the style of the book. The latter, indeed, if abrupt and terse, is powerful and sublime, reminding us of the Hebrew prophets; while of the former, Socrates said that its depth was so great as to require "a Delian diver."

Heraclitus claims to be self-taught; nevertheless he shows acquaintance not only with Homer and Hesiod, but also with Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Hecatæus, Archilochus, and Bias — and inveighs against the whole of them, except the last. His originality therefore consisted in the attitude of opposition which he assumed to his predecessors. Combining the material principle of his Ionian predecessors with the numerical proportion of Pythagoras and the all-embracing unity of being of Xenophanes, he set up as his absolute a universal fire, determining itself according to measure and number. Through

the regulated self-transformation of this, the universe with all its phenomena, including thought, arises. In this universe everything is in perpetual change, except the Logos or law of change, which is conceived as one with the primal fire. The universal life is a process from fire and to fire,—a continual differentiation and a continual overcoming of differentiation.

Heraclitus is the first materialistic monist, and all subsequent systems of monism descend from him. His views are discussed in the 'Cratylus' of Plato, and are often referred to by Aristotle. He founded no school; but about 308 B. C., Zeno of Citium, adopting his leading principles,—his Logos and his monism,—founded Stoicism, which is thus mainly a development of Heracliteanism. Stoicism played a great part in the world for six or seven hundred years, and some of the noblest spirits of the ancient world professed it,—Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Seneca, etc. It finds a very noble expression in the 'Hymn to Zeus' by Cleanthes.

In modern times Hegel, by his own admission, adopted into his Logic all the principles of Heraclitus,—the self-determining, world-creating Logos, the identity of opposites, the universal process, etc.,—and thus gave them a new lease of life. Hegel himself by this means reached an all-embracing idealism, which professed to furnish a new basis for all the old notions of Church and State, which the French Revolution had rudely shaken; but his disciple Ferdinand Lassalle, who wrote a large work in two volumes on Heraclitus, emphasizing the latter's materialism, made it the basis of that view of the world and of society which calls for Socialism as its true expression. Indeed, Socialism is merely Heracliteanism in politics and economics. Thus, in a very important sense, Heraclitus may be said to be the father of Socialism, and to be very much alive among us to-day.

Besides Lassalle's work, already referred to ('Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunklen von Ephesos': Berlin, 1858), there are many works on Heraclitus,—by Schleiermacher, Bernays, Schuster, Teichmüller, Pfleiderer, and others. The best edition of the 'Fragments' is that by I. Bywater, 'Heracliti Ephesii Fragmenta,' Oxford, 1877; of the pseudo-Heraclitean letters, that by Jac. Bernays, Berlin, 1869.

FRAGMENTS

LISTENING, not to me, but to the Word, it is wise for men to confess that all things are one.

Though the Word always speaks, yet men are born without understanding for it, both before they hear it, and at first after they have heard it. For though all things are produced

according to this Word, men seem to be unaware of it, making attempts at such words and deeds as I explain by separating them according to their nature, and telling them as they are. But other men fail as completely to recognize what they do while they are awake as they forget what they do when asleep.

Having ears and understanding not, they are like deaf men. To them the proverb applies: "While they're here they're yonder."

Evil witnesses to men are the eyes and ears of them that have barbarous souls.

For many men have no wisdom regarding those things with which they come in contact, nor do they learn by experience. They are opinions even to themselves.

If thou hope for that which is past hope, thou shalt not find it; for it is past searching and past finding out.

Those who search for gold, dig much earth and find little.

Nature loves to hide herself.

The King whose oracle is in Delphi neither reveals nor conceals, but indicates.

The Sibyl, with inspired lips, uttering words unmeet for laughter, unadorned, unanointed, reaches with her voice across a thousand years, because of the god that is in her.

Eyes are more accurate witnesses than ears.

Much learning doth not teach understanding; else it had taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, yea, and Xenophanes, and Hecatæus.

Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, pursued information most of all men, and making selections from these writings, he produced a wisdom of his own — much learning, little wit!

Of all the men whose words I have heard, no one hath gone far enough to recognize that the Wise is separate from all things.

For the Wise is one — to know the principle whereby all things are steered through all.

This world, which is the same for all, neither any god nor any man made; but it was always, is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, kindling by measure and dying out by measure.

Of fire, the transformations are, first, sea; and of sea half is earth, half fire.

All things are exchanged for fire, and fire for all things; as all goods are exchanged for gold, and gold for all goods.

The sea is spread abroad, and meted out with the same measure as it was before the earth was brought forth.

Fire lives the death of earth, and air the death of fire. Water lives the death of air, and earth the death of water.

The fire, when it cometh, shall try all things and overcome all things.

The thunderbolt is at the helm of the universe.

The Sun shall not transgress his bounds; else the Fates, the handmaids of Justice, will find it out.

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, surfeit and famine. He changeth as fire when it is mingled with spices, and is named as each man listeth.

You cannot step twice into the same river; for other and ever other waters flow on.

War is the father of all things and the king of all things: yea, some it appointed gods, and others men; some it made slaves, and others free.

They understand not that that which differs agrees with itself: a back-returning harmony, as of the bow and the lyre.

An invisible harmony is better than a visible.

Let us make no random guesses about the greatest things.

Asses would prefer garbage to gold.

The sea is the purest and the foulest water: for fishes drinkable and wholesome; for men undrinkable and hurtful.

Immortals are mortal; mortals immortal, living each other's death and dying each other's life.

It is death for souls to become water; and for water it is death to become earth. But from earth is born water, and from water soul.

The upward and the downward way are one and the same. Beginning and end are identical.

The bounds of the soul thou shalt not find, though thou travel every way.

Like a torch in the night, man is lit and extinguished.

A world-period is a child playing with dice. To a child belongs the sovereignty.

Into the same stream we step in and step not in; we are and are not.

Common to all is wisdom. They who speak with reason must take their stand upon that which is common to all, as firmly as a State does upon its law, and much more firmly. For all human laws are fed by the one Divine law; it prevaileth as far as it listeth, and sufficeth for all, and surviveth all.

Even they that sleep are laborers and co-workers in all that is done in the world.

Though the Word is universal, most men live as if each had a wisdom of his own.

We must not act and speak as if we were asleep. When we are awake we have one common world; but when we are asleep each turns aside to a world of his own.

A foolish man bears the same relation to a divinity as a child to a man.

The people must fight for its law as for a wall.

Those that fall in war, gods and men honor.

It is not better that what men desire should befall them: for it is disease that causes health; sweet, bitter; evil, good; hunger, satisfaction; fatigue, rest.

It is hard to fight with passion; for what it desires to happen, it buys with life.

One man to me is ten thousand, if he be the best. For what is their mind or sense? They follow [strolling] minstrels, and make the mob their schoolmaster, not knowing that the evil are many, the good few. For the best choose one thing in preference to all, eternal glory among mortals; but the many glut themselves like cattle. In Priene was born Bias, the son of Teutames, whose intelligence was superior to that of all others.

It were fitting that the Ephesians should hang themselves on reaching manhood, and leave the city to the boys; for that they cast out Hermodorus, the worthiest man among them, saying: «Let there be no one worthiest man among us; if there be, let him be elsewhere and with others.»

Dogs bark at every one they do not know. A foolish man is wont to be scared at every [new] idea.

Justice will overtake the framers and abettors of lies.

With man, character is destiny.

There remaineth for men after death that which they neither hope for nor believe. Then they desire to rise and become guardians of the quick and the dead.

Polluted [murderers] are cleansed with blood, as if one, having stepped into mud, should wipe himself with mud.

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593–1633)

THE country clergyman whose verse made the little vicarage at Bemerton in Wiltshire a place of pilgrimage for several generations, was not a pious rustic, but the descendant of an illustrious house and the favorite of a court. He came of the line of Pembroke,—that handsome and learned swaggerer Lord Herbert of Cherbury being his elder brother. Among his intimate friends were the poets Donne and Wotton, and his "best lover" Izaak Walton, who says of him that "he enjoyed his genteel humor for clothes and courtlike company, and seldom looked toward Cambridge (where he had a fellowship) unless the King were there; and then he never failed." In short, "holy George Herbert," handsome and ready-witted, full of parts and ambition, singled out by King James for special kindnesses, very naturally expected and longed for that advancement which less deserving courtiers found no difficulty in securing. But the death of the King in 1625, followed by the death of the young poet's powerful friends the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, shattered his prospect of a Secretaryship. Not long after, he took orders; partly, perhaps, because his brilliant and persuasive mother had always wished it, partly because no other profession becoming a gentleman was open to a man already past thirty, with fine aptitudes but with no special training, but surely in great part because the whole tone and bent of his soul was not worldliness but "other-worldliness."

GEORGE HERBERT

In 1630 King Charles presented him, quite unexpectedly, with the benefice of Bemerton near Salisbury.

"The third day after he was made rector," says Walton, "and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife (a kinswoman of the Earl of Danby), he said to her:—'You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she

purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth.' And she was so meek a wife (though she was but lately wed, after a three-days' courtship) as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.»

Herbert took up his duties with an ardor that made them pleasures. In the first year of his priesthood he wrote:—

«I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for; and I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures — pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed.»

Nor were good Mr. Herbert's grapes really sour. For there was that in his nature which made asceticism welcome, though his self-abasement was not the less sincere because it was pleasurable. Indeed, the chief attribute of his poetry is its quaint sincerity, often expressed with the utmost artificiality. With scarcely an exception, it is all of a religious character, frequently tinged with the ascetic's ever-present sense of his shortcomings. But such little poems as the ones entitled 'Virtue,' 'The Pulley,' and 'The Collar' have force, condensation of thought, and withal poetic grace; while 'Life' and 'The Rose' possess an Elizabethan freshness and charm.

One long poem, 'The Church Porch,' stands in marked contrast to the rest of his work. It shows him as a young man, as yet untouched by thoughts of priestly consecration and the mental struggles which afterwards beset him. Some of the terse couplets have become almost proverbs:—

«Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.»

«For he that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.»

«Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings.»

The quaintness of Herbert's verse is not its most engaging quality. What is called quaintness is often mere perverseness of ingenuity, showy affectation. Herbert's taste was like that of the red Indian, preferring the bizarre, the artificial, and the ugly; while yet his inspiration was genuine. His friendship for Donne no doubt confirmed his liking for fantastic and over-labored verse. But with all his defects, his best poetry has delighted pious hearts for more than two centuries. 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,' which contains his principal verses, was not published until after his

death. Walton said it was «a book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul and charmed them with sweet and quiet thoughts.» The pious Richard Baxter found, «next the Scripture poems,» «none so savoury» as Herbert's, who «speaks to God as a man really believing in God»; and Charles I. read the little book in his last melancholy days in prison, and found «much comfort» in it.

Of Herbert's sincere and even passionate piety in later life, there is no doubt. He worked early and late for the bodies and souls of his flock, preaching, teaching, comforting, exposing himself to storms and to sickness, wearing himself out in their service. Three years of this terrible toil exhausted a constitution never strong, and he died at Bemerton, loved and honored, at the early age of thirty-nine. In his prose volume 'A Priest to the Temple' he has set forth the code of duty which he followed:—

«The Country Parson desires to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also, and a physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law; but in any controversy, that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience and by reading. . . .

«Then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now, as the parson is in law, so is he in sickness also: if there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician,—or at least his wife, of whom, instead of the qualities of the world, he asks no other but to have the skill of healing a wound or helping the sick. . . . Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's-tongue, yarrow, melilot, and St. John's-wort made into a salve, and elder, camomile, mallows, comphrey, and smallage made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any, the parson and his family use to premise prayers; for this is to cure like a parson, *and this raiseth the action from the shop to the Church.*»

[All the selections are from 'The Temple']

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board and cried, «No more!
I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure, there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and make to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Awake, take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of lust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
"If I lacked anything."

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

THE PILGRIMAGE

I TRAVELED on, seeing the hill where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower;
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,—
Save one good angel,* which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went,—"None goes that way
And lives." "If that be all," said I,
"After so foul a journey, death is fair,
And but a chair."

*A gold angel was a piece of money of the value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,—
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

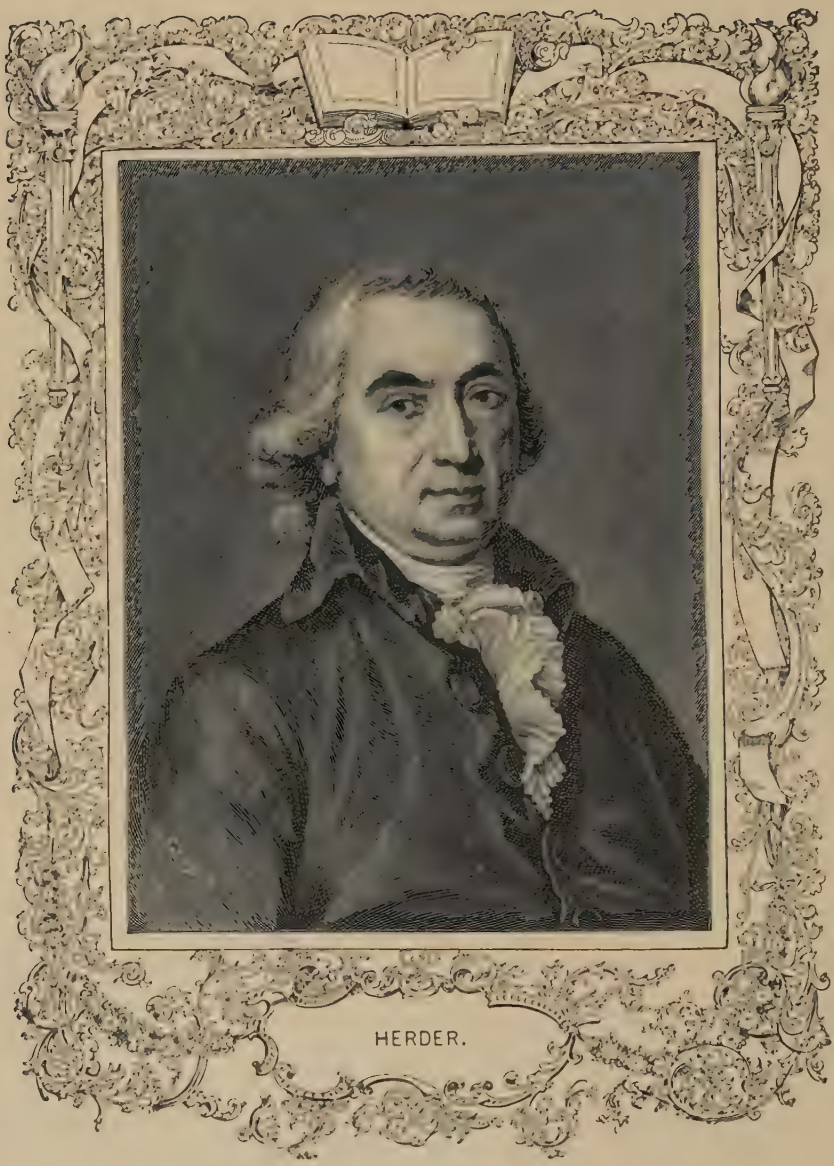
VIRTUE

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



HERDER.

HANN GOTTFRIED HERDER*

(1744–1803)

BY KUNO FRANCKE

HERDER does not belong to the few men of highest genius whose works have become the common property of mankind. As a poet he was receptive rather than creative. Of his verse only the 'Volkslieder' (Folk Songs: 1778–79), and 'Der Cid' (The Cid: 1803), have permanent value; and these are valuable not as additions to the store of original conceptions of poetic fancy, but as marvels of divinatory interpretation and sympathetic reproduction. As a prose writer, he lacked the clearness of thought and the precision of speech which are necessary elements of true literary greatness: even the best of his essays are made unpalatable by a constant wavering between diffuseness and abruptness, between vague generalities and dithyrambic effusions; and the most ambitious of his efforts, the 'Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit' (Philosophy of the History of Man: 1784–91), is a huge fragment.

Herder's greatness, then, does not lie in the form of his writings. It lies in the suggestiveness of their substance. It lies in the wide range of his vision, in the wonderful universality of his mind, which enabled him to see the interdependence of all things and to divine the unity of all life. It lies, above all, in the manifold application of a single idea, an idea through which he became the father of the modern evolutionary philosophy: the idea of organic growth.

Herder once for all did away with the rationalistic fallacy of the eighteenth century, that the course of human history is nothing but a succession of individual acts by individual men. He once for all did away with the rationalistic fallacy that the great creations of the human mind are the result of conscious and deliberate effort. He once for all made the conception of national instincts and of national culture the basis of all historical inquiry. All the great achievements of human civilization — language, religion, law, custom, poetry, art — he considered as the natural products of collective human life, as the necessary outgrowth of national instincts and conditions. Man does not invent these things; he does not consciously set out to coin

*Parts of this article are reprinted, with the permission of the publishers, from the author's 'Social Forces in German Literature,' Henry Holt, New York, 1896.

words, to establish a certain set of religious formulas, or to work out certain problems of artistic composition. At least, this is not the way in which the vital forms of a language, the great religious symbols, or the ideal types of art and poetry, are created. They are not created at all; they are not the work of individual endeavor: they are the result of accumulated impressions exercised upon masses of human beings living under similar conditions and similarly organized. In other words, they are engendered and conceived in the nation as a whole; the individual poets, artists, prophets, through whom they are given their audible or visible shape, are only, as it were, the most receptive and at the same time the most productive organs of the national body. They are the channels through which a national language, a national poetry, a national religion come to light.

Herder was not more than twenty-three years old when in the 'Fragmente über die Neuere Deutsche Literatur' (Fragments concerning Recent German Literature: 1767), he first gave utterance to this epoch-making idea. «There is the same law of change»—thus he begins the second 'Fragment'—«in all mankind and in every individual, nation, and tribe. From the bad to the good, from the good to the better and best, from the best to the less good, from the less good to the bad—this is the circle of all things. So it is with art and science: they grow, blossom, ripen, and decay. So it is with language also.» A primitive people, like a child, stares at all things; fright, fear, admiration, are the only emotions of which it is capable, and the language of these emotions consists of high-pitched, inarticulate sounds and violent gestures. This is the first, prehistoric, infantile period in the history of a language. Then follows the period of youth. With the increasing knowledge of things, fright and wonder are softened. Man comes to be more familiar with his surroundings, his life becomes more civilized. But as yet he is in close contact with nature; affections, emotions, sensuous impressions have more influence upon his conduct than principles and thought. This is the age of poetry. The language now is a melodious echo of the outer world; it is full of images and metaphors, it is free and natural in its construction. The whole life of the people is poetry. «Battles and victories, fables and moral reflections, laws and mythology, are now contained in song.» The third period is the age of manhood. The social fabric grows more complicated, the laws of conduct become more artificial, the intellect obtains the ascendency over the emotions. Literature also takes part in this change. The language becomes more abstract; it strives for regularity, for order; it gains in intellectual strength and loses in sensuous fervor: in other words, poetry is replaced by prose. And prose, in its turn, after it has fulfilled the measure of its maturity, sinks into senile correctness and sterility,

thus rounding out the life of a given national literature and making room for a new development.

Here we have the key of Herder's whole life work. Again and again, in one way or another, he comes back to this conception of literature as a manifestation of national culture. During his voyage in 1769 from Riga to Nantes, he comes to understand the Homeric epics as the poetic outgrowth of a seafaring people.

«It was seafarers,» he writes in his diary, «who brought the Greeks their earliest religion. All Greece was a colony on the sea. Consequently their mythology was not like that of the Egyptians and Arabs, a religion of the desert, but a religion of the sea and forest. Orpheus, Homer, Pindar, to be fully understood, ought to be read at sea. With what an absorption one listens to or tells stories on shipboard! How easily a sailor inclines to the fabulous! Himself an adventurer, in quest of strange worlds, how ready is he to imagine wondrous things! Have I not experienced this myself? With what a sense of wonder I went on board ship! Did I not see everything stranger, larger, more astounding and fearful than it was? With what curiosity and excitement one approaches the land! How one stares at the pilot, with his wooden shoes and his large white hat! How one sees in him the whole French nation down to their King, Louis the Great! Is it strange that out of such a state of strained expectation and wonder, tales like that of the Argonauts and poems like the Odyssey should have sprung?»

In common with the young Goethe and Justus Moeser, Herder in 1773 published the *fliegende blätter* 'Von Deutscher Art und Kunst.' Here he applies the same principle to the study of old Scotch and English poetry, and of popular song in general. He tells how on his cruise in the Baltic and North Seas he for the first time fully appreciated Ossian:—

«Suddenly borne away from the petty stir and strife of civilized life, from the study chair of the scholar and the soft cushions of the salons, far removed from social distractions, from libraries, from newspapers, floating on the wide open ocean, suspended between the sky and the bottomless deep, daily surrounded by the same infinite elements, only now and then a new distant coast, a strange cloud, a far-off dreamland appearing before our vision, passing by the cliffs and islands and sandbanks where formerly skalds and vikings wielded their harps or swords, where Fingal's deeds were done, where Ossian's melancholy strains resounded — believe me, there I could read the ancient skalds and bards to better purpose than in the professor's lecture-room.»

He considers popular song as a reflex of primitive life; in its wild, irregular rhythm he feels the heart-beat of a youthful, impulsive people; its simple directness he contrasts with the false rhetoric of modern book lyrics. The wilder — *i. e.*, the fuller of life and freedom — a people is, the wilder — *i. e.*, the fuller of life, freedom, and

sensuous power — must be its songs. The further removed a people is from artificial thought and scientific language, the less its songs are made for print and paper, the richer they are in lyric charm and wealth of imagery. A savage either is silent, or he speaks with an unpremeditated firmness and beauty which a civilized European cannot equal; every word of his is clearly cut, concrete, living, and seems to exhaust what it is meant to express; his mind and his tongue are, as it were, tuned to the same pitch. Even in the apparent abruptness and incoherency of popular song Herder sees an element of beauty rather than a defect, inasmuch as it results from the natural attitude of the unperverted mind toward the outer world.

«All the songs of primitive peoples turn on actual things, doings, events, circumstances, incidents; on a living manifold world. All this the eye has seen; and since the imagination reproduces it as it has been seen, it must needs be reproduced in an abrupt, fragmentary manner. There is no other connection between the different parts of these songs than there is between the trees and bushes of the forest, the rocks and caverns of the desert, and between the different scenes of the events themselves. When the Greenlander tells of a seal-hunt, he does not so much relate as paint with words and gestures single facts and isolated incidents: they are all part of the picture in his soul. When he laments the death of a beloved one, he does not deliver a eulogy or preach a funeral sermon, he *paints;* and the very life of the departed, summoned up in a succession of striking situations, is made to speak and to mourn.»

And not the Greenlander only, — thus Herder continues, — not a rude and primitive people only, feel and sing in this manner. All the great poets of the world do the same: Homer, Sophocles, David, Luther, Shakespeare — they all reflect the life which surrounds them; they give us, as it were, instantaneous pictures of humanity as they saw it: and thus they become for us an epitome of their time and their nation. Herein, above all, lies the incalculable importance of Shakespeare for us of to-day. For Shakespeare more fully than any other poet has expressed the secret of our own life. He reflects the character of the Germanic race in its totality. He seems to have heard with a thousand ears and to have seen with a thousand eyes; his mind seems to have been a storehouse of countless living impressions. King and fool, beggar and prince, madman and philosopher, angels and devils in human form; the endless variety of individuals and class types; the sturdy endeavor, the reckless daring of a people hardened in the battle with wild elements, passionate but faithful, lusty and sensual but at the same time longing for a deeper truth and a purer happiness; — all this we see in his dramas in bold and striking outline, and in it all we recognize our own self heightened and intensified.

A brief survey of Herder's later writings makes it clear that the whole of his life was consumed in elaborating and amplifying this one idea of national life as an organic growth. In the essay 'Von Aehnlichkeit der Mittleren Englischen und Deutschen Dichtkunst' (Similarity of the Middle English and German Poetry: 1779), he held out the prospect of a history of civilization based upon the various national literatures, thus clearly formulating the problem which literary history has been trying to solve ever since. In the 'Volkslieder' (Folk Songs) of 1778 and 1779 he laid the foundation for a comparative study of literature, by collecting and translating with wonderful insight and faithfulness, popular songs and ballads from all over the globe. In the book 'Vom Geist der Ebräischen Poesie' (The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry: 1782–83) he considered the Psalms as poetic manifestations of Hebrew character. In the 'Philosophy of the History of Man' he represented the whole history of mankind as a succession of national organisms: each revolving around its own axis; each living out its own spirit; each creating individual forms of language, religion, society, literature, art; and each by this very individualization of national types helping to enrich and develop the human type as a whole. In the 'Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität' (Letters for the Furthering of Humanistic Studies: 1793–97), finally, he held up the ideal of perfect manhood to his own time and people, thus rounding out his life by applying his highest inspirations to the immediate demands of national progress.

Herder's influence on German culture cannot easily be overestimated. He was the first among modern thinkers to whom every individual appeared as a public character, as an heir of all the ages, as an epitome of a whole nation. He first considered man in the fullness of his instincts, in the endless variety of his relations to the larger organisms of which he is a part. He first attempted on a large scale to represent all history as an unbroken chain of cause and effect, or rather as a grand living whole in whose development no atom is lost, no force is wasted. Without him, Goethe would have lacked the most inspiring teacher and the safest guide of his youth. Without him, the brothers Grimm would have had no foundations whereon to build the science of folk-lore. Without him, the whole Romantic school would probably have been nothing but a repetition of the Storm and Stress movement. Without him, there would have been no Ranke. Without him, the theory of evolution would be without one of its most exalted apostles.

Kuno Francke

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

Not only has the philosopher exalted human reason to an independency on the senses and organs, and the possession of an original simple power; but even the common man imagines, in the dream of life, that of himself he has become everything that he is. This imagination is easily explained, particularly in the latter. The sense of spontaneity given him by the Creator excites him to action, and rewards him with the pleasing recompense of a deed performed in obedience to his own will. The days of his childhood are forgotten; the seeds which he then received and still daily receives are dormant in his mind; he sees and enjoys only the budding plant, and is pleased with its flourishing growth, with its fruitful branches. The philosopher, however, who studies the origin and progress of a man's life in the book of experience, and can trace through history the whole chain of the formation of our species, must, I think, as everything brings dependence to his mind, soon quit his ideal world, in which he feels himself alone and all-sufficient, for our world of realities.

As man at his natural birth springs not from himself, equally remote is he from being self-born in the use of his mental faculties. Not only is the germ of our internal disposition genetic, as well as our bodily frame, but every development of this germ depends on fate, which planted us in this place or in that, and supplied us with the means by which we were formed, according to time and circumstances. Even the eye must learn to see, the ear to hear; and no one can be ignorant with what art language, the principal instrument of our thought, is acquired. Nature has evidently calculated our whole mechanism, with the condition and duration of each period of our lives, for this foreign aid. The brain of infants is soft, and suspended from the skull; its strata are slowly formed; it grows firmer with increasing years, and gradually hardens till at length it will receive no more new impressions. It is the same with the organs and with the faculties of a child: those are tender and formed for imitation, these imbibe what they see and hear with wonderfully active attention and internal vital power. Thus man is an artificial machine: endued with a genetic disposition, it is true, and

plenitude of life; but the machine does not work itself, and the ablest of mankind must learn how to work it. Reason is an aggregate of the experiences and observations of the mind; the sum of the education of man, which the pupil ultimately finishes in himself, as an extraneous artist, after certain extraneous models.

In this lies the principle of the history of mankind, without which no such history could exist. Did man receive everything from himself and develop everything independently of external circumstances, we might have a history of an individual indeed, but not of the species. But as our specific character lies in this, — that born almost without instinct, we are formed to manhood only by the practice of a whole life, and both the perfectibility and corruptibility of our species depend on it, — the history of mankind is necessarily a whole; that is, a chain of socialness and plastic tradition, from the first link to the last.

There is an education therefore of the human species, since every one becomes a man only by means of education, and the whole species lives solely in this chain of individuals. It is true, should any one say that the species is educated, not the individual, he would speak unintelligibly to my comprehension; for species and genus are only abstract ideas except so far as they exist in individuals: and were I to ascribe to this abstract idea all the perfections of human nature, — the highest cultivation and most enlightened intellect that an abstract idea will admit, — I should have advanced as far towards a real history of our species as if I were to speak of animal-kind, stone-kind, metal-kind, in general, and decorate them with all the noblest qualities, which could not subsist together in one individual.

Our philosophy of history shall not wander in this path of the Averroëan system; according to which the whole human species possesses but one mind, and that indeed of a very low order, distributed to individuals only piecemeal. On the other hand, were I to confine everything to the individual, and deny the existence of the chain that connects each to others and to the whole, I should run equally counter to the nature of man and his evident history. For no one of us became man of himself: the whole structure of his humanity is connected by a spiritual birth with education, with his parents, teachers, friends; with all the circumstances of his life, and consequently with his countrymen and their forefathers; and lastly with the whole chain of the human

species, some link or other of which is continually acting on his mental faculties. Thus nations may be traced up to families; families to their founders; the stream of history contracts itself as we approach its source, and all our habitable earth is ultimately converted into the school of our family, containing indeed many divisions, classes, and chambers, but still with one plan of instruction, which has been transmitted from our ancestors, with various alterations and additions, to all their race. Now, if we give the limited understanding of a teacher credit for not having made a separate division of his scholars without some grounds, and perceive that the human species everywhere finds a kind of artificial education, adapted to the wants of the time and place,— what man of understanding, who contemplates the structure of our earth and the relation man bears to it, would not incline to think that the Father of our race, who has determined how far and how wide nations should spread, has also determined this, as the general teacher of us all? Will he who views a ship deny the purpose of its builder? and who that compares the artificial frame of our nature with every climate of the habitable earth, will reject the notion that the climatic diversity of various man was an end of the creation, for the purpose of educating his mind? But as the place of abode alone does not effect everything, since living beings like ourselves contribute to instruct us, fashion us, and form our habits, there appears to me an education of the species and a philosophy of the history of man, as certainly and as truly as there is a human nature; that is, a co-operation of individuals, which alone makes us men.

Hence the principles of this philosophy become as evident, simple, and indubitable as the natural history of man itself is; they are called *tradition* and *organic powers*. All education must spring from imitation and exercise, by means of which the model passes into the copy; and how can this be more aptly expressed than by the term «tradition»? But the imitator must have powers to receive what is communicated or communicable, and convert it into his own nature as the food by means of which he lives. Accordingly, what and how much he receives, whence he derives it, and how he uses, applies it, and makes it his own, must depend on his own, the receptive powers. So that the education of our species is in a double sense genetic and organic: genetic, inasmuch as it is communicated; organic, as what is communicated is received and applied. Whether we name this

second genesis of man *cultivation* from the culture of the ground, or *enlightening* from the action of light, is of little import: the chain of light and cultivation reaches to the end of the earth. Even the inhabitant of California or Tierra del Fuego learns to make and use the bow and arrow; he has language and ideas, practices and arts, which he learned as we learn them: so far therefore he is actually cultivated and enlightened, though in the lowest order. Thus the difference between enlightened and unenlightened, cultivated and uncultivated nations, is not specific; it is only in degree. This part of the picture of nations has infinite shades, changing with place and time: and like other pictures, much depends on the point of view from which we examine it. If we take the idea of European cultivation for our standard, this is to be found only in Europe; and if we establish arbitrary distinctions between cultivation and the enlightening of the mind,— neither of which, if it be genuine, can exist independently of the other,— we are losing ourselves still more in the clouds. But if we keep close to the earth and take a general view of what Nature — to whom the end and character of her creatures must be best known — herself exhibits to our eyes as forming man, this is no other than *the tradition of an education to some form or other of human happiness and the economy of life.* This is as general as the human species; and often the most active among savages, though in a narrower circle. If a man remain among men, he cannot avoid this improving or vitiating cultivation: tradition lays hold of him, forms his head, and fashions his limbs. As that is, and as these are fashioned, so is the man, so is he formed. Even children whom chance has thrown among beasts have acquired some human cultivation when they have lived for a time among men, as most known instances show; while a child brought up from the moment of his birth by a brute would be the only uncultivated man upon earth.

What follows from this fixed point of view, confirmed as it is by the whole history of our species? First a principle consolatory and animating to our lives, and inspiring this reflection: namely, that as the human species has not arisen of itself, and as there are dispositions in its nature for which no admiration can be too high, the Creator must have appointed means, conceived by his paternal goodness, for the development of these dispositions. Is the corporal eye so beautifully formed in vain? does it not find before it the golden beams of the sun, which were

created for it as the eye for them, and fulfill the wisdom of its design? It is the same with all the senses, with all the organs: they find the means of their development, the medium for which they were created. And can it be otherwise with the spiritual senses and organs, on the use of which the character of man, and the kind and measure of his happiness, depend? Shall the Creator have failed here of attaining his purpose; the purpose, too, of all nature as far as it depends on the use of human powers? Impossible! Every such conjecture must arise from ourselves; either attributing erroneous ends to the Creator, or endeavoring as much as in us lies to frustrate his purposes. But as this endeavor must have its limits, and no design of the All-wise can be thwarted by a creature of his thoughts, let us rest secure in the certainty, that whatever is God's purpose with regard to the human species upon earth remains evident even in the most perplexing parts of its history. All the works of God have this property: that although they belong to a whole which no eye can scan, each is in itself a whole, and bears the Divine characters of its destination. It is so with the brute and with the plant: can it be otherwise with man? Can it be that thousands are made for one? all the generations that have passed away, merely for the last? every individual, only for the species,—that is, for the image of an abstract name? The All-wise sports not in this manner; he invents no fine-spun shadowy dreams; he lives and feels in each of his children with paternal affection, as though it were the only creature in the world. All his means are ends; all his ends are means to higher ends, in which the Infinite, filling all, reveals himself. What every man, therefore, attains or can attain must be the end of the species; and what is this? Humanity and happiness, on this spot, in this degree, as this link and no other of the chain of improvement that extends through the whole kind. Whatever and wherever thou wast born, O man, there thou art and there thou shouldst be: quit not the chain, set not thyself above it, but adhere to it firmly. Life and happiness exist for thee only in its integrity, in what thou receivest or impartest, in thy activity in each.

Secondly: Much as it may flatter man that the Deity has admitted him as an assistant, and left the forming him here below to himself and his fellow-creatures, the very choice of these means shows the imperfection of our earthly existence, inasmuch as we are not yet men, but are daily *becoming* so. How poor

must the creature be who has nothing of himself, but receives everything from imitation, instruction, and practice, by which he is molded like wax! Let the man who is proud of his reason contemplate the theatre of his fellow-beings throughout the wide world, or listen to their many-toned dissonant history. Is there any species of barbarity to which some man, some nation, nay, frequently a number of nations, have not accustomed themselves, — so that many, perhaps most, have even fed on the flesh of their fellow-creatures? Is there a wild conception the mind can frame, which has not been actually rendered sacred by hereditary tradition in one place or another? No creature therefore can stand lower than man; for throughout his whole life he is not only a child in reason, but a pupil of the reason of others. Into whatever hands he falls, by them he is formed; and I am persuaded, no form of human manners is possible which some nation or some individual has not adopted. In history every mode of vice and cruelty is exhausted, while here and there only a nobler train of human sentiments and virtues appears. From the means chosen by the Creator, that our species should be formed only by our species, it could not possibly be otherwise; follies must be inherited, as well as the rare treasures of wisdom: the way of man resembles a labyrinth, abounding on all sides with divergent passages, while but few footsteps lead to the innermost chamber. Happy the mortal who reaches it himself or leads others to it; whose thoughts, inclinations, and wishes, or even the beams of whose silent example, have promoted the humanity of his brethren! God acts upon earth only by means of superior, chosen men; religion and language, art and science, nay, governments themselves, cannot be adorned with a nobler crown than the laurels gathered from the moral improvement of human minds. Our body molders in the grave, and our name soon becomes a shadow upon the earth; but incorporated in the voice of God, in plastic tradition, we shall live actively in the minds of our posterity, even though our name be no more.

Thirdly: The philosophy of history, therefore, which follows the chain of tradition, is, to speak properly, the true history of mankind, without which all the outward occurrences of this world are but clouds or revolting deformities. It is a melancholy prospect to behold nothing in the revolutions of our earth but wreck upon wreck, eternal beginnings without end, changes of circumstance without any fixed purpose. The chain of improvement

alone forms a whole of these ruins, in which human figures indeed vanish, but the spirit of mankind lives and acts immortally. Glorious names, that shine in the history of cultivation as genii of the human species, as brilliant stars in the night of time! Be it that with the lapse of ages many of your edifices decay, and much of your gold is sunk in the slough of forgetfulness: the labors of your lives were not in vain, for such of your works as Providence thought fit to save have been saved in other forms. In any other way, no human monument can endure wholly and eternally upon earth; being formed in the succession of generations by the hand of time for temporal use, and evidently prejudicial to posterity as soon as it renders unnecessary or retards their further exertion. Thus the mutable form and imperfection of all human operations entered into the plan of the Creator. Folly must appear, that wisdom might surmount it; decaying fragility even of the noblest works was an essential property of their materials, that men might have an opportunity of exerting fresh labors in improving or building upon their ruins; for we are all here in a state of exercise. Every individual must depart; and as it will then be indifferent to him what posterity may do with his works, it would be repugnant to a good mind to condemn succeeding generations to venerate them with inactive stupidity, and undertake nothing of their own. This new labor he wishes them; for what he carries with him out of the world is his strengthened power, the internal ripe fruit of his human activity.

Golden chain of improvement, that surroundest the earth and extendest through all individuals to the throne of Providence, since I perceived thee and traced thee in thy finest links, the feelings of the parent, the friend, and the preceptor, history no longer appears to me what it once did,—an abominable series of desolations on a sacred earth. A thousand deeds of shame stand there veiled with detestable praise, and thousands in their native ugliness, to set off the rare true merit of active humanity; which has ever proceeded on its way quietly and obscurely, seldom aware of the consequences that Providence would educe from its life, as the leaven from the dough. Only amid storms can the noble plant flourish; only by opposing struggles against false pretensions can the sweet labors of man be victorious. Nay, men frequently appear to sink under their honest purposes; but it is only in appearance: the seed germinates more beautifully in a

subsequent period from the ashes of the good, and when irrigated with blood seldom fails to shoot up to an unfading flower. I am no longer misled, therefore, by the mechanism of revolutions; it is as necessary to our species as the waves to the stream, that it become not a stagnant pool. The genius of humanity blooms in continually renovated youth, and is regenerated as it proceeds, in nations, generations, and families.

Translation of T. Churchill.

APOTHEOSIS OF HUMANITY

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

NO SOPHISTICAL argument can lead us to deny that our earth has grown older in the course of some thousands of years; and that this wanderer round the sun is greatly altered since its origin. In its bowels we perceive how it once was constituted; and we need but look around us to see its present constitution. The ocean foams no longer,—it has subsided peaceably into its bed; the wandering streams have found their shores; and plants and animals have run through a progressive series of years in their different races. As not a sunbeam has been lost upon our earth since its creation, so no falling leaf, no wasted seed, no carcass of a decaying animal, and still less an action of any living being, has been without effect. Vegetation, for example, has increased, and extended itself as far as it could; every living race has spread within the limits nature assigned it, through the means of others; and even the senseless devastations of man, as well as his industry, have been active implements in the hand of Time. Fresh harvests have waved over the ruins of the cities he has destroyed; the elements have strewed the dust of oblivion upon them; and soon new generations have arisen, who have erected new buildings upon the old, and even with their ancient remains. Omnipotence itself cannot ordain that effects shall not be effects; it cannot restore the earth to what it was thousands of years ago, so that these thousands of years, with all their consequences, shall not have been.

Already, therefore, a certain progress of the human species is inseparable from the progress of Time, as far as man is included in the family of Time and Earth. Were the progenitor of mankind now to appear and view his descendants, how would he be

astonished! His body was formed for a youthful earth; his frame, his ideas, and his way of life, must have been adapted to that constitution of the elements which then prevailed; and considerable alteration in this must have taken place in the course of six thousand years or upwards. In many parts, America is no longer what it was when discovered; two thousand years hence its ancient history will have the air of romance. Thus we read the history of the siege of Troy, and seek in vain the spot where it stood; in vain the grave of Achilles, or the godlike hero himself. Were a collection of all the accounts that have been given of the size and figure of the ancients, of the kind and quantity of their food, of their daily occupations and amusements, and of their notions of love and marriage, the virtues and the passions, the purpose of life and a future existence, made with discriminating accuracy and with regard to time and place, it would be of no small advantage toward a history of man. Even in this short period, an advancement of the species would be sufficiently conspicuous to evince both the consistency of ever-youthful Nature and the progressive changes of our old mother Earth. Earth nurses not man alone; she presses all her children to one bosom, embraces all in the same maternal arms: and when one changes all must undergo change.

It is undeniable, too, that this progress of time has influenced the mode of thinking of the human species. Bid a man now invent, now sing, an Iliad; bid him write like Æschylus, like Sophocles, like Plato: it is impossible. The childish simplicity, the unprejudiced mode of seeing things,—in short, the youthful period of the Greeks,—is gone by. It is the same with the Hebrews and the Romans; while on the other hand, we are acquainted with a number of things of which both the Romans and the Hebrews were ignorant. One day teaches another, one century instructs another century; tradition is enriched; the muse of Time, History, herself sings with a hundred voices, speaks with a hundred tongues. Be there as much filth, as much confusion, as there will, in the vast snowball rolled up by Time, yet this very confusion is the offspring of ages, which could have arisen only from the unwearied rolling on of one and the same thing. Thus every return to the ancient times, even the celebrated Year of Plato, is a fiction; is, from the ideas of the world and of time, an impossibility. We float onward; but the stream that has once flowed returns no more to its source.

Where are the times when people dwelt as troglodytes, dispersed about in caves behind their walls, and every stranger was an enemy? Merely from the course of time, no cave, no wall, afforded security. Men must learn to know one another; for collectively they are but one family, on one planet of no great extent. It is a melancholy reflection that everywhere they first learned to know one another as enemies, and beheld each other with astonishment as so many wolves; but such was the order of nature. The weak feared the strong; the deceived, the deceiver; he who had been expelled, him who could again expel him; the inexperienced child, every stranger. This infantile fear, however, and all its abuses, could not alter the course of nature; the bond of union between nations was knit, though in a rough manner owing to the rude state of man. Growing reason may burst the knots, but cannot untwist the band, and still less undo the discoveries that have once been made. What are the geologies of Moses and Orpheus, Homer and Herodotus, Strabo and Pliny, compared with ours? What was the commerce of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, to the trade of Europe? Thus, with what has hitherto been effected, the clue to the labyrinth of what is to be done is given us. Man, while he continues man, will not cease from wandering over his planet till it is completely known to him: from this neither storms nor shipwreck, nor those vast mountains of ice, nor all the perils of either Pole, will deter him; no more than they have deterred him from the first most difficult attempts, even when navigation was very defective. The incentive to all these enterprises lies in his own breast, lies in man's nature. Curiosity, and the insatiable desire of wealth, fame, discovery, and increase of strength, and even new wants and discontents, inseparable from the present course of things, will impel him; and they by whom dangers have been surmounted in former times, his celebrated and successful predecessors, will animate him. Thus the will of Providence will be promoted both by good and bad incentives, till man knows and acts upon the whole of his species. To him the earth is given; and he will not desist till it is wholly his own, at least as far as regards knowledge and use. Are we not already ashamed that one hemisphere of our planet remained for so long a time as unknown to us as if it had been the other side of the moon?

How vast the progress from the first raft that floated on the water, to an European ship! Neither the inventor of the former,

nor the many inventors of the various arts and sciences that contribute to navigation, ever formed the least conception of what would arise from the combination of their discoveries; each obeyed his particular impulse of want or curiosity: but it is inherent in the nature of the human intellect, and of the general connection of all things, that no attempt, no discovery, can be made in vain. Those islanders who had never seen a European vessel beheld the monster with astonishment, as some prodigy of another world; and were still more astonished when they found that men like themselves could guide it at pleasure over the trackless ocean. Could their astonishment have been converted into rational reflection on every great purpose and every little mean of this floating world of art, how much higher would their admiration of the human mind have arisen! Whither do not the hands of Europeans at present reach, by means of this single implement? Whither may they not reach hereafter?

Besides this art, others innumerable have been invented within the space of a few years by mankind, that extend their sway over air and water, over earth and heaven. And when we reflect that but few nations were engaged in this contest of mental activity, while the greater part of the rest slumbered in the lap of ancient custom; when we reflect that almost all our inventions were made at very early periods, and scarcely any trace, scarcely any ruin of an ancient structure or an ancient institution exists, that is not connected with our early history,—what a prospect does this historically demonstrated activity of the human mind give us for the infinity of future ages! In the few centuries during which Greece flourished, in the few centuries of modern improvement, how much has been perceived, invented, done, reduced to order, and preserved for future ages, in Europe, the least quarter of the globe, and almost in its smallest parts! How prolific the seeds that art and science have copiously shed, while one nourishes, one animates and excites, the other! As when a string is touched, not only everything that has music resounds to it, but all its harmonious tones re-echo the sound till it becomes imperceptible, so the human mind has invented and created when a harmonious point of its interior has been hit. When a new concord was struck in a creation where everything is connected, innumerable new concatenations followed of course.

But it may be asked, How have all these arts and inventions been applied? have practical reason and justice, and consequently

the true improvement and happiness of the human species, been promoted by them? In reply, I refer to what has recently been urged respecting the progress of disorder throughout the whole creation: that according to an intrinsic law of nature, nothing can attain durability, which is the essential aim of all things, without order. A keen knife in the hand of a child may wound it; yet the art that invented and sharpened the knife is one of the most indispensable of arts. All that use such a knife are not children; and even the child will be taught by pain to use it better. Artificial power in the hand of a despot, foreign luxury in a nation without controlling laws, are such pernicious implements; but the very mischief they do will render men wiser, and soon or late the art that created luxury as well as despotism will first confine both within due bonds, and then convert them into real benefits. The heavy plowshare wears itself out by long use; the slight teeth of new watch-work gain, merely by their revolution, the more suitable and artful form of the epicycloid. Thus, in human powers, abuses carried to excess wear themselves down to good practices; extreme oscillations from side to side necessarily settle in the desirable mean of lasting fitness in a regular movement. Whatever is to take place among mankind will be effected by men; we suffer under our faults till we learn of ourselves the better use of our faculties, without the assistance of miracles from Heaven.

We have not the least reason, therefore, to doubt that every good employment of the human understanding necessarily must and will, at some time or other, promote humanity. Since agriculture has prevailed, men and acorns have ceased to be food Man found that he could live better, more decently, and more humanely, on the pleasing gifts of Ceres, than on the flesh of his fellows or the fruits of the oak; and was compelled so to live by the laws of men wiser than himself. After men had learned to build houses and towns they ceased to dwell in caves; under the laws of a commonweal, the poor stranger was no longer liable to death. Thus trade brought nations together; and the more its advantages were generally understood, the less murders, oppressions, and deceptions, which are always signs of ignorance in commerce, would necessarily be practiced. Every addition to the useful arts secures men's property, diminishes their labor, extends their sphere of activity, and necessarily lays therewith the foundations of further cultivation and humanity What labor was

saved, for example, by the single invention of printing! what an extensive circulation of men's ideas, arts, and sciences, did it promote! Were a European Kang-Ti now to attempt to eradicate the literature of this quarter of the globe, he would find it impossible. Had the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, possessed this art, the destruction of their literature would not have been so easy to their spoilers, if it could by any means have been accomplished. Let savage nations burst in upon Europe, they could not withstand our tactics; and no Attila will again extend his march from the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian to the plains of Catalonia. Let monks, sybarites, fanatics, and tyrants arise as they will, it is no longer in their power to bring back the night of the Middle Ages. Now, as no greater benefit can be conceived to arise from any art, Divine or human, than not merely to bestow on us light and order but from its very nature to extend and secure them, let us thank the Creator that he conferred understanding on mankind, and made art essential to it. In them we possess the secret and the means of securing order in the world.

Neither need we any way repine that many excellently conceived theories, of morals not excepted, have remained so long without being carried into practice among mankind. The child learns much which the man alone can apply; but he has not therefore learned in vain. The youth heedlessly forgets what at some future period he must take pains to recollect, or learn a second time. So, no truth that is treasured up, nay, no truth that is discovered, among a race continually renovating, is wholly in vain: future circumstances will render necessary what is now despised; and in the infinity of things, every case must occur that can in any way exercise the human species. As in the creation we first conceive the *power* that formed chaos, and then disposing *wisdom*, and harmonious *goodness*, so the natural order of mankind first develops rude powers; disorder itself must guide them into the path of understanding: and the further the understanding pursues its work, the more it perceives that goodness alone can bestow on it durability, perfection, and beauty.

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HÉRÉDIA

(1842–)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

IT IS generally supposed that the sonnet had its origin in Sicily. Sainte-Beuve, who himself wrote sonnets, admits that the sonnet was Italian first: «Du Bellay, le premierque l'apporta de Florence.» But before Petrarch was Thibaut, King of Navarre. Some Italian writers claim for Ludovico della Vernaccia (1200) the honor of having written the first sonnet in their language. The secretary of Frederick the Second of Sicily wrote the celebrated 'Pero' ch' amore.' The Provençals say that the rhymes of the sonnet are imitations of the recurring tinkling of the sheep-bells; hence the name *sonnette*. At any rate, the French have loved the sonnet almost as well as the Italians, although they see it from a somewhat different point of view. When the famous Madame De Longueville needed excitement, after the turmoil of a furious life, she made a party for Voiture, a sonneteer of the seventeenth century, against another, Benserade. The rivalry was fierce; all Paris was divided. The interest in the rivals was as intense as, later, between the Classicists and Romanticists when Victor Hugo wrote 'Hernani.' But for two centuries France had not announced the possession of a great sonnet-writer, when suddenly the Academy admitted José de Hérédia to a seat among the Immortals. He was elected on February 22d, 1894, in place of M. Mazade, receiving nineteen votes out of thirty-two; and he was welcomed by M. François Coppée.

HÉRÉDIA

José-Maria de Hérédia was born on November 22d, 1842, at Fortuna-Cafeyere, near Santiago de Cuba. He began his studies at the college of St. Vincent at Senlis, in France, and continued them at the University of Havana, and in Paris at the École des Chartes. He translated and edited Bernal Diaz's 'Conquests in New Spain,' with notes which gave him a reputation for acute and scrupulous research and

intelligent application of it. From the year 1862 he had, beginning with the Revue de Paris, contributed to the leading Parisian periodicals, including the Temps, the Journal des Débats, and the Revue des Deux Mondes. He disappointed the hopes of admirers who thirsted for the results of his studies in the École des Chartes and wanted more light on South-American history; but he delighted the literary circles by his poems 'Les Trophées' and 'Les Conquérants.' The volume containing these poems has already reached its fifteenth edition.

Such a demand for verse of no "popular" quality is remarkable. In truth, Hérédia despises what is called "popularity." He makes no concessions to it, and keeps himself as much as possible in the mood of Maurice de Guérin, who disliked to have a poem read outside of his intimate circle. He seems to rejoice in overcoming difficulties in form for the sake of overcoming them, and at the same time making his thought or mood permeate the form. The divisions of 'Les Trophées' show the specially literary quality of the mind of Hérédia. It opens with 'Greece and Sicily'; this series of sonnets including 'Hercules and the Centaurs,' 'Artemis and the Nymphs,' and 'Perseus and Andromeda.' The series that follows is called 'Rome and the Barbarians,' including the sonnets suggested by Catullus in the group 'Hortorum Deus.' Then come 'The Middle Age and the Renaissance,' 'The Orient and the Tropics,' and 'Les Conquérants.' 'The Conquerors of Gold' and 'Romancero' are not in the sonnet form. Some of the most exquisite sonnets written in France are to be found in 'Les Trophées.' It was no surprise to the readers of Hérédia when he was elected to the Academy,—which, although Daudet may parody it and outsiders revile it, cares more for quality than quantity. But to most of the English-speaking world it was a matter of amazement. The London critics, anxious to celebrate the new Academician, were at first in doubt as to who he was. They were equally amazed to find that this slim book, 'Les Trophées,' had gone through at least ten editions; but since his election Hérédia is better known, and his poems are appreciated by those who love to see human knowledge and human feeling preserved like roses in a block of imperishable crystal, carved in a thousand forms of beauty.

Hérédia's impression of the sonnet is somewhat different from the Italian, but not less difficult. In form it is Petrarcan as to the octave, and it has no affinity with that English sonnet which closes with the snappy couplet. The Italian sonnet is a syllogism, more or less carefully concealed in a mist of sentiment. The French form, while it holds to the quatrain followed by the two tercets, demands a veiled climax in the second tercet. It must have a certain element

of surprise. The tercet adds a glow to the stately quatrain. In Italian, the sextet draws the conclusion or applies the principle suggested by the quatrain. Henri Taine loved the music of Hérédia, who has the Miltonic quality of so mingling sonorous proper names in his sonnets that they make the chords to the lighter treble of the more melodious phrases of his music. This is evident in 'Epiphany,' where the names of the Magi are used both in the first line of the quatrain and the last of the sextet.

«C'est ainsi qu'autrefois, sous Augustus Cæsar,
Sont venus, presentant l'or, l'encens et la myrrhe,
Les Rois Mages Gaspar, Melchior et Balthazar.»

(In other days under Augustus Cæsar
Came, presenting gold, incense, and myrrh,
The magi Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.)

His management of the climax — which must, in the French form, have an element of surprise, yet not be abrupt — is admirable. The sonnet to Rossi is a good example of this. Here, having dwelt in the quatrains on the physical aspect of Rossi as Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, he turns in the sextet to the spiritual effect of the actor's recitation of parts of the 'Inferno,' and cries out that, trembling to the depth of his soul, he has seen

«Alighieri, living, chant of hell.»

Hérédia varies the sextet by rhyming the first two lines, the third and the fifth and the fourth and the sixth; and sometimes the third with the sixth, couplets intervening. In the translation of the sonnet 'On an Antique Medal,' the Petrarcan sextet has been used. In the 'Setting Sun' one of Hérédia's forms has been followed. The other sonnets, too, are of the mold of the originals.

Maurice Francis Egan

THE CONQUERORS

Falcons fierce they are from charnel nest,
Weary of flight and burdens of their woe;
From Palos of Moguer they spell-bound go,
Heroic dreams and coarse their minds invest.
Far in deep mines the precious gold-veins rest
Waiting for them; and as the trade-winds blow
Filling their sails, they drive them all too slow
To that mysterious shore,—world of the West.
The phosphorescent blue of tropic seas
Colored their dreams when in the languid breeze
They slept each eve in hope of morrows bright,—
Of epic morrows; or in unknown skies,
Leaning entranced, they saw from carvels white
From out the ocean, strange new stars arise.

THE SAMURAI

«It was a man with two swords»

The bîva in her hand claims thought no more;
Some sounds she thrums, as through the lattice light
Of twist' bamboo, she sees, where all is bright
On the flat plain, her love and conqueror.
Swords at his sides comes he,—her eyes adore,—
His fan held high, red girdle: splendid sight!
Deep scarlet on dark armor; and unite
Great blazons on his shoulder, feared in war.
Like huge crustacean, shining black and red,
Lacquer and silk and bronze from feet to head,
Plated and brilliant is this lovèd one.
He sees her,—smiles beneath his bearded masque;
And as he hastens, glitter in the sun
The gold antennæ trembling on his casque.

ON PIERRE RONSARD'S BOOK OF LOVE

In Bourgueil's pleasaunce many a lover's hand
Wrote many a name in letters big and bold
On bark of shady tree; beneath the gold
Of Louvre's ceiling, love by smiles was fanned.
What matters it? Gone all the maddened band!
Four planks of wood their bodies did enfold;
None now disputes their love, or longs to hold
Their dried-up dust,—part of the grassy land.
All dead. Marie, Hélène, Cassandra proud,
Your bodies would be nothing in their shroud,—
Lilies and roses were not made to last,—
If Ronsard, on the yellow Loire or Seine,
Had not upon your brows his garlands cast
Of myrtle and of laurel not in vain.

ON AN ANTIQUE MEDAL

The wine which gave the antique ecstasy
To great Theocritus, in purple gold
Still ripens on Mount Ætna;—none can hold
The gracious girls he sang in Sicily!
Greek Arethusa, slave or mistress free,
Lost the pure profile of ancestral mold,
Mixed in her veins of Angevin, proud and bold,
And Saracenic, burning furiously.
Time goes; all dies; marble itself decays;
A shadow Agrigentum! Syracuse
Sleeps, still in death, beneath her kind sky's shades;—
But the hard metal guards through all the days—
Silver grown docile unto love's own use—
The immortal beauty of Sicilian maids.

SUNSET

The sunlit brush light to the dark rock lends,
And gilds the summit of the mountain dome
Where sets the sun; beyond—a bar of foam—
The endless sea begins where the earth ends:

Beneath me, night and silence; tired man wends
To where the smoking chimney marks his home.
The Angelus, deadened by the mists that roam,
In the vast murmur of the ocean blends.
As from the depth of an abyss, the sound
Of far-off voices in the space around
Comes from belated herdsmen with their clan.
The western sky is clothed in shadows gray;
The sun on rich dark clouds sinks slow away
And shuts the gold sticks of his crimson fan.

TO THE TRAGEDIAN ROSSI

TRAILING thy mantle black, I've seen thee break,
O Rossi, weak Ophelia's saddened heart,
And, as the love-mad Moorish tiger, start
Strangling the sobs thy victim could not wake;
I Lear, Macbeth have seen, and seen thee take
The last cold kiss in love's supremest part
Of older Italy;—high flights of art!—
Yet greater triumphs have I seen thee make:
For I did taste of joy and woe sublime
When I did hear thee speak the triple rhyme,—
In voice of gold you rang its iron knell;
And red, in reflex of the infernal fire,
My very soul moved by deep horror dire
Saw Alighieri, living, chant of hell!

MICHELANGELO

YES, he was darkly haunted, we may say,
When in the Sixtine, far from festal Rome,
Alone he painted wall or floating dome
With sibyls, prophets, and the Judgment Day.
He heard within him, weeping hard alway,
The Titan he would chain 'bove eagles' home,—
Love, country, glory and defeat,—like foam
In face of conquering death; his marble—falsest clay!
As well those heavy giants languid with strength,
Those slaves imprisoned in a stone vein's length,
As if he twisted them in their strange birth;

And in the marble cold had thrust his soul,
Making a fearful shiver through it roll,—
The anger of a god down-borne by earth.

AFTER PETRARCH

LEAVING the church, with gesture tender, sweet,
Your noble hands throw gold unto the poor;
Your beauty brightens all the porch obscure,
And fills with Heaven's gold the dazzled street.
Saluting you, I humbly at your feet
Throw down my heart: yet you so proud and pure
Turn quick away; your veil you fast secure
In anger o'er your eyes, mine not to meet!
But love, which conquers hearts that most rebel,
Will not permit me in the gloom to dwell,—
The source of light to me refusing day;
You were so slow to draw the graceful shade
Of tremulous eyelash, which deep shadows made
That from the darkness shot a star's long ray.

EPITAPH

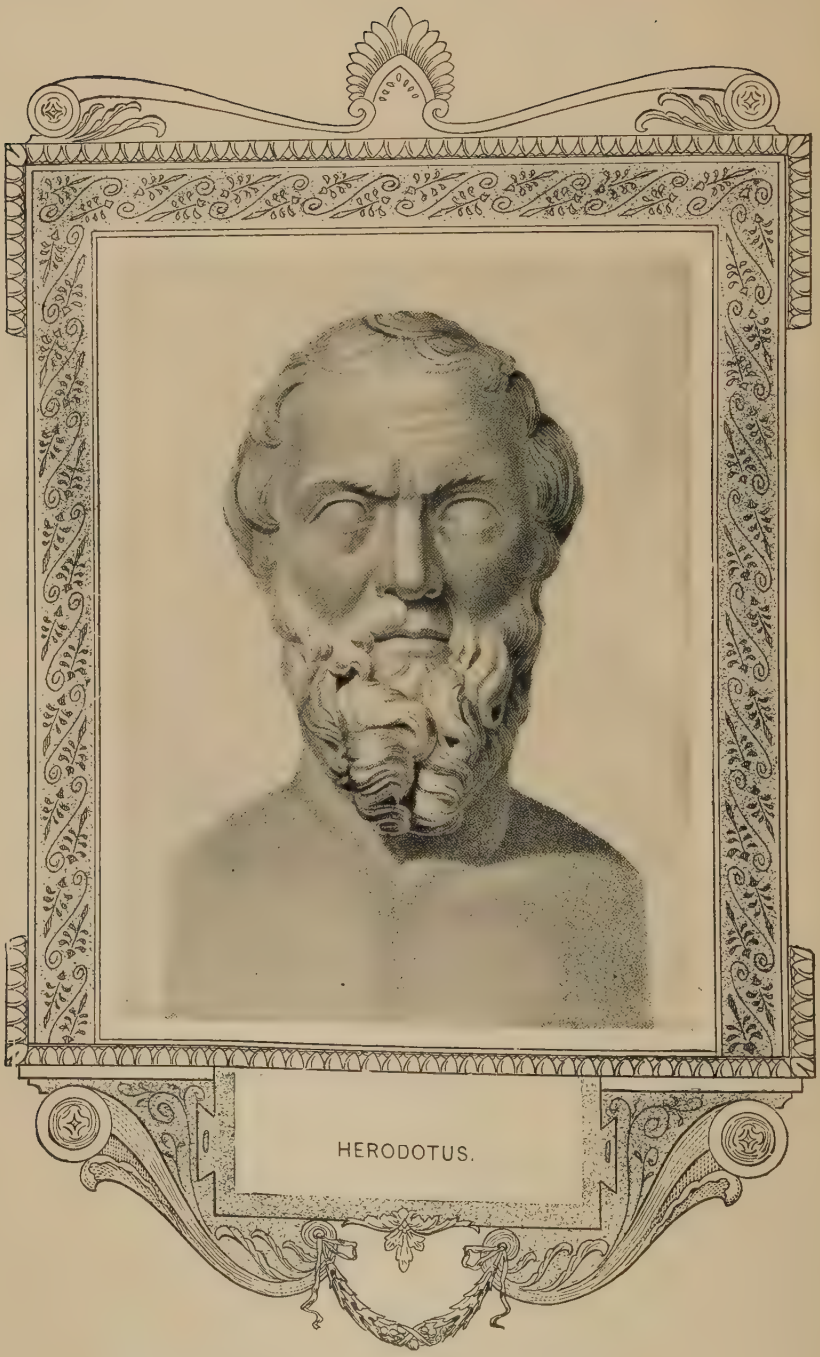
After the Verses of Henri III.

HERE sleeps, O passer, Hyacinth the Lord
Of Maugiron, dead, gone, at rest:
May God absolve and keep him near his breast;
Fallen to earth, he lies in holy sward.
None — even Quélus — wore the pearly cord,
The plumèd cap, or ruff more meetly prest;
Behold by a new Myron well exprest
A spray of hyacinth in marble scored.
And having kissed him and most tenderly
Placed him in coffin, Henry willed that he
At Saint-Germain be laid; — fair, wan, he lies.
And wishing that such grief should never die,
He made in church, all changes to defy,
This sweet, sad symbol of Apollo's sighs.

«'TIS NOON; THE LIGHT IS FIERCE»

'Tis noon; the light is fierce; the air is fire;
The ancient river rolls its waves of lead;
Direct from Heaven day falls overhead,—
Phra covers Egypt in relentless ire.
The eyes of the great sphinx that never tire—
The sphinx that bathes in dust of golden-red—
Follow with mystic looks the unmeasurèd
And needle-pointed pyramidal spire.
A darkened spot is on the sky of white,—
An endless flight of circling vulture wings;
A flame immense makes drowsy all earth's things.
The ardent soil is sparkling; full in sight
A brass Anubis, silent, still, and stark,
Turns to the sun its never-ending bark.

All the above translations are by Maurice Francis Egan, for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature'



HERODOTUS.

HERODOTUS

(490 ?–426 ? B. C.)

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

THIS most delightful story-teller bears, strange to say, the title of the "father of history." The art of story-telling, first fashioned in the usage of epic poetry, passed into the hands of the logographers of the sixth and fifth centuries, to whom must be accredited the relatively late and rather startling discovery that prose could be a medium of literature. Of their works we have little or nothing. The borderlands of the Orient, rich in materials of family and city tradition, of mythology, genealogy, theogony, of diverse national usage and custom, furnished them the natural stimulus to their work. The material had outgrown the staid restraint of the genteel epic, and bursting the traditional dikes, it spread itself abroad in great levels of plebeian prose. Herein both the historical prose style and the philosophical found their source.

Herodotus stood on the border-line between logography and history. He felt himself akin to the logographers, and looked back through them to Homer as the head of his guild. In entitling his work, he used the word *historia* in the sense of story-telling; but lifted it by the character of his composition into its significance as history. His claim to the title "father of history," first awarded him by Cicero, rests primarily upon the fact that he was the first to shape a collection of stories into the portrayal of a great historical proceeding, so as to endow it with a plot. The proceeding which he chose as his subject has proved to be one of prime importance in the total history of human civilization. It was the conflict between Greece and Persia in the beginning of the fifth century B. C.,—a great crisis and turning-point in the long history of that struggle between Orientalism and Occidentalism, which, ever since human record began, has been almost perpetually in progress by the shores of the Ægean. The writing of history begins, therefore, with the Eastern Question.

Herodotus's early home was such as to suggest to him his theme. He was born in Halicarnassus, a Doric city on the southwestern coast of Asia Minor, about 490 B. C., and died, probably at Thurii in Italy, at some time between 428 and 426. His life covers thus the period from the Persian wars to the Peloponnesian War, and is commensurate with the period of Athens's bloom. He was born, if we may

trust Suidas's evidence, of a highly respectable Halicarnassian family; and among his near relatives, probably his uncle, was Panyasis,—a collector of myths and folk-lore, and an epic poet of considerable distinction, whose influence in determining his younger kinsman's tastes may well have been decisive. A revolution in the government of the city, probably of the year 468, occasioned the death of Panyasis and the exile of Herodotus. It is significant for the later attitude of Herodotus, as shown in his writings, that in this affair he sided with the democracy. After an exile of several years, part of which at least he is said to have spent in Samos, he returned to his native city, where later—at some time prior to 454—he participated in the overthrowing of the tyrant Lygdamis. Continued political disturbances caused him finally to withdraw permanently from the city. The jealousy of the mob, which had now joined itself to the hatred of the aristocracy, had made his longer stay impossible.

From this time until 443, when he joined in founding the Athenian colony of Thurii in Italy, he was a homeless, cityless wanderer on the face of the earth. Athens, ever hospitable to strangers, afforded him the nearest approach to a home, and here he naturally made his abode at the end of his successive voyages. There is no good reason for rejecting the information that in the year 445 he gave a public reading of some portion of his history, and received therefor a vote of thanks from the Athenian Council and a reward of ten talents. The greater part of his travels was accomplished before this date; for two years later, in search of a home and rest,—and probably too of the leisure to complete his work,—he withdrew to Thurii. The most probable order of his travels is that which takes him first along the coasts of Asia Minor to the northern islands, Thrace, the Sea of Marmora, Byzantium, and the coasts of the Black Sea; then at some time after 445 brings him to the south, along the southern shores of Asia Minor to Cyprus and the Syrian coast, and into the interior through Syria and Mesopotamia to Babylon. Egypt he visited almost certainly after 449, and Kyrene in northern Africa may well have come next in order. The exploration of Greece proper,—where he visited Dodona, Zakynthos, Delphi, Thebes, Platæa, Thermopylæ, and various places in the Peloponnesus, including Corinth, Tegea, Sparta, and probably Olympia,—belongs in the last years before his departure for Thurii.

There are not lacking those who, on the basis of inaccuracies in our author's reports, deny that his itinerary ever took him far from the coast line of the Ægean and eastern Mediterranean. Thus Professor Sayce, in his Introduction to Books i.–iii., limits Herodotus's travels to coasting trips along the shores of Thrace from Athos to Byzantium, to Palestine and Syria, among the islands of the Ægean,

with visits to Lower Egypt and certain sites in Greece. Though Herodotus distinctly says he visited Egyptian Thebes, and pushed on up the Nile as far as Elephantine, Mr. Sayce prefers to brand our good friend as a deliberate liar, forsooth, because he calls Elephantine a village instead of an island, and does not wax warm enough in praise of the wonders of Thebes! To those who have read the pages of Herodotus as they were meant to be read, and have not used them exclusively as material for seminary criticism, the genial simplicity of the writer is likely to be too well known to suffer his being made an arrant rogue on slight evidence. He loved a good story, and surely would not let it take harm in his hands; but plain lying was not his forte. There really exists no sufficient reason for supposing he did not visit the places he actually says he did.

After settling at Thurii, he may on occasion have taken up again the wander-staff; but direct evidence does not exist. It is not even certain that he visited Athens again. His mention of the Propylaia (Book v., 77) refers by no means certainly to the Propylaia of Mnesicles, completed in 432, but more probably to the older structure on the same site. His allusion to events in Athenian history occurring after the beginning of the Peloponnesian War (431) does not necessitate the hypothesis of residence in Athens. His whole attitude, on the contrary, toward the issues and events involved in that struggle, betrays the feeling of one observing from a distance, rather than of an eye-witness and participant.

Pitifully little it is, therefore, that we know about the man himself. When after a period of relative neglect his writings sprang again into attention in the second century B. C., the facts of his life had so far been forgotten — fate of a man without a country! — that even the busy gleaning of the grammarians failed to find materials sufficient to construct a fair biography. He lives only in his writings. Whether he wrote anything else than the nine books of history that have come down to us under his name is not perfectly certain, though he in two different passages promises to return to a subject in his 'Assyrian Notes.' Aristotle in his 'Animal History' cites a remark of Herodotus that may well have had a place in such a work, and certainly is not taken from his existing writings; but there is no other evidence that any such book existed. The theory that he wrote it and intended ultimately to incorporate it in his history, much as he did the 'Egyptian Notes' which constitute the second book, is rendered improbable by the evident completeness of plan characterizing the existing work.

The History as we have it is divided into nine books, named from the nine Muses. This division, not mentioned by any one before Diodoros (who lived in the first century B. C.), and not presupposed by

the author himself in referring to other parts of his history, may have been the handiwork of the Alexandrine grammarian; but was fittingly made, and corresponds to real lines of division which must have been present to the author's mind and purpose. In spite of the bewildering variety of the material brought together in the single books, and in spite of digressions and excursuses, each book will be found to contribute its distinct and appropriate part to the plan of the whole, and steadily to lead the subject up to its complete unfolding. Reducing to lowest terms, we may summarize the subject of each book in its relation to the whole as follows:—I. The rise of the Persian empire through the downfall of the Lydian. II. Egypt. III. The establishment of the Persian empire,—Cambyses, Smerdis, Darius. IV. Persia against Scythia and against Libya. V. Advance of the Persian power towards a conflict with Athens. VI. The self-assertion of the Hellenic spirit in Ionia, and the quelling of the Ionian revolt; its self-assertion in Greece, and the battle of Marathon. VII. Xerxes's march against Greece. VIII. Salamis. IX. Platæa, Mycale, and the failure of Persia.

The story is complete in itself. It is fashioned after a plot, and is set forth in all the stately form of a great drama. There is introduction, assembling of the elements of conflict, conflict, catastrophe, lesson. The tale begins with the rise of the Persian power, gathering unto itself the strength of the barbarian world. It ends with Persia's failure and discomfiture. The *motif* is sounded at the start. Overweening greatness challenges the envy of the gods, and is smitten with the divine wrath. Hybris meets its Nemesis. The presumption of Crœsus received in the first book its rebuke from the Athenian Solon. The Persian power which rose to greatness on the ruins of Crœsus's power vaunted its pride in Xerxes's host, and received in the last book its rebuke from the Athenian State.

The last three books stand in marked contrast as well as parallelism to the first three. In the closing section of the work, Hellas is the scene, Hellenic history is the central interest; in the first section, barbarian history fills the foreground, and Lydia, Egypt, Mesopotamia are the scene. In Books vii., viii., ix., we have a single continuous account, clear and definite in outline and plan; in i., ii., iii., we find a vast assemblage of various narrative, rich with the varied colorings and dreamy fancies of the East. These stand in the world of the known, those issue out of the misty depths of wonderland.

Between these two groups the fourth, fifth, and sixth books play a mediating part. In geographical location they belong neither to the civilized Orient nor to the Occident. The fourth reaches far to the north, then far to the south. The fifth draws near to the frontier, and deals with Thrace and Ionia. The sixth bestrides the frontier, and

reaches to the shores of Attica. Chronologically they also form the bridge between the beginning and the end. The first three books deal with vast stretches of time, quoted not in decades or generations but in centuries. The three central books limit themselves to the thirty years prior to the battle of Marathon, as the last three do to the ten years subsequent thereto. The fourth book is conceived more after the spirit of its predecessors than its successors, but yet belongs in scene and purpose to the latter rather than the former. As Mr. Macan has remarked, the middle books are «intermediate and transitional in character. They present a dissolving view, or a series — nay, a large amphitheatre — of dissolving views.» The art which has fashioned the plan of the whole reveals itself also, on minuter analysis, in the outline of the separate books. We cannot be certain that this plan in all its features was outlined by the author before beginning his work. We are rather inclined to think that except for some crude vision of the whole, the plan grew upon him as he wrote and arranged. His first impulse to authorship arose from his interest in the life and customs of diverse peoples, aroused perhaps by his uncle's interest, and conditioned and strengthened by his early residence on the frontier of diverse civilizations, and by his travels. A suggestion for the classification of his material was presented by the exhibition of the practical outcome of diverse attitudes of life, in the conflict joined at Salamis between the two extremes.

The composition was doubtless the work of years. Various attempts to assign certain parts to certain years of his life have proved vain. He no doubt added from time to time here an anecdote, there an excursus; and as he inserted and rearranged, the finer details of a plan emerged. It is not likely that the book was given to the world before his death; there is indeed a tradition — not all too trustworthy — that it was published after his death by his friend the poet Plesirrhoös. However that may be, the work was practically complete. The last revision, which might have removed a few minor inconsistencies, had not been made; but as for a purpose to continue the work so as to cover for instance the age of Pericles, or even some shorter additional period, it is out of the question. Such work was not to his mind, nor appropriate to the material he had collected and which enchained his interest. The deeds of great heroes of the past, not the political strife of the present, allured him. He was a child of Homer. The conflict of Asia against Europe was the same old theme of which Homer had sung. But we are not confined to negative evidence. The fact that the plan of the work as it stands is complete, furnishes positive assurance. The closing incident of the ninth book naturally concludes the story. The *hybris* of Xerxes has met its defeat. The expedition to Sestos gave the evidence that Xerxes's bridge was broken through and Europe rid of the intruder.

The closing words of the last book form an ideal conclusion to the work. They represent the older policy of the Persians when under the guidance of Cyrus:—"So the Persians, seeing their error, yielded to the opinion of Cyrus; for they chose rather to live in a barren land and rule, than to sow the plain and be the slaves of others." Thus Solon's rebuke of *hybris* at the beginning of the work is echoed from the lips of the great Persian at the end.

Herodotus is by no means a trained scientific observer. He sees with the natural eye. His crocodiles and hippopotamuses are somewhat awry, but he tells what children would like to hear about them. What is now the every-day cat was then among the marvels of wonder-land. His contributions to piscatology are not masterly, and his faith in what is told him concerning the habits of animals he has not seen is beautifully free from scientific doubt. The description of Babylon is not that of a Baedeker, but constitutes no evidence that he had failed to visit it. In regard to geography he thought himself well in advance of his day, and smiled disdainful smiles at those who make "the earth circular, as if turned out on a lathe." His remarks concerning language show that he was innocent of all knowledge of foreign tongues, and that his capacity for observation was slight. Thus he presents, as an argument for the connection of the Colchians and the Egyptians, their similarity of language!

When he is describing the customs of strange peoples he is always entertaining, and usually instructive. Here his gift as a story-teller stands him in good stead. When he opens his mouth to tell us a story, then he is at his best. The ring of Polycrates, the contest for Thyrea, the boyhood of Cyrus, King Rhampsinitos and his money, are samples of his tales pitched in every key,—the marvelous, the genuine, the spirited, the grimly humorous. His descriptions of battles are full of movement and interest; not precise and strategically clear, but gossipy and active, and above all things interesting. They were composed to be heard, and not to be studied out with a map. No better illustration could be cited than the magnificent story of Salamis. The failure of scholars to agree regarding the plan of this battle has been in some measure due to their unwillingness to listen to Herodotus as a naïve story-teller rather than as a naval expert. There is no general canon by which the credibility of his material can be tested. Each statement must be weighed by itself. What he heard, or what he understood, and what he saw or thought he saw, he reported—so far as it interested him. If he heard two accounts of an occurrence, he sometimes gave them both and left the reader to choose. Sometimes he expresses a mild doubt, but generally he reports the current stories in a delightful miscellany of folk-lore and history. He does not hesitate on occasion to admit his ignorance, and carefully distinguishes his inferences from his facts. Neither

infallibility nor dogmatism is his besetting sin. He could not speak the languages of the foreign countries in which he traveled, and was therefore often at the mercy of the local dragomans. The statement concerning the inscription on the great Pyramid, which expressed the greatness of the work in terms of the onions and garlic consumed by the workmen, savors strongly of dragoman philology. So soon as he passes the Greek language frontier we mark the effect upon his material. Books he used relatively little as sources. Hecataios is the only logographer he cites. His materials were chiefly obtained from oral testimony and observation.

Strikingly characteristic of Herodotus is his religious conviction. History with him was all Providence. The gods rule in the affairs of men; they declare their will to them in signs and through oracles; the great events of history and the experiences of individual lives admit of explanation in terms of Divine purpose. This attitude of simple faith conditions throughout both the collection of materials and their use. If we have found in him history still undifferentiated from folk-lore, quite as much do we find it undifferentiated from theology. His work is folk-lore, history, theology, and epic all in one; but history is pushing to the fore. Rich as it is in the materials of history, it cannot be history for the people of to-day. It is better than that, for it is a picture of what history was to people then.

Benj. Ide Wheeler.

Bibliographical Note.—Since the Aldine Editio Princeps (1502), Herodotus has had many editors. The most helpful recent editions are those of Stein, one with critical apparatus, another with German notes. There is a fair annotated edition by Blakesley in the 'Bibliotheca Classica.' Much better is the masterly translation into English by Rawlinson, with copious notes and special essays, in four octavo volumes, first published in London in 1858. An American reprint from Rawlinson in two volumes, with abridgment of the expository material and slight revision of the text, is just announced. There is also a good translation by G. C. Macaulay (1890). All the citations which follow are drawn from Rawlinson's original edition, which is one of the noblest monuments of English classical scholarship.

The best recent English work on Herodotus will be found in the introduction and appendices of R. W. Macan's 'Herodotus, iv., v., vi.' (London, Macmillan: 1892). An extremely readable French book is 'Hérodote, Historien des Guerres Médiques,' by Amedée Hauvette (Paris, Hachette: 1894).

B. I. W.

THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER

When all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time; and among them Solon the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretense of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which at the request of the Athenians he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Crœsus at Sardis. Crœsus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasuries and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and so far as time allowed inspected them, Crœsus addressed this question to him: "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom of all the men that thou hast seen thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals; but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he had heard, Crœsus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied: "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further, because after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honors."

Thus did Solon admonish Crœsus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Crœsus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest; expecting that at any rate he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered: "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the games. Also, this tale is told of them: There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five-and-forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Crœsus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens! is my happiness then so utterly set at naught by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"O Crœsus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the Power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other

year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, O Crœsus, I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly, he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavored of fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which however his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If in addition to all this he ends his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely indeed can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each while it possesses some things lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most, so no single human being is complete in every respect — something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably,— that man alone, sire, is in my judgment entitled to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end: for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin."

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Crœsus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honor. The King saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

A TYRANT'S FORTUNE

THE exceeding good fortune of Polycrates did not escape the notice of Amasis, who was much disturbed thereat. When therefore his success continued increasing, Amasis wrote him the following letter, and sent it to Samos: — "Amasis to Polycrates thus sayeth: It is a pleasure to hear of a friend and ally prospering, but thy exceeding prosperity does not cause me joy, forasmuch as I know that the gods are envious. My wish for myself, and for those whom I love, is to be now successful and now to meet with a check, thus passing through life amid alternate good and ill, rather than with perpetual good fortune. For never yet did I hear tell of any one succeeding in all his undertakings who did not meet with calamity at last, and come to utter ruin. Now therefore give ear to my words, and meet thy good luck in this way: bethink thee which of all thy treasures thou valuest most and canst least bear to part with; take it, whatsoever it be, and throw it away, so that it may be sure never to come any more into the sight of man. Then, if thy good fortune be not thenceforth checkered with ill, save thyself from harm by again doing as I have counseled."

When Polycrates read this letter, and perceived that the advice of Amasis was good, he considered carefully with himself which of the treasures that he had in store it would grieve him most to lose. After much thought he made up his mind that it was a signet ring which he was wont to wear, an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodore son of Telecles, a Samian. So he determined to throw this away; and manning a penteconter, he went on board, and bade the sailors put out into the open sea. When he was now a long way from the island he took the ring from his finger, and in the sight of all those who were on board, flung it into the deep. This done, he returned home, and gave vent to his sorrow.

Now it happened five or six days afterwards that a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present of to the King. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace, and said that he wanted to see Polycrates. Then Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish with these words following: "Sir King, when I took this prize I thought I would not carry it to market, though I am a poor man who live by my trade. I said

to myself, It is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness; and so I brought it here to give it to you." The speech pleased the King, who thus spoke in reply: "Thou didst right well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come now and sup with me."

So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a high honor that he had been asked to sup with the King. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish, found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it, and hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him, and told him in what way it had been found. The King, who saw something Providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened, what he had himself done, and what had been the upshot; and dispatched the letter to Egypt.

When Amasis had read the letter of Polycrates, he perceived that it does not belong to man to save his fellow-man from the fate which is in store for him; likewise he felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the contract of friendship. This he did, that when the great and heavy misfortune came, he might escape the grief which he would have felt if the sufferer had been his bond-friend.

CURIOUS SCYTHIAN CUSTOMS

In what concerns war, their customs are the following: The Scythian soldier drinks the blood of the first man he overthrows in battle. Whatever number he slays, he cuts off all their heads and carries them to the king; since he is thus entitled to a share of the booty, whereto he forfeits all claim if he does not produce a head. In order to strip the skull of its covering, he makes a cut round the head above the ears, and laying hold of the scalp, shakes the skull out; then with the rib of an ox he scrapes the scalp clean of flesh, and softening it by rubbing between the hands, uses it thenceforth as a napkin. The Scyth is proud of these scalps, and hangs them from his bridle rein; the greater the number of such napkins that a man can show, the more highly is he esteemed among them. Many make themselves cloaks, like the capotes of our peasants, by sewing a quantity of

these scalps together. Others flay the right arms of their dead enemies, and make of the skin, which is stripped off with the nails hanging to it, a covering for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is thick and glossy, and would in whiteness surpass almost all other hides. Some even flay the entire body of their enemy, and stretching it upon a frame, carry it about with them wherever they ride. Such are the Scythian customs with respect to scalps and skins.

The skulls of their enemies,—not indeed of all, but of those whom they most detest,—they treat as follows: Having sawn off the portion below the eyebrows, and cleaned out the inside, they cover the outside with leather. When a man is poor, this is all that he does; but if he is rich, he also lines the inside with gold: in either case the skull is used as a drinking-cup. They do the same with the skulls of their own kith and kin, if they have been at feud with them, and have vanquished them in the presence of the king. When strangers whom they deem of any account come to visit them, these skulls are handed round, and the host tells how that these were his relations who made war upon him, and how that he got the better of them: all this being looked upon as proof of bravery.

Once a year the governor of each district, at a set place in his own province, mingles a bowl of wine, of which all Scythians have a right to drink by whom foes have been slain; while they who have slain no enemy are not allowed to taste of the bowl, but sit aloof in disgrace. No greater shame than this can happen to them. Such as have slain a very large number of foes have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. Here when the king dies they dig a grave, which is square in shape and of great size. When it is ready they take the king's corpse, and embalm it with a preparation of chopped cypress, frankincense, parsley seed, and anise seed; after which they inclose the body in wax, and placing it on a wagon, carry it about through all the different tribes. On this procession each tribe, when it receives the corpse, imitates the example which is first set by the Royal Scythians: every man chops off a piece of his ear, crops his hair close, makes a cut all around his arm, lacerates his forehead and his nose, and thrusts an arrow through his left hand. Then they who have the care of the corpse carry it

with them to another of the tribes which are under the Scythian rule, followed by those whom they first visited. On completing the circuit of all the tribes under their sway, they find themselves in the country of the Gerrhi, who are the most remote of all, and so they come to the tombs of the kings. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of osier twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups—for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians,—for as bought slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like, to wait on them,—fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bodies are stuffed with chaff. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthways through the bodies of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse, and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck; the lower end of which projects from the body, and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

Such then is the mode in which the kings are buried. As for the people, when any one dies his nearest of kin lay him upon a wagon and take him round to all his friends in succession; each receives them in turn and entertains them with a banquet,

whereat the dead man is served with a portion of all that is set before the others; this is done for forty days, at the end of which time the burial takes place. After the burial, those engaged in it have to purify themselves, which they do in the following way: First they well soap and wash their heads; then, in order to cleanse their bodies, they act as follows: they make a booth by fixing in the ground three sticks inclined towards one another, and stretching around them woolen felts, which they arrange so as to fit as close as possible; inside the booth a dish is placed upon the ground, into which they put a number of red-hot stones, and then add some hemp seed.

Hemp grows in Scythia; it is very like flax, only that it is a much coarser and taller plant: some grows wild about the country, some is produced by cultivation. The Thracians make garments of it which closely resemble linen; so much so, indeed, that if a person has never seen hemp he is sure to think they are linen, and if he has, unless he is very experienced in such matters, he will not know of which material they are.

The Scythians, as I said, take some of this hemp seed, and creeping under the felt coverings, throw it upon the red-hot stones; immediately it smokes, and gives out such a vapor as no Grecian vapor bath can exceed: the Scyths, delighted, shout for joy, and this vapor serves them instead of a water bath — for they never by any chance wash their bodies with water. Their women make a mixture of cypress, cedar, and frankincense wood, which they pound into a paste upon a rough piece of stone, adding a little water to it. With this substance, which is of a thick consistency, they plaster their faces all over, and indeed their whole bodies. A sweet odor is thereby imparted to them, and when they take off the plaster on the day following, their skin is clean and glossy.

KING RHAMPSINITUS AND THE ROBBER

An Egyptian Tale

King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes his successors surpassed or even equaled his wealth. For the better custody of this money he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of

the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived as he was making the building to insert in this wall a stone which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick; when, finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons and related to them the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be comptrollers of the royal exchequer so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work: they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect and the fastenings of the room secure. Still, each time that he repeated his visits he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came as usual to the treasure chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognized, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon both. The other thief thought the advice good, and was persuaded to follow it; then, fitting the stone in its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marveled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the

palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him to devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain; she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body, when pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses' sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften and recover his good humor, drove his asses aside of the road, and set to work to rearrange their burthens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded, and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down, and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night, and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

HEROISM OF ATHENS DURING THE PERSIAN INVASION

And here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion which most men I know will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians from fear of the approaching danger quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case the course of events by land would have been the following: Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedæmonians, not by voluntary desertion but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedæmonians would at last have stood alone, and standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valor and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek State after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes, and thus either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the King had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviors of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was, who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes; and so, next to the gods, they repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land and await the coming of the foe.

When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god, when the Pythoness, Aristonica by name, thus prophesied:—

> "Wretches, why sit ye here? Fly, fly to the ends of creation,
> Quitting your homes, and the crags which your city crowns with her circlet.

Neither the head nor the body is firm in its place, nor at bottom
Firm the feet, nor the hands, nor resteth the middle uninjured.
All — all ruined and lost, since fire, and impetuous Ares
Speeding along in a Syrian chariot, haste to destroy her.
Not alone shalt thou suffer: full many the towers he will level,
Many the shrines of the gods he will give to a fiery destruction.
Even now they stand with dark sweat horribly dripping,
Trembling and quaking for fear, and lo! from the high roofs trickleth
Black blood, sign prophetic of hard distresses impending.
Get ye away from the temple, and brood on the ills that await ye!»

When the Athenian messengers heard this reply they were filled with the deepest affliction; whereupon Timon the son of Androbulus, one of the men of most mark among the Delphians, seeing how utterly cast down they were at the gloomy prophecy, advised them to take an olive-branch, and entering the sanctuary again, consult the oracle as suppliants. The Athenians followed this advice, and going in once more, said, «O King, we pray thee reverence these boughs of supplication which we bear in our hands, and deliver to us something more comforting concerning our country. Else we will not leave thy sanctuary, but will stay here till we die.» Upon this the priestess gave them a second answer, which was the following: —

«Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel.
Yet once more I address thee, in words than adamant firmer.
When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops
Holds within it, and all which divine Cithæron shelters,
Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athene:
Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.
Wait not the tramp of the horse, nor the footmen mightily moving
Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest.»

This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down and went back with it to

Athens. When, however, upon their arrival they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put on it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them the citadel would escape, for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still, such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle:—

"Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

These words caused great disturbance among those who took the wooden wall to be the ships; since the interpreters understood them to mean that if they made preparations for a sea fight, they would suffer a defeat of Salamis.

Now, there was at Athens a man who had lately made his way into the first rank of citizens; his true name was Themistocles, but he was known more generally as the son of Neocles. This man came forward and said that the interpreters had not explained the oracle altogether aright: "For if," he argued, "the clause in question had really referred to the Athenians, it would not have been expressed so mildly; the phrase used would have been 'luckless Salamis' rather than 'holy Salamis,' had those to whom the island belonged been about to perish in its neighborhood. Rightly taken, the response of the god threatened the enemy much more than the Athenians." He therefore counseled his countrymen to make ready to fight on board their ships, since they were the wooden wall in which the god told them to trust. When Themistocles had thus cleared the matter, the Athenians embraced his view, preferring it to that of the interpreters. The advice of these last had been against engaging in a sea fight: "All the Athenians could do," they said, "was, without lifting a hand in their defense, to quit Attica and make a settlement in some other country."

Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laureium, were

about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution and build with the money two hundred ships, to help them in their war against the Æginetans. It was the breaking out of the Æginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece, for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that according to the advice of the god they would embark their whole force aboard their ships, and with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

«LOPPING THE TALL EARS»

This prince [Periander] at the beginning of his reign was of a milder temper than his father; but after he corresponded by means of messengers with Thrasybulus, tyrant of Miletus, he became even more sanguinary. On one occasion he sent a herald to ask Thrasybulus what mode of government it was safest to set up in order to rule with honor. Thrasybulus led the messenger without the city, and took him into a field of corn, through which he began to walk, while he asked him again and again concerning his coming from Corinth, ever as he went breaking off and throwing away all such ears of corn as overtopped the rest. In this way he went through the whole field, and destroyed all the best and richest part of the crop; then, without a word, he sent the messenger back. On the return of the man to Corinth, Periander was eager to know what Thrasybulus had counseled, but the messenger reported that he had said nothing; and he wondered that Periander had sent him to so strange a man, who seemed to have lost his senses, since he did nothing but destroy his own property. And upon this he told how Thrasybulus had behaved at the interview. Periander, perceiving what the action meant, and knowing that Thrasybulus advised the destruction of all the leading citizens, treated his

subjects from this time forward with the very greatest cruelty. Where Cypselus had spared any, and had neither put them to death nor banished them, Periander completed what his father had left unfinished.

CLOSE OF THE HISTORY

A Wise Answer of Cyrus the Great is Recalled in the Hour of Persian Humiliation

It was the grandfather of this Artayctes, one Artembares by name, who suggested to the Persians a proposal which they readily embraced, and thus urged upon Cyrus: — "Since Jove," they said, "has overthrown Astyages and given the rule to the Persians, and to thee chiefly, O Cyrus, — come now, let us quit this land wherein we dwell; for it is a scant land and a rugged, and let us choose ourselves some other better country. Many such lie around us, some nearer, some further off: if we take one of these, men will admire us far more than they do now. Who that had the power would not so act? And when shall we have a fairer time than now, when we are lords of so many nations, and rule all Asia?"

Then Cyrus, who did not greatly esteem the counsel, told them they might do so if they liked; but he warned them not to expect in that case to continue rulers, but to prepare for being ruled by others. "Soft countries gave birth to soft men. There was no region which produced very delightful fruits and at the same time men of a warlike spirit." So the Persians departed with altered minds, confessing that Cyrus was wiser than they; and chose rather to dwell in a churlish land and exercise lordship, than to cultivate plains and be the slaves of others.

ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591–1674)

THE "exquisite" Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in August 1591; the son of Nicholas Herrick, a goldsmith, who died in 1592. Little knowledge of Robert's life exists except through his poems. He went to Cambridge in 1614, and took his degree in 1620. From this date until 1629, when, having become a clergyman, he was given by Charles I. the living of Dean Prior, Devonshire, there is no record of his life. During this interval, or earlier, while he was apprenticed to his uncle, a goldsmith, he became familiar with London city life, and made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, whom in his verse he constantly lauds. One ode seems to show Herrick as belonging to the circle of wits who met to drink sack and spiced wine at the Mermaid or the Triple Tun. It is addressed to Ben Jonson, and begins:—

"Ah, Ben!
Say, how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine!"

Herrick wrote most of his verses at Dean Prior, where he lived as an old bachelor in his rustic vicarage, hung with the honeysuckle that he loved so well. His companions were Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper; Tracy, a pet spaniel; Phil, a tame sparrow; a cat, a pet lamb, a goose, a few chickens, and a pig, which he taught to delight in the dregs of his ale jug. He commends Prudence in various verses for her loyalty, and when she dies, writes this epitaph:—

"In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin (once my maid),
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet."

Herrick does not like Devonshire; he laughs at the country folk in scraps of verse; and once he throws his sermon at his inattentive hearers, whom he calls—

> «A people currish, churlish as the seas,
> And rude, almost as rude as savages.»

He constantly sighs for London; he hates Cromwell, and though valuing his home, he will not subscribe to Puritanism, and is turned out of Dean Prior by the government. Returning to London in 1648, he drops his ecclesiastical habit and title and publishes 'Hesperides.' Perhaps his friends aid him; perhaps he lives in Bohemia, out at elbows but not unhappy. Whatever his estate, the good-natured Charles II. restored him in 1660 to Dean Prior, where he died in his eighty-fourth year, October 15th, 1674.

His portrait shows him in clerical garb with a Roman head, the profile of the voluptuous Roman emperors, and a broad bull-throat, which loved to quaff the blushing wine-cup or a tankard of frothing beer. He is at times an amatory poet, and at times a looker-on at country fairs and merrymakings, enjoying Twelfth Night revels, Christmas wassailings, Whitsun ales, May games, wakes, and bridals, morris dancers, mummers, and every manifestation of «nut-brown mirth.»

The gay old vicar seems never so light of heart as when inditing his tiny lyrics to those imaginary beauties whom he addresses as Corinna, Silvia, Anthea, Electra, Diamene, Perilla, and Perinna. Julia was a real love. Her lips are cherries, her teeth «quarelets of pearl,» her cheeks roses, her tears «the dew of roses,» her voice silver, while her very shadow «breathes of pomander.»* She is his «queen-priest»; when she is ill, the flowers wither in sympathy; and when he dies, he is sure the «myrrh of her breath» will be sufficient to embalm him. How splendid is her apparel! her azure petticoat sprinkled with golden stars, under which her little feet play bo-peep; her jeweled stomacher; her slashed sleeves; and her lawn neckerchief smelling of musk and ambergris. How her silks shimmer, clinging to her as she walks or blowing from her like a flame! How lovely are the «roses on her bosom,» her hair «filled with dew,» the golden net that binds her ringlets, her lacing-strings, her fillet, her ring, her ribbons, and her bracelet!

Just as Herrick loves the coquetry of dress, he loves the goodies his Prudence makes him: the custards, mince pies, almond paste, frumenty, wassail, Twelfth Night cakes, possets of wine. He encourages himself to hospitality:—

* From *pomme d'ambre*, a mixture of perfumes.

«Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
Of singing Crickets by the fire;
And the brisk Mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed Kitling comes.»

'The Hesperides' has been frequently compared to the 'Carmina' of Catullus; but Gosse in his sympathetic study of Herrick shows him as more like Martial. He points out also how much Herrick owes to Ben Jonson's 'Masques,' a debt which the pupil acknowledges in a—

PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth to me
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee on my knee,
Offer my lyric!

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar,
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

With a few exceptions, the 'Noble Numbers' are written in the same spirit. «Here,» says Gosse, «our pagan priest is seen despoiled of his vine wreath and his thyrsus, doing penance in a white sheet and with a candle in his hand. That rubicund visage, with its sly eye and prodigious jowl, looks ludicrously out of place in the penitential surplice; but he is evidently sincere, though not very deep in his repentance, and sings hymns of faultless orthodoxy with a loud and lusty voice to the old pagan airs.» It must be remembered that Herrick wrote some beautiful 'Epithalamia,' and that with him the poetic literature of England's fairy lore, so choicely described in Drayton's 'Nymphidia,' in Browne's 'Pastorals,' and in Ben Jonson's 'Oberon,' died, killed by the chill of Puritanism. In his own day his verses were greatly admired, and many of them were set to music. His first published poem was 'Oberon's Feast,' which appeared in a 'Description of the King and Queen of Fairies' (1635). Half forgotten for two generations, Herrick was revived by Nichols in an article in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1796, by a sketch in Dr. Drake's 'Literary Hours,' and by a few selected poems issued by Dr. Nott in 1810. Many modern editions exist; that of Alfred Pollard, published in 1891, contains a fine critical preface by Swinburne.

A THANKSGIVING

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee:
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land;

All this, and better, dost thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance — that must be
O Lord, by thee.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire: or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in the watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when Summer shakes his ears;
Show me thy world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst: then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherds'-star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay ye but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

TO CARNATIONS

STAY while ye will, or go;
And leave no scent behind ye;
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye:

Within my Lucia's cheek
(Whose livery ye wear),
Play ye at hide-and-seek,—
I'm sure to find ye there.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of the blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like unto orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

TO MEADOWS

YE HAVE been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours;

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like the spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with disheveled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honor:
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

THE NIGHT PIECE—TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee:
But on thy way
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER

Under the Name of The Lost Shepherdess

Among the myrtles as I walkt,
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt:
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my Shepherdess.
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In everything that's sweet, she is.
In yond' carnation go and seek
Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
In that enameled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood.
'Tis true, said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all were gone.
At which I stopt: said Love, these be
The true resemblances of thee;
For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A Lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction—
An erring Lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson Stomacher—
A Cuffe neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly—
A winning wave (deserving Note)
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoestring, in whose tye
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me, than when Art
Is too precise in every part.

HENRIK HERTZ

(1798–1870)

THE literary activity of Henrik Hertz falls within the golden age of Danish literature. The opening years of the nineteenth century brought Oehlenschläger's first great poem, followed by his 'Poetical Writings' and tragedies. A little later, Hauch began writing his lyrics and romances in verse; Heiberg was taking his position as critic and as creator of the Danish vaudeville; Heiberg's mother, the Baroness Gyllembourg, was writing her popular novels, shielding her identity by signing them "By the Author of 'An Every-Day Story'" (her first successful novel); and finally, Hans Christian Andersen joined the ranks with his famous 'Fairy Tales.' On the threshold of the century stood Baggesen, who in spite of his sincere admiration for the rising school of romanticism had remained the representative of the classic school, and had fought a brave battle for form, when Oehlenschläger in the enthusiasm of a wider vision began to neglect it.

HENRIK HERTZ

Continuing the line of Denmark's literary men of the first rank came Hertz, whose career at the outset had — temporarily — a direct connection with Baggesen. As distinguished among the greater Danish lyrical poets and the writers of his own time, he may be called the poet of passion, while Oehlenschläger stands as the poet of dignity, and Heiberg as the poet of form. Born of Jewish parents in Copenhagen, on August 25th, 1798, the boy was early orphaned, and brought up by a relative, an editor of a leading newspaper. A literary atmosphere thus became his natural element early in life; and it is not remarkable that he showed his preference for authorship and his gifts for it rather than for the bar, to which he was nevertheless called in 1825. He began his literary activity with three or four plays, including 'Buchardt and his Family' (1827), 'Love and Policy,' and 'Cupid's Strokes of Genius' (1830). But in the last-mentioned year, when Baggesen had been dead some four years, Copenhagen was startled by the publication of a satirical

literary criticism, purporting to be the great poet's message and commentary from another world, under the title of 'Letters of a Ghost.' It exhibited Baggesen's ironical humor, critical insight, and finish of style; but all was blended with a wider sympathy and a broader tolerance than Baggesen had shown during his later years. The volume was by Henrik Hertz, who however did not acknowledge the authorship till later, though the book met with enormous success and was the talk of the town for a season. It may be noted in passing that the 'Letters' contained a cutting criticism of Hans Christian Andersen's earlier writings, severe enough to cause that sensitive author many an hour of depression; and that when Andersen met Hertz some years later in Rome, he had not yet conquered his dread of the critic. They became excellent friends; and when Andersen found his true field and held it, with his fairy tales, Hertz became one of his warmest admirers.

Continuing to devote himself to the stage, Hertz wrote 'The Savings Bank,' a comedy which had a great success, and still holds the stage to-day. In 1838 he advanced into the romantic drama in verse, 'Svend Dyring's House.' The subject of this piece he took from the old Danish folk-songs, and kept throughout their tone of simplicity and tenderness. We find in this drama the knightly lover cutting runes in an apple, that he may by their help win the love of the gentle Regisse. We have the wicked stepmother who tries to win the knight for her own unlovable daughter, cruelly neglecting Regisse and her little sisters. We have the ghost of the dead mother, who comes at night to give her own little children the motherly care they so sadly need. Finally, after much sorrow, the lovers are happily united. All is framed in the most exquisite verse, and presented with great literary charm and dramatic power. The subject was so essentially Danish, however, that it did not spread Hertz's fame outside of his own country.

To the foreign world, in fact, Henrik Hertz is principally known by one work, 'King René's Daughter,' a charming romantic drama, dated as late as 1845. It was read and acted with immediate and immense success in Denmark, where it is still in every repertory, and thence passed into the standard library of the cultivated world. In 1848 followed the author's tragedy of 'Ninon,' a high proof of his artistic and dramatic power; but 'Ninon' is not universally known like its charming predecessor. 'King René's Daughter,' the scene of which is laid in Provence, is of most simple texture. It is more like a pretty folk-tale than a drama, although its half-dozen personages include historical ones, and even its heroine, the gentle Iolanthe, is an idealized Princess Yolande, daughter of the real King René. It is full of the charm of innocence, pure love, and chivalric romance,

and a certain idyllic freshness exhales from every page and situation of it, like the perfume from the roses in the blind Iolanthe's garden. Sweet, almost pastoral and yet moving to a romantic climax, it is in touch with such things as Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale,' or some of those Provençal legends that the poets of Southern France have set in verse. The diction is beautiful, and rarely has so happy a balance between the play to read and the play to act been maintained. It has passed into translations everywhere; and, a distinctively Southern subject treated by a Northern poet, it stands for a kind of graft of palm on pine.

Hertz's life was his literary work; and the record of that is its most interesting element to the world. He died in Copenhagen, February 25th, 1870.

THE BLIND PRINCESS

From 'King René's Daughter'

[The Princess Iolanthe, a lovely maid, has been brought up in complete ignorance of the fact that her beautiful eyes have ever lacked the power of sight, and in entire inability to judge of what the faculty of sight may be to others. She has never heard of it, and is so free and unconstrained in all her movements as not to need such a sense for her further happiness. Count Tristan of Vaudemont makes his way to her garden retreat, and falls passionately in love with her, unaware of her misfortune; and so ensues this dialogue.]

TRISTAN — Pray give me one of yonder blushing roses,
That rear their petals, fairest 'mongst all flowers,
As though they were the counterfeit of thee!

Iolanthe — A rose? Oh, willingly! [*Plucks and gives him a white rose.*

Tristan — Ah, it is white!
Give me the red one, that is fair as thou!

Iolanthe — What meanest thou? — a red one?

Tristan [*pointing*] — One of these.

Iolanthe — Take it thyself!

Tristan — No; let me keep the rose
Which thou hast chosen, which thy fair hand has gathered.
And in good sooth, I do applaud thy choice.
For the white rose, within whose calyx sleeps
A faint and trembling ruddiness, betypes
The dream-like beauty of this garden fair.
Give me another rose — a white one too;
Then with the twin flowers will I deck my cap,
And wear them as thy colors evermore.

Iolanthe [*plucks and gives him a red rose*]—
Here is a rose: meanest thou one like this?
Tristan [*starts*]—I asked thee for a white rose.
Iolanthe— Well, and this?
Tristan— Why this? [*Aside.*] What thought comes o'er me?
[*Aloud.*] Nay, then, tell me

[*Holds up the two roses, along with another which he has himself gathered*]

How many roses have I in my hand?
Iolanthe [*stretches out her hand towards them*]—
Give me them, then.
Tristan— Nay, tell me without touching.
Iolanthe—How can I so?
Tristan [*aside*]— Alas! alas! she's blind!
[*Aloud, and with a faltering voice*]—
Nay, I am sure you know.
Iolanthe— No; you mistake.
If I would know how anything is shaped,
Or what its number, I must touch it first.
Is not this clear?
Tristan [*confused*]— Yes, certainly; you're right.
And yet sometimes—
Iolanthe— Well, well?—sometimes? Speak! speak!
Tristan—I think there are—that there are certain things
Which we distinguish by their hues alone,
As various kinds of flowers, and various stuffs.
Iolanthe—Thou mean'st by this their character, their form—
Is it not so?
Tristan— Nay, not exactly that.
Iolanthe—Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Are not the roses round and soft and fine,
Round to the feeling, as the zephyr's breath,
And soft and glowing as a summer's eve?
Are gilliflowers like roses? No; their scent
Bedizzies, like the wine I gave to thee.
And then a cactus—are its arrowy points
Not stinging, like the wind when frosts are keen?
Tristan [*aside*]—Amazement!
[*Aloud.*] Have they never told thee, then,
That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
Placed at a distance,—with the aid—of—sight?
Iolanthe—At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know
The little bird that sits upon the roof,
And in like fashion, all men by their voice.

The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace,
And by his neigh. Yet — with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purpose?

Tristan [*aside*] — O Almighty powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind.

Iolanthe [*after a pause*] —
Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much
For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in.

Tristan — No, O thou sweet and gracious lady, no!
I cannot teach what thou art wanting in.

Iolanthe — Didst thou but choose, I do believe thou couldst.
They tell me I am tractable and apt.
Many who erewhile have been here have taught me
Now this, now that, which readily I learned.
Make but the trial! I am very sure
Thou hat'st me not. Thy tones are mild and gentle.
Thou wilt not say me nay, when I entreat.
Oh speak! I'm all attention when thou speakest.

Tristan — Alas! attention here will stead thee little.
Yet — tell me one thing. Thou hast surely learned
That of thy lovely frame there is no part
Without its purpose, or without its use.
Thy hand and fingers serve to grasp at much;
Thy foot, so tiny as it is, with ease
Transports thee wheresoe'er thy wishes point;
The sound of words, the tone, doth pierce the soul
Through the ear's small and tortuous avenues;
The stream of language gushes from thy lips;
Within thy breast abides the delicate breath,
Which heaves, unclogged with care, and sinks again.

Iolanthe — All this I've noted well. Prithee, go on.

Tristan — Then tell me, to what end dost thou suppose
Omnipotence hath gifted thee with eyes?
Of what avail to thee are those twin stars,
That sparkle with such wondrous brilliancy
They scorn to grasp the common light of day?

Iolanthe [*touches her eyes, then muses for a little*]—

You ask of what avail?—how can you ask?
And yet I ne'er have given the matter thought.
My eyes! my eyes! 'Tis easy to perceive.
At eve, when I am weary, slumber first
Droops heavy on my eyes, and thence it spreads
O'er all my body, with no thought of mine,
As feeling vibrates from each finger's tip.
Thus, then, I know my eyes avail me much.
And hast not thou experience had enough,
Wherein thine eyes can minister to thee?
Only the other morn, as I was planting
A little rosebush here, a nimble snake
Leapt out and bit me in the finger; then
With the sharp pain I wept. Another time,
When I had pined for many tedious days,
Because my father was detained from home,
I wept for very gladness when he came!
Through tears I gave my bursting heart relief,
And at mine eyes it found a gushing vent.
Then never ask me unto what avail
Omnipotence hath gifted me with eyes.
Through them when I am weary comes repose,
Through them my sorrow's lightened; and through them
My joy is raised to rapture.

Tristan— Oh, forgive me!
The question was most foolish; for in thee
Is such an inward radiancy of soul,
Thou hast no need of that which by the light
We through the eye discern. Say, shall I deem
That thou of some unheard-of race art sprung,
Richly endowed with other powers than we?
Thou livest lonely here; this valley, too,
Seems conjured forth by magic 'mongst the hills.
Hast thou come hither from the golden East,
With Peris in thy train? or art thou one
Of Brahma's daughters, and from Ind hast been
Transported hither by a sorcerer?
O beautiful unknown! if thou be'st sprung
Of mortal men who call the earth their mother,
Be thou to life's so transitory joys
Susceptible as I, and deign to look
With favor on a knight's devoted love!
Hear this his vow: No woman shall efface

(Stand she in birth and beauty ne'er so high)
The image thou hast stamped upon my soul!

Iolanthe [*after a pause*]—
Thy words are laden with a wondrous power.
Say, from what master didst thou learn the art
To charm by words which yet are mysteries?
Meseemed as though I trod some path alone,
Which I had never trod before; and yet
All seems to me—all, all that thou hast said—
So godlike, so enchanting! Oh speak on—
Yet no,—speak not! rather let me in thought
Linger along the words which thou hast spoken,
That mingled pain and rapture in my soul!

Translation of Theodore Martin.

THE AWAKENING TO SIGHT

From 'King René's Daughter'

Enter Ebn Jahia, *the Moorish Physician, leading* Iolanthe *by the hand. He beckons to the others to retire*

IOLANTHE— Where art thou leading me?
O God! where am I? Support me—oh, support me!

Ebn Jahia—
Calm thee, my child!

Iolanthe— Support me—oh, stand still!
I ne'er was here before—what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me it gives me pain.

Ebn Jahia—
Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!
That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile—
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.

Iolanthe—My garden—mine? Alas! I know it not.
The plants are terrible to see—take care!
They're falling on us!

Ebn Jahia— Cease your fears, my child:
These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have been long known.

Iolanthe— Ah, no!
Indeed, I know them not! [*Raises her eyes toward the sky.*
This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me—yon great vault,

That arches there above us — oh, how high! —
What is it? Is it God? Is it his spirit,
Which as you said pervades the universe?

Ebn Jahia —

Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.
God is in it, like as he is in all.
Yon blue profound that fills yon airy vault,
It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,
God hath set up his glorious dwelling-place.
Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,
To heaven's o'er-arching vault, to God — and pray!

Iolanthe — Ah, teach me, then, to pray to him as I ought.
No one hath ever told me how I should
Pray to this Deity who rules the world!

Ebn Jahia —

Then kneel thee down, my darling child, and say —
"Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek thee
In thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to thee!"

Iolanthe [*kneels*] —

Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek thee
In thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to thee! —
Yes, he hath heard me. I can feel he hath,
And on me pours the comfort of his peace.
He is the only one that speaks to me,
Invisible and kindly, as before.

Ebn Jahia —

Arise! arise, my child, and look around.

Iolanthe — Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

Ebn Jahia —

Thou know'st them all.

Iolanthe — Ah, no; I can know nothing.

René [*approaching Iolanthe*] —

Look on me, Iolanthe — me, thy father!

Iolanthe [*embracing him*] —

My father! Oh, my God! thou art my father!
I know thee now — thy voice, thy clasping hand.
Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
I am so strange here in this world of light.
They've taken all that I possessed away —
All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.

René — I have culled out a guide for thee, my child.

Iolanthe — Whom mean'st thou?
René [*pointing to Tristan*] — See, he stands expecting thee.
Iolanthe — The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?
Is he the Angel of the light come down?
René — Thou knowest him — hast spoken with him. Think!
Iolanthe — With him? with him? [*Holds her hands before her eyes.*
Father, I understand.
In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard — gentle, yet strong;
The one sole voice that lives in nature's round.
[*To Tristan, who advances towards her*] —
Oh, but one word of what thou saidst before!
Tristan — O sweet and gracious lady!
Iolanthe — List, oh list!
With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.
Tristan [*embraces her*] —
Iolanthe! Dearest!
René — Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!

Translation of Theodore Martin.

HESIOD

(Ninth Century B. C. ?)

"For as to Hesiod and Homer, I judge them to have been four hundred years before me, and not more. It was they who made a theogony for the Greeks, assigned names to the gods, distributed their honors and arts, and revealed their forms. The poets stated to have been before these really lived later than they, in my judgment." These words are from the credulous, shrewd, quaint father of history, Herodotus, and were written between 450 and 400 B. C. The two poets, then, are assigned to the ninth century B. C. As to the Homeric school, the latest investigations are in agreement with this early estimate of their age. Hesiod, however, is a younger member of that school; probably a century later than the chief author of the Iliad, whom he clearly imitates. Indeed, the use of the Ionic dialect and epic phrase at all, in an obscure Bœotian village, can hardly have any other explanation. He is, however, the first of Greek poets in another sense; for splendid as is the pageant of Trojan myth, the personality of the Homeric singer or singers evades us completely. The homely unheroic figure of Hesiod, dwelling in his humble village of Ascra under Helicon, is the earliest of the poets really visible to us.

Hesiod represents a back current of colonial Asiatic culture, returning to the yet rude undeveloped motherland. His father had emigrated from Kymè in Asia Minor, a chief centre of Trojan myth and epic, back to —

> "Ascra, in winter vile, most villainous
> In summer, and at no time glorious,"

as the ungrateful minstrel describes his birthplace! Hesiod actually pastured his sheep on Helicon, and his vision of the Muses has located them there forever.

The chief creation of Hesiod is called 'Works and Days'; *i. e.*, farmers' tasks, and lucky or fit days on which to do them. It is nowise like an almanac in form, however. The poem of a thousand hexameter verses is dedicated, as it were, to his ungracious brother Perses. The latter, we hear, had bribed the judges and so secured the lion's share of the family estate. Again reduced to poverty by sloth and waste, he has appealed to the poet, who has nothing for him but caustic advice. Moreover, Hesiod takes a pessimistic view

of human life. His own iron age is the worst among five successive periods, and life is hardly endurable. The only break, indeed, in the gradual decay from the golden through the silvern and brazen ages, is the interposition — between the latter and the poet's day of iron — of the nobler *heroic* age; and the sieges of Thebes and Troy are expressly mentioned, to point this reminiscence of Homeric song. Zeus has never forgiven men for Prometheus's theft of fire, and has "hidden the means of subsistence"; *i. e.*, has said to man, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The Pandora episode, also, is brought in to explain the manifold miseries that vex mortal life.

The transitions from one branch of this wide-ranging theme to another are rather stiff and awkward. Some parts of the poem are probably lost; and where it becomes, as often, a mere string of maxims, the temptation to interpolate similar apophthegms has haunted the copyists in every age. Altogether, the poem is more interesting piecemeal than as a whole. Still, in the main, it is a genuine production of a feebly inspired, rather prosy eighth-century rustic philosopher. In fact, it is our earliest didactic sermon in verse.

The other poem usually assigned to Hesiod — viz., the 'Theogony' — is the first connected attempt at tracing the origin of the Greek gods. It is no description of creation, much less an attempt to solve the mystery of existence. In the main we have a mere genealogy of the family sprung from Uranus and Gê (Heaven and Earth), who in turn are supplied with a sort of ancestry. Herodotus must not mislead us into thinking these strange figures are the creation of Hesiod, or whoever of his school left us the 'Theogony.' The poet does probably little more than to record, and in some degree to harmonize, tales already more or less generally current. Many stories of cannibalism and outrageous immorality among the gods must have come down from utterly savage forefathers. These uncanny heirlooms were never definitely discarded in pagan Greece. Some of the worst accounts of Divine wickedness were so entangled with beautiful and well-loved myths that they have been immortalized in the drama, in lyric, in works of plastic art, and cannot be ignored in any view of Greek life and thought. Philosophers, and even poets, did indeed make fearless protest against the ascription of any grievous wickedness to Deity. Yet it must be confessed that from Homer's song downward, the gods are altogether inferior in motive and action to the truly heroic men and women, either of myth and poetry or of historic record. And this crude and ignoble popular mythology was fixed and nationalized above all by the Hesiodic 'Theogony.' Even so pure, devout, and original a poet as Æschylus, in the 'Prometheus' copies Hesiod in many details, though he is probably combating directly the elder poet's view of Zeus's purpose and character.

It will be evident, then, that the works of Hesiod are of extreme interest and value, not chiefly as poetry, but as an early record of man's gropings about the roots of mystery. The moral philosopher, the student of mythology, even the historian of agriculture, may find here more inspiration than the poet.

Symonds (in his 'Greek Poets'), Jebb, and Mahaffy, all have genial chapters upon Hesiod. We recommend first, however, the literal prose version in the Bohn library, which is supplied with helpful notes. The same volume contains metrical versions of both poems by Elton. In the citations below from the 'Works and Days,' some attempt is made to indicate the rhythm and line-for-line arrangement of the original Greek. The only available edition of Hesiod's poems with English notes is by F. A. Paley, in the 'Bibliotheca Classica.' Much better is the edition including the fragments of lost works, with Latin notes, by Göttling.

PANDORA

From the 'Works and Days'

Zeus in the wrath of his heart hath hidden the means of subsistence,
Wrathful because he once was deceived by the wily Prometheus.
Therefore it was he devised most grievous troubles for mortals.
Fire he hid; yet that, for men, did the gallant Prometheus
Steal, in a hollow reed, from the dwelling of Zeus the Adviser;
Nor was he seen by the ruler of gods, who delights in the thunder.
Then, in his rage at the deed, cloud-gathering Zeus did address him:
"Iapetionides, in cunning greater than any,
Thou in the theft of the fire, and deceit of me, art exulting,—
Source of grief for thyself, and for men who shall be hereafter.
I in the place of fire will give them a bane, so that all men
May in spirit exult, and find in their misery comfort!"
Speaking thus, loud laughed he, the father of gods and of mortals.
Then he commanded Hephaistos, the cunning artificer, straightway
Mixing water and earth, with speech and force to endow it,
Making it like in face to the gods whose life is eternal.
Virginal, winning, and fair was the shape; and he ordered Athenè
Skillful devices to teach her, the beautiful works of the weaver.
Then did he bid Aphroditè the golden endow her with beauty,
Eager desire, and passion that wasteth the bodies of mortals.
Hermes, guider of men, the destroyer of Argus, he ordered,
Lastly, a shameless mind to accord her, and treacherous nature.
So did he speak. They obeyed Lord Zeus, who is offspring of Kronos.
Straightway out of the earth the renownèd Artificer fashioned
One like a shamefaced maid, at the will of the Ruler of heaven.

Girdle and ornaments added the bright-eyed goddess Athenè,
Over her body the Graces divine and noble Persuasion
Hung their golden chains, and the Hours with beautiful tresses
Wove her garlands of flowers that bloom in the season of springtime.
All her adornment Pallas Athenè fitted upon her;
Into her bosom Hermes the guide, the destroyer of Argus,
Falsehood, treacherous thoughts, and a thievish nature imparted,—
Such was the will of Zeus who heavily thunders; and lastly
Hermes, herald of gods, endowed her with speech, and the woman
Named Pandora, because all gods who dwell in Olympus
Gave to her gifts that would make her a fatal bane unto mortals.
When now Zeus had finished this snare so deadly and certain,
Famous Argus-slayer, the herald of gods he commanded,
Leading her thence, as a gift to bestow her upon Epimetheus.
He then failed to remember Prometheus had bidden him never
Gifts to accept from Olympian Zeus, but still to return them
Straightway, lest some evil befall thereby unto mortals.
So he received her — and then, when the evil befell, he remembered.
Till that time, upon earth were dwelling the races of mortals
Free and secure from trouble, and free from wearisome labor;
Safe from painful diseases that bring mankind to destruction
(Since full swiftly in misery age unto mortals approacheth).
Now with her hands Pandora the great lid raised from the vessel,
Letting them loose; and grievous the evil for men she provided.
Only Hope was left, in the dwelling securely imprisoned,
Since she under the edge of the cover had lingered, and flew not
Forth; too soon Pandora had fastened the lid of the vessel,—
Such was the will of Zeus, cloud-gatherer, lord of the ægis.
Numberless evils beside to the haunts of men had departed;
Full is the earth of ills, and full no less are the waters.
Freely diseases among mankind by day and in darkness
Hither and thither may pass, and bring much woe upon mortals,—
Voiceless, since of speech high-counseling Zeus has bereft them.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,' by William C. Lawton

TARTARUS AND THE STYX

From the 'Theogony'

The hollow-sounding palaces
Of subterraneous gods there in the front
Ascend, of mighty Pluto and his queen
Awful Persephone. A grisly dog,

Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes;
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong, and stern Persephone,
For them with marking eye he lurks; on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.
There, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
Inhabits, refluent Ocean's eldest born:
She from the gods apart for ever dwells
In mansions known to fame, with arching roofs
O'erhung, of loftiest rock, and all around
The silver columns lean upon the skies.
Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and 'midst the gods dissension sown.
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down,
To bear from far in ewer of gold the wave
Renowned; that from the summit of a rock
Steep, lofty, cold distills. Beneath wide Earth
Abundant from the sacred parent flood,
Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian branch
Of Ocean flows; a tenth of all the streams
To the dread oath allotted. In nine streams,
Round and around earth and the ocean broad
With silver whirlpools mazy-rolled, at length
It falls into the main; one stream alone
Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals that inhabit still
Olympus topt with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast;
But still reclines on the spread festive couch,
Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
O'erwhelms him; but, his malady absolved
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From ever-living deities remote
His lot is cast; in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full;

The tenth again he mingles with the blest
In synod, who th' Olympian mansions hold.
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the waters incorruptible,
Ancient, of Styx.

Translation of Elton.

MAXIMS

From the 'Works and Days'

NEVER a man hath won him a nobler prize than a woman,
If she be good; but again there is naught else worse than a bad one.

EVEN the potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman;
Even the beggar is grudging to beggar, and poet to poet!

BUT do thou store these matters away in thy memory, Perses!
Let not contention, the lover of mischief, withhold thee from labor,
While in the market-place thou art hearkening, eager for quarrels.

ONCE we our heritage shared already. Cajoling the rulers,—
Men who were greedy for bribes, and were willing to grant you the judgment,—
You then plundered and carried away far more than your portion.
Fools were they, unaware how the whole by a half is exceeded;
Little they know how great is the blessing with mallow and lentils.

TRULY, the gods keep hid from mortals the means of subsistence;
Else in a single day thou well mightst win by thy labor
What would suffice for a year, although thou idle remainest.
Ended then were the labors of toilsome mules and of oxen.

EVIL he worketh himself who worketh ill to another.

BUT remembering still my injunction,
Work, O Perses sprung from the gods, that Famine may ever
Hate you, and dear may you be to Demeter of beautiful garlands,—
Awesome one,—and still may she fill thy garner with plenty.

WORK is no disgrace; but the shame is, not to be working:
If you but work, then he who works not will envy you quickly,
Seeing your wealth increase; with wealth come honor and glory.

SUMMON the man who loves thee to banquet; thy enemy bid not.
Summon him most of all who dwells most closely beside thee;

Since if aught that is strange or evil chance to befall thee,
Neighbors come ungirt, but kinsmen wait to be girded.

TAKE your fill when the cask is broached and when it is failing.
Midway spare; at the lees 'tis not worth while to be sparing.

CALL — with a smile — for a witness, although 'tis your brother you deal with.

GET thee a dwelling first, and a woman, and ox for the plowing:
Buy thou a woman, not wed her, that she may follow the oxen.

THIS shall the remedy be, if thou art belated in plowing:
When in the leaves of the oak is heard the voice of the cuckoo
First, that across the unbounded earth brings pleasure to mortals,
Three days long let Zeus pour down his rain without ceasing,
So that the ox-hoof's print it fills, yet not overflows it:
Then may the plowman belated be equal with him who was timely.

PASS by the seat at the forge, and the well-warmed tavern, in winter.
That is the time when the man not slothful increases his substance.

SHUN thou seats in the shade, nor sleep *till the dawn* (!) in the season
When it is harvest-time, and your skin is parched in the sunshine.

SEEK thou a homeless thrall, and a serving-maid who is childless.

PRAISE thou a little vessel; bestow thy freight in a large one.

DO NOT stow in the hollowed vessel the whole of thy substance;
Leave thou more behind, and carry the less for a cargo.
Hateful is it to meet with a loss on the watery billows;
Hateful too if, loading excessive weight on a wagon,
Thou shouldst crush thine axle and so thy burden be wasted.
Keep thou due moderation; all things have a fitting occasion.

CLOSING LINES

DIFFERENT men praise different days: they are rare who do know them.
Often a day may prove as a stepmother, often a mother:
Blessèd and happy is he who, aware of all that concerns them,
Wisely works his task, unblamed in the sight of immortals,
Judging the omens aright, and succeeds in avoiding transgression.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,' by William C. Lawton

PAUL HEYSE

(1830–)

PAUL HEYSE stands among the foremost modern German writers, and his reputation is not confined to his native land. A cultured cosmopolitan of literature, there is much in his work to appeal to all who are sensitive to the presentation of life in artistic form, with grace, charm, and power.

Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse — to give him his full baptismal name — was born at Berlin, March 15th, 1830, the son of a distinguished philologist of that city, both father and grandfather being scholars of importance. By blood he is half Jew. At first he studied classical philology at the Berlin University under Böckh and Lachmann; but in 1849 at Bonn took up the study of the Romance languages and literatures. His dissertation in 1852 for his doctorate, on the subject of the refrain in Troubadour poetry, shows his early literary leanings. Next came the "grand tour," so fruitful in rounding out and ripening the education of a young man of gifts. The libraries of Italy and Switzerland were ransacked for books bearing on his Romance studies. In 1854 he was called to Munich to join the circle of writers gathered there by King Max, and he has ever since made that centre of art and music his home. By 1850, at the age of twenty, he was writing poems and plays, and had begun to publish his long list of works, which in 1893 numbered twenty-four volumes. Of these, the majority are collections of short tales and novelettes, characterized by artistic beauty, delicate sentiment, picturesque description, and poetic feeling, often tinged with melancholy, and at times sensuous to the point of dubious ethics. Excellent examples of these short stories — to some, Heyse's best literary endeavor — may be found in 'The Book of Friendship.' A tale as widely known outside of Germany as any he has written is 'L'Arrabbiata,' a charming Italian idyl of peasant life. His early poems — lyric, epic, and dramatic — testify to his culture, warmth of temperament, and inventive power; and he has never ceased to do

PAUL HEYSE

work of this sort, though it is minor compared with his fiction. His best known epic is perhaps 'Thekla,' published in 1858. Many of his plays have had more or less vogue on the stage: by his 'Sabine Women' in 1859 he won the dramatic prize offered by King Maximilian; and 'Hans Lange,' which the eminent Danish critic Brandes calls both "beautiful" and "national," is regarded as a drama of high merit. In other leading plays Heyse treats historical subjects in a romantic manner, making them pleasing and impressive. In 1884 he received from the Kaiser for his dramatic compositions the Schiller prize, a much coveted honor. The influence of Italy and of Italian culture is observable all through his writings, imparting a certain suavity and sweetness, sometimes with a consequent loss of strength. He reflects the foreign stimulus as does Pierre Loti in France.

It is likely that Heyse has been most widely enjoyed, and has appealed to the greatest number of readers, by his short stories. It is quite true that they represent him in many of his most delightful moods. Yet for depth and power his two "purpose" novels, 'Children of the World' and 'In Paradise,' are more typical and have helped to give him international fame. Few modern works of fiction have aroused so much interest. Many editions have appeared, many translations been made. These novels stand for a class of literature which has developed rapidly under the present literary creed of realism. Such works propound grim problems, or preach reform, or attack social abuses. Familiar examples in English are Madame Grand's 'The Heavenly Twins' and Mrs. Ward's 'Robert Elsmere.' A common trait of this "purpose" literature, as it is called, is its power, seriousness, and frequent sadness. It is a later phase of the intellectual and moral storm and stress which earlier in the century, and under the influence of the romantic spirit, breathed from the lyrics of Heine and the plays of Goethe. When 'Children of the World' appeared in 1870, it made a sensation, because of both its ability and its teaching. It was warmly praised, bitterly attacked; but its spiritual significance and artistic charm were generally conceded. 'In Paradise,' which followed two years later in 1875, also recognized as having great strength and fine art, called out a storm of protest for its conception of life: it cries up the hedonism which makes personal happiness the aim and test of action. Individual freedom, liberty to grow in spite of the conventions of society or politics or religion, is the keynote in both novels. "There is but one real nobility," Heyse makes some one say: "to be true to one's best self." This is the individualistic note of Ibsen. Heyse's motto is, "Follow nature."

Comparing the two books, 'Children of the World' may be preferred for its healthier tone, better construction and taste, and more pleasing solution. It is full of capitally drawn scenes of Bohemian

student life: the art, literature, and philosophy of the day are reflected in its pages; and the character-drawing and situations have compelling interest. The hero is conducted through an unconventional, emotional love experience, to find peace and happiness at last. The story thus avoids the disagreeable extreme of too many "purpose" novels.

Heyse is what the Germans call a *dichter*. This does not mean poet in the narrow English sense, which makes the word denote the writer of literature in verse form; but rather a writer who, whether in prose or poetry, and perhaps never penning a line of formal verse, has in his work the qualities of romance, imagination, artistic beauty. There is something of the feminine in Heyse's glowing, plastic work. A critic has said that he is to German imaginative literature what Mendelssohn is to German music,—of a lyric rather than dramatic genius.

The selection is made from one of the long stories, as being more satisfactory than any excerpt from the shorter tales could be.

BALDER'S PHILOSOPHY

From 'Children of the World'

One beautiful sunny day in November, Edwin had set out on his daily walk to the university, and Franzelius was preparing to read aloud from a translation of Sophocles, when Balder, who was reclining near the window in a comfortable armchair sent by Frau Valentin, suddenly laid his pale slender hand on the book and said:—"We won't read to-day, Franzelius: I'd rather talk about all sorts of things with you. I feel so well that it's not the least exertion to speak, and the sun is shining so brightly in the clear sky! Only to see that, is such an incomparable happiness that to enjoy it one would gladly endure all the evils of this life. Don't you think so?"

"I can't look at it without thinking that it shines equally on the just and the unjust, and beholds much more misery than happiness," replied the printer, looking almost defiantly toward the sky. "I wish it would die out once for all, and with it this whole motley lie which we call life."

"No, Franzel," said Balder quietly, "you are wrong. Even if the sun knew what it was doing in creating and sustaining life, there is no cause for shame in such a work. Why do you call existence a lie, Franzel? Because its end is so abrupt? But your existence had its beginning as well, and did that beginning

ever bespeak a promise of perpetuity? On the contrary, my dear fellow, there is much honesty in human life: it promises so little and yet yields us so much. Will you censure it because it can't be all that we visionary or dissatisfied or unjust people demand?"

"There's no joy to me in living," muttered the other gloomily, covering his eyes with his broad hands. "As soon as one need is satisfied, another takes its place; and he who ventures to differ from the opinions held by mankind in general never finds repose."

"And would life be worth the living if we were sunk in repose? Is sleeping, living? Or absorption in a dull dream of existence, such as the beetle has when it climbs up the blade of grass to reach a dew-drop,—is that leading a worthy life? My dear fellow, if you drive necessity out of the world, how unnecessary it would be to live!"

"You're playing upon words."

"No, I speak in sober earnest. A short time ago I read a stanza in Voltaire, which, like many things he says to the masses, is drawn from his deep hoard of knowledge and contains a pure gem of truth:—

> 'Oh! who could bear the burden of his life,
> The sad remembrance of the whilom strife,
> The threat'ning ills that hover round his way,
> If the dear God, to ease man of his pain,
> Had not so made him thoughtless, careless, vain,
> That he might be less wretched in his day?'

Don't growl at the poor translation; it's a hasty improvisation which I ventured upon because I know you can't bear French. The sense is faithfully rendered, and it's a sense admirably suited to the senseless. I know of but one way that leads to real unhappiness, and that's when a person is vain and frivolous. And those lines contain much wisdom; for it is just those people who lack the strength to endure sorrowful recollections of the past and anxiety concerning their futures, that are so deeply indebted to Nature for the ability of thoughtlessly and unconsciously enjoying their pitiful present. This will not bring them happiness, it will only make them less miserable; for the real bliss of living they will never learn to know. He only can understand that who is capable of quiet reflection, or, if you will, who

is able to grasp the meaning of both past and future at once. Perhaps, though you're exactly the opposite of vain and frivolous, even you won't wholly understand life for a long time as I've understood it. I have always been best able to enjoy life by retrospection: and whenever I wished to thoroughly enjoy existence, I have only needed to awake in myself a vivid remembrance of the various periods of my life; of my laughing frolicsome childhood, when I was in the glow of perfect health; then the first dawn of thought and feeling, the first sorrows of youth when they came to me, the perception of what a full, healthful existence must be, and yet at the same time the resignation to my fate which is usually easy only to men advanced in years. Don't you believe that one who can experience whenever he wishes such a fullness of life in himself, to whom for this purpose everything lends its aid,—sorrow and joy, loss and gain, each showing him a new side of his own nature,—don't you believe, my dear fellow, that such a fortunate man must consider it a mistaken conclusion, even if a philosopher gave it utterance, that it would be better not to be born? To be sure, no one can deny that there are times when sorrow stifles the desire for existence, and excites an overwhelming longing for mere unconsciousness. But oftentimes the greatest sorrow brings an increase of our life experience: how could we otherwise understand the triumphant delight which martyrs have felt under torture by fire and rack? They felt that their torment only confirmed their confidence in the strength of their own souls, pervaded as they were by an illusion or a truth that their tormentors sought to tear out or kill. The worst that could be inflicted upon them served to develop the highest enjoyment of their personality. And so all the tragedy of life which a shallow philosophy pronounces to be the misery of the world, is merely another, higher form of enjoying life, peculiar to lofty souls. When death steps in at last, it's like the sleep that comes after a holiday, when people have been so long in an ecstasy of delight that they are weary at last and have no strength for future enjoyments."

He was silent a moment and wore a rapt expression. Then he suddenly said:—

"If the festival is over for me, Franzel, you must hold fast to Edwin."

"What nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed the other. "You've never been on a fairer way toward recovery than now. Your sickness was a crisis: Marquard said so himself."

«Yes, it was a crisis,» replied the invalid, smiling. «It will decide, indeed has already decided something. Life has pronounced judgment upon this not very durable structure, and written down its defects in red ink. Do you really suppose that Marquard does not know as well as I that the drama is played out? The slightest agitation, the least imprudence —»

«Balder! what are you saying! These are mere fancies, perhaps a passing weakness —»

«You think so because I can speak of the end so quietly? You ought long ago to have credited me with as much strength as was needed for that. I know how few are willing to rise from the table just when the viands are most tempting. And indeed, Franzel, life never seemed to me so fair as now. How many kind friends I have gained during these last weeks, how much beautiful poetry and lofty and profound thoughts I have enjoyed! But all that's of no avail: man must live and let live, and there are doubtless others waiting to take their turn. If you are sad, Franzel, I must wait for another time to make my last request; though I do not know how long I may have to linger. But come, be sensible. You know I love you dearly; indeed, next to Edwin you have the first place in my heart. But I do not need to take leave of my brother. My whole life during the last few years has been only one long farewell. We knew we should not always remain together,—I at least was fully aware of it,—so we have enjoyed all our happiness, as it were, on account. But when the end comes, I know how it will be: at first he'll be unable to reconcile himself. And that's why I want to beg you to keep near him. His needs are great, and there are not many who can fulfill them.»

«And that is the first thing you ask?» cried the honest friend, with an emotion he vainly endeavored to repress. «But for heaven's sake, Balder, what sort of talk is this? You — you really believe — I — we —» He started up and rushed desperately around the little table in the centre of the room, so that the leaves of the palms trembled.

«You scarcely understand as yet all that I mean,» continued the invalid quietly. «That you'll always remain his friend is a matter of course. But to give me any real comfort, you will have to make a sacrifice.»

«A sacrifice? As if I would not — do you know me so little?»

«I know you to be the most unselfish man under the sun,» said Balder, smiling. «But it is just this very habit of never

thinking of yourself, that for his sake and mine you must lay aside, at least so far as you can do so without being faithless to yourself. Do you know what will happen if you go on as you have been doing? In two years, in spite of your friendship, you'll not set foot in the tun."

"I? But tell me—"

"It's a very simple matter: because you'll be thinking of your friends either behind prison bars or in America. Dear Franzel, must I tell you why you're not fond of living? Because you believe that a man only truly lives when he becomes a martyr to his convictions. I have always loved you for this belief, and yet I believe it a mistaken one. Test it awhile: say to yourself that you aid many more by living than you could by your martyrdom, and you will see that a man can guard his post very bravely and self-sacrificingly, without foolhardily summoning the enemy by alarm shots. It would be an inexpressible comfort to me if you would promise for two years to let alone all 'agitation' and see how affairs really are. There are currents in which it's a useless waste of strength to row, because the boat floats onward of its own accord. I know what it will cost you to do this. But it would be a great joy if this last wish—"

"Say no more," cried the other, suddenly pausing before his friend, with his tearful eyes turned toward him: "Balder, is it possible that you—that you are about to leave us? And can you believe if that should happen, that I could continue my life as if nothing had occurred? When men can no longer behold the sun—do you suppose I could—that I would—" Words failed him; he turned abruptly away, and stood motionless beside the turning-lathe.

"I did not mean that I thought you could live on the same as before," said Balder in a lower voice. "But you need a substitute for what you resign. You must learn to be glad to live, and I think I know how you would learn to do so most quickly. You must take a wife, Franzel!"

"I? What can you be thinking about? How came such an idea into your head? Just at this time, too—"

"Because it will soon be too late for me to earn a *kuppelpelz** from you. True, I shall scarcely need it. I shall not feel cold where I lie. But I should like to know of your being warmly

* Reward for match-making.

sheltered. And I know from experience — I've been 'married' to Edwin — that the world looks much brighter seen with four eyes than with two."

"You see," he continued, as his friend still stood motionless, boring a hole in the bench with the point of a file, "Edwin will find a wife in time who will make him happy: then you would be left again with nothing but mankind to clasp to your heart; and beautiful and sublime as the idea is, it's not all you need — and that's why you get over-excited, and the thought of martyrdom overcomes your judgment. So I think a little wife who would know how to love and value you, would by her mere presence instruct you every day in the doctrine that Edwin has so often represented to you in vain, that you should husband your energies for the future, and not prematurely sacrifice your life without cause. There is no danger of your becoming faithless to your convictions from mere selfish pleasure in your home. And then, how can a socialist who knows nothing except from hearsay of family life, upon which basis the whole structure of society rests, who knows nothing of where the shoe pinches the father of a family, talk to married men about what they owe to themselves and others?"

As he uttered these words a bewitchingly cunning expression sparkled in the sick boy's beautiful eyes. He almost feared that Franzelius would turn, and looking in his face penetrate the secret design, the purpose of attacking him on his weakest side; so, rising, he limped to the stove and put in a few sticks of wood. While thus employed, he continued in a tone of apparent indifference: —

"You mustn't suppose I'm saying all this at random. No, my dear fellow, I've a very suitable match in view for you: a young girl who's as well adapted to your needs as if I'd invented or ordered her expressly for you. Young, very pretty, with a heart as true as gold, fond of work and fond of life too, as she ought to be, if she is to wed with one who doesn't care to live; not a princess, but a child of working people. Haven't you guessed her name yet? Then I must help you: she writes it Reginchen."

"Balder! You're dreaming! No, no, I beseech you, say no more about that: you've too long — "

"I am astonished," continued the youth, rising as he spoke and moving toward the bed, "that you didn't understand me readily and meet me half-way. Where have your eyes been, that

you've not seen that you have stood high in the dear girl's favor for years? Even I have noticed it! I tell you, Franzel, the little girl is a treasure. I have known her all these years, and love her as dearly as a sister, and the man to whom I don't begrudge her I must love like a brother. Therefore, blind dreamer, I wanted to open your eyes, that I may close mine in peace. To be sure, I'm by no means certain that you've not already bestowed your heart elsewhere, and my brotherly hint may be too late. At any rate, whatever you do you should do quickly, for the young girl's sake. She seems to have taken your long absence to heart: her mother says she is by no means well yet, and eats and sleeps very little. I should like to see my little sister well and happy again before I —"

He could not finish the sentence. He had been seated on the bed while speaking; and now he laid his head on the pillow and closed his eyes, as if wearied with the unusual exertion of conversing. Suddenly he felt his hands seized; Franzelius had meant to embrace him, but instead he threw himself down beside the bed, and with his head resting on Balder's knees, he gave way to such violent and uncontrollable emotion that the youth was obliged to make every exertion to soothe him into composure.

At last he rose. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. "You — you're — oh! Heaven forgive me, forgive me! I'm not worthy!" was all he could stammer. Then he started up and rushed out of the room.

Balder had sunk back on the bed and closed his eyes again. His pale face was almost transfigured; he looked like a hero resting after a victory, and for the moment did not even feel the pain in his chest. The room was perfectly still; the sunlight played amid the palm leaves; the mask of the youthful prisoner, suffused with a rosy light which came from the open door of the stove, seemed to breathe and whisper to its image on the narrow couch: "Die! — your death shall be painless!" But a sudden thought roused Balder from this anticipation of eternal repose. He rose and dragged himself to the turning-lathe, where with a trembling hand he unlocked the drawer. "It's fortunate that I thought of it!" he murmured. "What if they had found it!"

He drew out the portfolio in which he kept his collection of verses. On how many pages was the image of the child whom he secretly loved, described with all the exaggerated charms his solitary yearning had invested her with; to how much imaginary

happiness these simple sheets bore witness! And yet he could now let them slide through his fingers without bitterness. Had not his feelings been sacred and consoling to him at the time? What had happened which could strip the bloom and fragrance of this spring from his heart? There would be no summer, but did that make less beautiful the season of blossoming? He read a verse here and there in an undertone, now and then altering a word that no longer satisfied him, and smiling at himself for polishing verses which no human eye had seen or ever would see. Many he had quite forgotten, and now found them beautiful and touching. When he had turned the last page, he took the pencil and wrote on a loose scrap of paper that he laid in the drawer in place of the volume of poems, the following lines, which he wrote without effort and without revision:—

Good-night, thou lovely world, good-night:
  Have I not had a glorious day?
Unmurmuring, though thou leav'st my sight,
  I to my couch will go away.

Whate'er of loveliness thou hast,
  Is it not mine to revel in?
Though many a keen desire does waste
  My heart, it ne'er alone has been.

Delusion's veil of error blind
  Fell quite away from soul and eye;
Clearer my path did upward wind
  To where life's sunny hill-tops lie.

No idol false is there adored;
  Humanity's eternal powers,
O'er which the light of Heaven is poured,
  Stand self-contained in passion's hours.

High standing on the breeze-swept peak,
  Below may I with rapture see
The land whereof no man may speak
  Save him who fares there wearily.

This is the rich inheritance
  The children of the world shall own,
When crossed the wearisome expanse,
  And fate's supreme decrees are known.

O brother, who art seeking still
For love and joy where I have sought,
I would your path with blessings fill
When to its end my life is brought.

Ah! brother, could we two aspire
Together to the glorious height—
Hence, tears! some part of my desire
Is thine. Thou lovely world, good-night!

COUNTESS TOINETTE SETS OUT FOR «THE PROMISED LAND»

From 'Children of the World'

THE note inclosed in the doctor's letter ran as follows:—

«You will be alarmed, my dear friend, that I already write you again. But fear nothing: it is for the last time, and means little more than the card inscribed P. P. C. which we leave with our friends before a long separation. I am going away on a journey, dear friend, far enough away to enable you to feel perfectly secure from any molestation on my part. How this has come about is a long story. Suffice it to say, that it is not envy of the laurels won by my beautiful fair-haired sister-in-law—I mean those she will undoubtedly win as a high-born, intellectual, and pious traveler—that induces me also to seek a change of air. If that which I breathe were but conducive to my health,—if I could but sleep and wake, laugh and weep, like other men and women,—I certainly would not stir from the spot. But even my worst enemy could hardly fail to understand that matters cannot go on any longer as they are; so I prefer to go. The 'promised land' has long allured me. I should have set out for it before, if I had not had much to expect, to hope, and to wait for, and been hindered by a multitude of—as I now see—very superfluous scruples, which are at last successfully conquered.

«Do you know that since I saw you I have made the acquaintance of your dear wife? A very, very pleasant acquaintance; if I had only made it a few years sooner, it might have been very useful to me. Well, even now it is not too late to rejoice that you have what you need, the happiness you desire, in such a noble, wise, and loving life companion. Give my kindest remembrances to her. In my incognito I may have behaved strangely.

But the idea of assuming it flashed upon me so suddenly, and with the help of my faithful maid it was carried so quickly into execution, that I had no time to consider what rôle I should play; so everything was done on the spur of the moment. To be sure, I had at first a vague idea of proposing that you should accompany me on the great journey. But one glance into your home quickly told me that you must be happiest there; that your 'promised land' is the room where your desk and the artist table of your wife stand so quietly and peacefully side by side.

"Farewell, 'dear friend'! I should like to talk with you still longer,—to philosophize, as we used to call it; but what would be the use? Or has any sage ever given a satisfactory answer to the question, of how the commandment that the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children can be made to harmonize with the idea of a just government of the world? Why should a freak of nature, an abnormal creation, be expected to fulfill all the grave and normal demands we are justified in making upon ordinary human beings? Or why are we usually punished by the gratification of our wishes, and allowed to perceive what we ought to have desired, only when it cannot be attained?

"A fool, you know, can propound more questions than ten philosophers can answer. Perhaps I shall receive special enlightenment in the 'promised land.' My memory is stored with much that is beautiful; even many a trial that I have experienced in the gray twilight of this strange, cold, inhospitable world was not borne wholly without recompense. I would not give up even my sorrows for the dull happiness of commonplace wiseacres, who in their limited sphere think all things perfectly natural, and cling closely to their clod.

"Farewell, my dear friend. Let me hope that you will always, wherever I may be, remember me with as much sympathy as the great and pure happiness you enjoy will allow, and that you will wish a pleasant journey to TOINETTE."

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(15—?–16—?)

WE HAVE Thomas Heywood's own word that he was the author of the whole or chief part of two hundred and twenty plays. For years he wrote his dramas and acted in them with Henslowe's company, or that of the Lord Admiral, or at the theatre of the Red Bull in London; and composed, too, many of the Lord Mayor's pageants. Yet so modest was he about his own achievements, and so careless of fame, that he made no effort to preserve his work, and now we have only twenty-three plays and a variety of scattered fragments. From these we may gather many hints of his genial and gifted mind; but of his actual life we know little. There is evidence that he was of good family, a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and remarkably well read; and that he early went to London. Even the dates of his birth and death are lost; but he was probably about ten years younger than "mellifluous Will" Shakespeare, and must have known him well and many other celebrities of that brilliant period.

He too felt the spirit of the English Renaissance, and wrote under the influence of its overwhelming, sometimes rude, vigor and spontaneity. As a popular actor he must have been kept busy; yet for years he found time to write something every day, scribbling off what occurred to him wherever he might be, and often on the blank side of his tavern bills. He watched the ardent city life with more critical vision than was common in that simpler-minded time; took note of all, as his prose writing shows; and was, as Symonds says, "among our earliest professional littérateurs."

The anthology of poets of all ages and lands, which he planned but never finished, has been much regretted by scholars. He himself was primarily a poet, and scattered through his plays are dainty, breezy lyrics of "April morning freshness," which show an easy mastery of metre. But he is best known as a dramatist; and his readers must admire his eloquent expression of deep feeling, and a delicacy of taste often lacking in his contemporaries.

He first tried historical plays; but although these contain fine passages, they are less satisfactory than his later work. There is a suggestion of the realist in Heywood; for he seldom left home for his subjects, but sought them in English men and women of his time.

He excelled in strong and simple situations, and in able touches which depicted character and developed a homely every-day atmosphere; but his work is very uneven, showing many technical faults of uneven metre and interrupted rhyme, and his finest passages are sometimes followed by jagged doggerel unworthy a schoolboy. He wrote too rapidly to take much heed of form, and when not mastered by an emotional instinct for the fitting expression, he was careless of minor points.

Among his best known plays are 'The English Traveller,' a study of character; 'The Fair Maid of the West,' which has an adventurous ring much like that of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho'; and 'A Woman Killed with Kindness.' The last is well sustained, and in its capable character-drawing and eloquent blank verse is considered his masterpiece. Henslowe records in his diary that he paid Heywood three pounds for it. The slight plot — the story of a faithless wife whose husband sends her to a manor-house where she must live separated from him and from her children, although in comfort, and who dies there of her bitter repentance — is of less interest than the naturalness of the emotion, and the lofty moral feeling for which Heywood is especially noteworthy.

SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

COME, list and hark;
The bell doth toll
For some but now
Departing soul.
And was not that
Some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-
Crow, or screech-owl?
To these, I hear
The wild wolf howl,
In this black night
That seems to scowl.
All these my black
Book shall enroll,
For hark! still, still
The bell doth toll
For some but now
Departing soul.

APULEIUS'S SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow—
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

HARVEST SONG

From 'The Silver Age'

WITH fair Ceres, Queen of grain,
The reaped fields we roam, roam, roam!
Each country peasant, nymph, and swain
Sing their harvest home, home, home!
Whilst the Queen of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Echo double all our lays,
Make the Champions found, found, found,
To the Queen of harvest praise
That sows and reaps our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres, Queen of plenty, hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Tempest hence, hence winds and hails,
Tares, cockles, rotten flowers, flowers, flowers;

Our song shall keep time with our flails—
When Ceres sings none lowers, lowers, lowers.
She it is whose godhood hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

SONG

From 'The Fair Maid of the Exchange'

YE LITTLE birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks,
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden;
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you:
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warbling.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY

From 'A Woman Killed with Kindness'

O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward,—
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
These minutes and these actions done in them.

HIERARCHY OF ANGELS

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

SHEPHERDS' SONG

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestained in scarlet dye.

The shepherd, with his homespun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

(1824–)

"MY LITERARY life, such as it has been," writes Colonel Higginson, "affords no lesson greatly worth recording, unless it be the facility with which a taste for books may be transmitted and accumulated from one generation to another, and then developed into a lifelong pursuit by a literary environment. To go no further back, my paternal ancestors in America were Puritan clergymen, who wrote many books, a few of which are still quoted. . . . My father wrote several pamphlets, and my mother some children's books, in one or two of which I figured; my eldest brother wrote a little book against slavery. All this must surely have been enough to guarantee a little infusion of printer's ink into my blood. Then as to externals: my father, having lost a moderate fortune by Jefferson's embargo, came to Cambridge [Massachusetts] and became steward — or, as it is now called, bursar — of Harvard College. He built a house, in which I was born, at the head of a street then called Professors' Row, because so many professors lived on it. . . .

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON

"I was thus born and cradled within the college atmosphere, and amid a world of books and bookish men, the list of these last including many since famous who were familiar visitors at our house. . . . My first nurse, if not a poet, was the theme of poetry, being one Rowena Pratt, the wife of Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith'; and no doubt her singing made the heart of her young charge rejoice, as when she sang in that Paradise to which the poet has raised her. Later I 'tumbled about in a library,' as Holmes recommends, and in the self-same library where he practiced the like gymnastics. . . . At home the process could be repeated in a comfortable library of Queen Anne literature in delightful little old-fashioned editions, in which I began to browse as soon as the period of 'Sandford and Merton' and Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank' had passed.

"It passed early, for it was the custom in those days to teach children to read, and sometimes to write, before they were four years

old — a practice now happily discontinued. Another more desirable custom prevailed in the household, for my mother read aloud a great deal in the evening; and I thus became familiar with Scott's novels, as I sat gazing in the fire or lay stretched in delicious indolence upon the hearth-rug. . . . Lowell and Story were my schoolmates, though five years older; and when to all this early circle of literary persons was added the unconscious weight of academic influence behind, with all the quaint bookish characteristics of that earlier Cambridge, it will be seen that merely to have lived in such a *milieu* was the beginning of a literary training. This must be my justification for dwelling on items which would otherwise be without interest to any one but myself: they indicate the class of influences which not only made a writer out of me, but accomplished a similar result for Hedge, Holmes, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, and Norton. . . .

"My father's financial losses secured for me a valuable combination of circumstances — the tradition of social refinement united with the practice of economy. This last point was further emphasized by his death when I was ten years old; and I, as the youngest of a large family, was left to be brought up mainly by women, and fortunately by those whom I was accustomed to seeing treated with intellectual respect by prominent men. Their influence happily counteracted a part of that received from an exceedingly rough school to which I was sent at eight years old. . . .

"At thirteen I entered Harvard College, being already very tall for my age and of mature appearance, with some precocity of intellect and a corresponding immaturity of character. . . . I graduated at about the time when young men now enter college — seventeen and a half years; and spent two years in teaching before I came back for post-graduate studies to Cambridge. Those two years were perhaps the most important in my life. Most of them were passed in the family of a cousin. . . . All my experience of college instructors had given me no such personal influence as that of my cousin, and it so fell in with the tendencies of that seething period — the epoch of Brook Farm, of receding Transcendentalism, of dawning Fourierism — that it simply developed more methodically what would probably have come at any rate. . . . When I came to him I had begun the study of the law, and all my ambition lay that way; but his unconscious attrition, combined with the prevailing tendencies of the time, turned me from that pursuit and from all 'bread studies,' as they used to be called, toward literature and humanitarian interests. . . .

"I came back to Cambridge expecting to fit myself for some professorship in philology, or metaphysics, or natural science. Not knowing exactly what the result would be, I devoted two happy

years to an immense diversity of reading, in which German literature on the whole predominated. . . . Circumstances and influences drew me at last aside to the liberal ministry; a thing which I have never regretted, though it occupied me only temporarily, and I gravitated back to literature at last.»

These fragments of a sketch which Colonel Higginson wrote for the Forum in 1886 clearly forecast the general character of his life; but they do not adequately indicate the humanity and the benevolent sympathy with the oppressed which have given that life its crowning grace. After leaving the theological school in 1847, he was settled over the first religious society of Newburyport. He became not long after — in 1850 — a candidate for Congress on the Free Soil ticket. After his defeat, his antislavery principles having become distasteful to his parish, he resigned his charge and undertook the ministry of the Free Church at Worcester. The year following this settlement,— that is, in 1853,— he was at the head of the body of men who attacked the Boston court-house for the rescue of Anthony Burns the fugitive slave. He played a manful part throughout the political imbroglio which preceded the Civil War, and in 1856 assisted in forming Free State emigrant parties for Kansas. Journeying to the very heart of the turbulent district, he served as a soldier with the free settlers against the pro-slavery invaders from Missouri. In 1858 he retired from the ministry and devoted himself to literature. 'Thalatta,' a collection of verse relating to the sea, to which he contributed and which he in part edited, was published in 1853.

Immediately following the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Higginson recruited several companies of Massachusetts volunteers, and in 1862 organized the regiment of South Carolina volunteers, the first regiment of blacks mustered into the Federal service. With such crude soldiery he made raids into the interior, at one time penetrating so far south as Florida, and capturing Jacksonville. In 1864 he retired from service on account of general debility caused by a wound. Some years later he removed from Newport to his birthplace, Cambridge, where he established a permanent home. In 1880–81 he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1889 was made State military and naval historian.

Higginson's identification with nearly every movement of his time looking to the amelioration of human life has been complete, and he has never been backward in declaring his adherence during the unpopular phases of the questions; such, for instance, as concern slavery, and the right of women to make the most of themselves always and everywhere. His sympathies with the questions involved in the latter issue, in fact,— the justice of giving to women higher education, equal opportunities with men in the business world, and political

enfranchisement,—have given rise to many of his happiest and most popular essays. It is as an essayist that he is best known. The elegance of his style, the precision and finish of his diction, and his high obedience to art, are not unfair evidence that Addison and his Spectator had a permanent influence over the youthful mind, in the comfortable library of Queen Anne literature of which he speaks in the fragments quoted above. His amenity of manner, grace of feeling, and gleaming humor, belong wholly to our own half of the nineteenth century; and the very essence of Queen Anne's age of wigs — an artificiality that covered and concealed nature — is replaced in him by a sane and simple naturalness.

Colonel Higginson's published volumes are numerous; but nearly all are collections of essays, in which literature, outdoor life, history, and heroic philanthropy in a wide sense, furnish the chief themes. 'Army Life in a Black Regiment' may be regarded as a chapter of autobiography, or as a memorable leaf in the story of the great Civil War. His romance 'Malbone' is largely a transcript from actual life, the chief character being drawn from the same friend of Higginson who figures as Densdeth in Winthrop's 'Cecil Dreeme.' The 'Life of Margaret Fuller,' again, was a labor of love, a tribute of loyalty to a woman who had most vitally influenced his early years. His translation of Epictetus may be explained in a somewhat similar fashion. The volume of his verse is small, and includes no ambitious creative work. He is lyric in quality, and has a tenderness, purity, and simplicity which endear his verse to some readers for whom his exquisitely elaborated prose is less effective.

In the Atlantic Monthly for 1897 Colonel Higginson publishes his memoirs, under the happily characteristic title, 'Cheerful Yesterdays.'

MY OUTDOOR STUDY

From 'Outdoor Papers.' Copyright 1863, by Ticknor & Fields. Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, New York

EVERY summer I launch my boat to seek some realm of enchantment beyond all the sordidness and sorrow of earth, and never yet did I fail to ripple with my prow at least the outskirts of those magic waters. What spell has fame or wealth to enrich this midday blessedness with a joy the more? Yonder barefoot boy, as he drifts silently in his punt beneath the drooping branches of yonder vine-clad bank, has a bliss which no Astor can buy with money, no Seward conquer with votes,—which yet

is no monopoly of his, and to which time and experience only add a more subtile and conscious charm. The rich years were given us to increase, not to impair, these cheap felicities. Sad or sinful is the life of that man who finds not the heavens bluer and the waves more musical in maturity than in childhood. Time is a severe alembic of youthful joys, no doubt: we exhaust book after book, and leave Shakespeare unopened; we grow fastidious in men and women; all the rhetoric, all the logic, we fancy we have heard before; we have seen the pictures, we have listened to the symphonies: but what has been done by all the art and literature of the world towards describing one summer day? The most exhausting effort brings us no nearer to it than to the blue sky which is its dome; our words are shot up against it like arrows, and fall back helpless. Literary amateurs go the tour of the globe to renew their stock of materials, when they do not yet know a bird or a bee or a blossom beside their homestead door; and in the hour of their greatest success they have not a horizon to their life so large as that of yon boy in his punt. All that is purchasable in the capitals of the world is not to be weighed in comparison with the simple enjoyment that may be crowded into one hour of sunshine. What can place or power do here? "Who could be before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a cliff of Rhodes, watched the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens?"

It is pleasant to observe a sort of confused and latent recognition of all this in the instinctive sympathy which is always rendered to any indication of outdoor pursuits. How cordially one sees the eyes of all travelers turn to the man who enters the railroad station with a fowling-piece in hand, or the boy with water-lilies! There is a momentary sensation of the freedom of the woods, a whiff of oxygen for the anxious money-changers. How agreeable sounds the news — to all but his creditors — that the lawyer or the merchant has locked his office door and gone fishing! The American temperament needs at this moment nothing so much as that wholesome training of semi-rural life which reared Hampden and Cromwell to assume at one grasp the sovereignty of England, and which has ever since served as the foundation of England's greatest ability. The best thoughts and purposes seem ordained to come to human beings beneath the open sky, as the ancients fabled that Pan found the goddess

Ceres when he was engaged in the chase, whom no other of the gods could find when seeking seriously. The little I have gained from colleges and libraries has certainly not worn so well as the little I learned in childhood of the habits of plant, bird, and insect. That "weight and sanity of thought" which Coleridge so finely makes the crowning attribute of Wordsworth, is in no way so well matured and cultivated as in the society of Nature.

There may be extremes and affectations, and Mary Lamb declared that Wordsworth held it doubtful if a dweller in towns had a soul to be saved. During the various phases of transcendental idealism among ourselves in the last twenty years, the love of Nature has at times assumed an exaggerated and even a pathetic aspect, in the morbid attempts of youths and maidens to make it a substitute for vigorous thought and action,—a lion endeavoring to dine on grass and green leaves. In some cases this mental chlorosis reached such a height as almost to nauseate one with Nature, when in the society of the victims; and surfeited companions felt inclined to rush to the treadmill immediately, or get chosen on the board of selectmen, or plunge into any conceivable drudgery, in order to feel that there was still work enough in the universe to keep it sound and healthy. But this, after all, was exceptional and transitory; and our American life still needs beyond all things else the more habitual cultivation of outdoor habits.

Probably the direct ethical influence of natural objects may be overrated. Nature is not didactic, but simply healthy. She helps everything to its legitimate development, but applies no goads, and forces on us no sharp distinctions. Her wonderful calmness, refreshing the whole soul, must aid both conscience and intellect in the end, but sometimes lulls both temporarily, when immediate issues are pending. The waterfall cheers and purifies infinitely, but it marks no moments, has no reproaches for indolence, forces to no immediate decision, offers unbounded to-morrows; and the man of action must tear himself away when the time comes, since the work will not be done for him. "The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove our indolence."

And yet, the more bent any man is upon action, the more profoundly he needs this very calmness of Nature to preserve his equilibrium. The radical himself needs nothing so much as fresh air. The world is called conservative, but it is far easier to

impress a plausible thought on the complaisance of others than to retain an unfaltering faith in it for ourselves. The most dogged reformer mistrusts himself every little while, and says inwardly, like Luther, "Art thou alone wise?" So he is compelled to exaggerate, in the effort to hold his own. The community is bored by the conceit and egotism of the innovators; so it is by that of poets and artists, orators and statesmen: but if we knew how heavily ballasted all these poor fellows need to be, to keep an even keel amid so many conflicting tempests of blame and praise, we should hardly reproach them. But the simple enjoyments of outdoor life, costing next to nothing, tend to equalize all vexations. What matter if the governor removes you from office? he cannot remove you from the lake; and if readers or customers will not bite, the pickerel will. We must keep busy, of course; yet we cannot transform the world except very slowly, and we can best preserve our patience in the society of Nature, who does her work almost as imperceptibly as we.

And for literary training especially, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. Under the present educational systems, we need grammars and languages far less than a more thorough outdoor experience. On this flowery bank, on this ripple-marked shore, are the true literary models. How many living authors have ever attained to writing a single page which could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical perfection: but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the outdoor standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guideboards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a lifetime one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent; and such a literary artist would fall short of Nature's standard in quantity only, not in quality.

It is one sign of our weakness, also, that we commonly assume Nature to be a rather fragile and merely ornamental thing, and suited for a model of the graces only. But her seductive softness

is the last climax of magnificent strength. The same mathematical law winds the leaves around the stem and the planets around the sun. The same law of crystallization rules the slight-knit snowflake and the hard foundations of the earth. The thistle-down floats secure upon the summer zephyrs that are woven into the tornado. The dewdrop holds within its transparent cell the same electric fire which charges the thunder-cloud. In the softest tree or the airiest waterfall, the fundamental lines are as lithe and muscular as the crouching haunches of a leopard; and without a pencil vigorous enough to render these, no mere mass of foam or foliage, however exquisitely finished, can tell the story. Lightness of touch is the crowning test of power.

Yet Nature does not work by single spasms only. That chestnut spray is not an isolated and exhaustive effort of creative beauty: look upward and see its sisters rise with pile above pile of fresh and stately verdure, till tree meets sky in a dome of glorious blossom, the whole as perfect as the parts, the least part as perfect as the whole. Studying the details, it seems as if Nature were a series of costly fragments with no coherency; as if she would never encourage us to do anything systematically, would tolerate no method but her own, and yet had none of her own; were as abrupt in her transitions from oak to maple as the heroine who went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie: while yet there is no conceivable human logic so close and inexorable as her connections. How rigid, how flexible are, for instance, the laws of perspective! If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon line; his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heavens,—what more bracing tonic could literary culture demand? As it is, Art misses the parts, yet does not grasp the whole.

Literature also learns from Nature the use of materials: either to select only the choicest and rarest, or to transmute coarse to fine by skill in using. How perfect is the delicacy with which the woods and fields are kept throughout the year! All these millions of living creatures born every season, and born to die; yet where are the dead bodies? We never see them. Buried beneath the earth by tiny nightly sextons, sunk beneath the waters, dissolved into the air, or distilled again and again as food for other organizations,—all have had their swift resurrection.

Their existence blooms again in these violet-petals, glitters in the burnished beauty of these golden beetles, or enriches the veery's song. It is only out of doors that even death and decay become beautiful. The model farm, the most luxurious house, have their regions of unsightliness; but the fine chemistry of Nature is constantly clearing away all its impurities before our eyes, and yet so delicately that we never suspect the process. The most exquisite work of literary art exhibits a certain crudeness and coarseness when we turn to it from Nature, as the smallest cambric-needle appears rough and jagged when compared through the magnifier with the tapering fineness of the insect's sting.

Once separated from Nature, literature recedes into metaphysics or dwindles into novels. How ignoble seems the current material of London literary life, for instance, compared with the noble simplicity which, a half-century ago, made the Lake Country an enchanted land forever! Is it worth a voyage to England to sup with Thackeray in the Pot Tavern? Compare the "enormity of pleasure" which De Quincey says Wordsworth derived from the simplest natural object, with the serious protest of Wilkie Collins against the affectation of caring about Nature at all. "Is it not strange," says this most unhappy man, "to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amidst which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in joy and sympathy in trouble, only in books. . . . What share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? . . . There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it."

THE SCENES AND THE ACTORS

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THE heroine of this tale is one so famous in history that her proper name never appears in it. The seeming paradox is the soberest fact. To us Americans, glory lies in the abundant display of one's personal appellation in the newspapers. Our heroine lived in the most gossiping of all ages, herself its greatest gossip; yet her own name, patronymic or

baptismal, never was talked about. It was not that she sunk that name beneath high-sounding titles; she only elevated the most commonplace of all titles till she monopolized it and it monopolized her. Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Souveraine de Dombes, Princesse Dauphine d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, is forgotten, or rather was never remembered; but the great name of MADEMOISELLE, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, gleams like a golden thread shot through and through that gorgeous tapestry of crimson and purple which records for us the age of Louis Quatorze.

In May of the year 1627, while the slow tide of events was drawing Charles I. toward his scaffold,—while Sir John Eliot was awaiting in the Tower of London the summoning of the Third Parliament,—while the troops of Buckingham lay dying, without an enemy, upon the Isle of Rhé,—at the very crisis of the terrible siege of Rochelle, and perhaps during the very hour when the Three Guardsmen of Dumas held that famous bastion against an army, the heroine of our story was born. And she, like the Three Guardsmen, waited till twenty years after for a career.

The twenty years are over. Richelieu is dead. The strongest will that ever ruled France has passed away; and the poor broken King has hunted his last badger at St. Germain, and then meekly followed his master to the grave, as he has always followed him. Louis XIII., called Louis le Juste, not from the predominance of that particular virtue (or any other) in his character, but simply because he happened to be born under the constellation of the Scales, has died like a Frenchman, in peace with all the world except his wife. That beautiful and queenly wife, called Anne of Austria (though a Spaniard),—no longer the wild and passionate girl who fascinated Buckingham and embroiled two kingdoms,—has hastened within four days to defy all the dying imprecations of her husband, by reversing every plan and every appointment he has made. The little prince has already shown all the Grand Monarque in his childish "Je suis Louis Quatorze," and has been carried in his bib to hold his first Parliament. That Parliament, heroic as its English contemporary, though less successful, has reached the point of revolution at last. Civil war is impending. Condé, at twenty-one the greatest general in Europe, after changing sides a hundred times in a week is fixed at last. Turenne is arrayed against him. The

young, the brave, the beautiful cluster around them. The performers are drawn up in line, the curtain rises,—the play is 'The Wars of the Fronde,'—and into that brilliant arena, like some fair circus equestrian, gay, spangled, and daring, rides Mademoiselle.

Almost all French historians, from Voltaire to Cousin (St. Aulaire being the chief exception), speak lightly of the Wars of the Fronde. "La Fronde n'est pas sérieuse." Of course it was not. Had it been wholly serious, it would not have been wholly French. Of course French insurrections, like French despotisms, have always been tempered by epigrams; of course the people went out to the conflicts in ribbons and feathers; of course over every battle there pelted down a shower of satire, like the rain at the Eglinton tournament. More than two hundred pamphlets rattled on the head of Condé alone, and the collection of *Mazarinades*, preserved by the Cardinal himself, fills sixty-nine volumes in quarto. From every field the first crop was glory, the second a *bon-mot*. When the dagger of De Retz fell from his breast pocket, it was "our good archbishop's breviary"; and when his famous Corinthian troop was defeated in battle, it was "the First Epistle to the Corinthians." While, across the Channel, Charles Stuart was listening to his doom, Paris was gay in the midst of dangers, Madame de Longueville was receiving her gallants in mimic court at the Hôtel de Ville, De Retz was wearing his sword-belt over his archbishop's gown, the little hunchback Conti was generalissimo, and the starving people were pillaging Mazarin's library, in joke, "to find something to gnaw upon." Outside the walls, the maids of honor were quarreling over the straw beds which annihilated all the romance of martyrdom, and Condé, with five thousand men, was besieging five hundred thousand. No matter,—they all laughed through it, and through every succeeding turn of the kaleidoscope; and the "Anything may happen in France," with which La Rochefoucauld jumped amicably into the carriage of his mortal enemy, was not only the first and best of his maxims, but the keynote of French history for all coming time.

But behind all this sport, as in all the annals of the nation, were mysteries and terrors and crimes. It was the age of cabalistic ciphers, like that of De Retz, of which Guy Joli dreamed the solution; of inexplicable secrets, like the Man in the Iron Mask, whereof no solution was ever dreamed; of poisons, like

that diamond dust which in six hours transformed the fresh beauty of the Princess Royal into foul decay; of dungeons, like that cell at Vincennes which Madame de Rambouillet pronounced to be "worth its weight in arsenic." War or peace hung on the color of a ball dress, and Madame de Chevreuse knew which party was coming uppermost by observing whether the binding of Madame de Hautefort's prayer-book was red or green. Perhaps it was all a little theatrical, but the performers were all Rachels.

And behind the crimes and the frivolities stood the Parliaments, calm and undaunted, with leaders like Molé and Talon, who needed nothing but success to make their names as grand in history as those of Pym and Hampden. Among the Brienne Papers in the British Museum there is a collection of the manifestoes and proclamations of that time; and they are earnest, eloquent, and powerful, from beginning to end. Lord Mahon alone among historians, so far as my knowledge goes, has done fit and full justice to the French Parliaments; those assemblies which refused admission to the foreign armies which the nobles would gladly have summoned in, but fed and protected the banished princesses of England, when the court party had left those descendants of the Bourbons to die of cold and hunger in the palace of their ancestors. And we have the testimony of Henrietta Maria herself, the only person who had seen both revolutions near at hand, that "the troubles in England never appeared so formidable in their early days, nor were the leaders of the revolutionary party so ardent or so united." The character of the agitation was no more to be judged by its jokes and epigrams, than the gloomy glory of the English Puritans by the grotesque names of their saints, or the stern resolution of the Dutch burghers by their guilds of rhetoric and symbolical melodrama.

But popular power was not yet developed in France, as it was in England; all social order was unsettled and changing, and well Mazarin knew it. He knew the pieces with which he played his game of chess: the king powerless, the queen mighty, the bishops unable to take a single straightforward move, and the knights going naturally zigzag; with a host of plebeian pawns, every one fit for a possible royalty, and therefore to be used shrewdly, or else annihilated as soon as practicable. True, the game would not last forever; but after him the Deluge.

Our age has forgotten even the meaning of the word "Fronde"; but here also the French and Flemish histories run parallel, and the Frondeurs, like the Gueux, were children of a sarcasm. The Counselor Bachaumont one day ridiculed insurrectionists as resembling the boys who played with slings (*frondes*) about the streets of Paris, but scattered at the first glimpse of a policeman. The phrase organized the party. Next morning all fashions were *à la fronde*,—hats, gloves, fans, bread, and ballads; and it cost six years of civil war to pay for the Counselor's facetiousness.

That which was, after all, the most remarkable characteristic of these wars might be guessed from this fact about the fashions. The Fronde was pre-eminently "the War of the Ladies." Educated far beyond the Englishwomen of their time, they took a controlling share, sometimes ignoble, often noble, always powerful, in the affairs of the time. It was not merely a courtly gallantry which flattered them with a hollow importance. De Retz, in his 'Memoirs,' compares the women of his age with Elizabeth of England. A Spanish ambassador once congratulated Mazarin on obtaining temporary repose. "You are mistaken," he replied: "there is no repose in France, for I have always women to contend with. In Spain, women have only love affairs to employ them; but here we have three who are capable of governing or overthrowing great kingdoms,—the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse Palatine, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse." And there were others as great as these; and the women who for years outwitted Mazarin and outgeneraled Condé are deserving of a stronger praise than they have yet obtained, even from the classic and courtly Cousin.

What men of that age eclipsed or equaled the address and daring of those delicate and high-born women? What a romance was their ordinary existence! The Princesse Palatine gave refuge to Madame de Longueville when that alone saved her from sharing the imprisonment of her brothers Condé and Conti,—then fled for her own life, by night, with Rochefoucauld. Madame de Longueville herself, pursued afterwards by the royal troops, wished to embark in a little boat, on a dangerous shore, during a midnight storm so wild that not a fisherman could at first be found to venture forth; the beautiful fugitive threatened and implored till they consented; the sailor who bore her in his arms to the boat let her fall amid the furious surges; she was dragged senseless to the shore again, and on the instant of reviving,

demanded to repeat the experiment; but as they utterly refused, she rode inland beneath the tempest, and traveled for fourteen nights before she could find another place of embarkation.

Madame de Chevreuse rode with one attendant from Paris to Madrid, fleeing from Richelieu, remaining day and night on her horse, attracting perilous admiration by the womanly loveliness which no male attire could obscure. From Spain she went to England, organizing there the French exiles into a strength which frightened Richelieu; thence to Holland, to conspire nearer home; back to Paris, on the minister's death, to form the faction of the Importants; and when the Duke of Beaufort was imprisoned, Mazarin said, "Of what use to cut off the arms while the head remains?" Ten years from her first perilous escape, she made a second: dashed through La Vendée, embarked at St. Malo for Dunkirk, was captured by the fleet of the Parliament, was released by the governor of the Isle of Wight, unable to imprison so beautiful a butterfly, reached her port at last, and in a few weeks was intriguing at Liège again.

The Duchesse de Bouillon, Turenne's sister, purer than those we have named, but not less daring or determined, after charming the whole population of Paris by her rebel beauty at the Hôtel de Ville, escaped from her sudden incarceration by walking through the midst of her guards at dusk, crouching in the shadow of her little daughter, and afterwards allowed herself to be recaptured rather than desert that child's sick-bed.

Then there was Clémence de Maille, purest and noblest of all, niece of Richelieu and hapless wife of the cruel ingrate Condé, his equal in daring and his superior in every other high quality. Married while a child still playing with her dolls, and sent at once to a convent to learn to read and write, she became a woman the instant her husband became a captive; while he watered his pinks in the garden at Vincennes, she went through France and raised an army for his relief. Her means were as noble as her ends. She would not surrender the humblest of her friends to an enemy, nor suffer the massacre of her worst enemy by a friend. She threw herself between the fire of two hostile parties at Bordeaux, and while men were falling each side of her, compelled them to peace. Her deeds rang through Europe. When she sailed from Bordeaux for Paris at last, thirty thousand people assembled to bid her farewell. She was loved and admired by all the world, except that husband for whom she dared

so much — and the Archbishop of Caen. The respectable archbishop complained that "this lady did not prove that she had been authorized by her husband,— an essential provision, without which no woman can act in law." And Condé himself, whose heart, physically twice as large as other men's, was spiritually imperceptible, repaid this stainless nobleness by years of persecution, and bequeathed her as a lifelong prisoner to his dastard son.

Then on the royal side there was Anne of Austria, sufficient unto herself,— Queen Regent, and every inch a queen (before all but Mazarin) from the moment when the mob of Paris filed through the chamber of the boy king, during his pretended sleep, and the motionless and stately mother held back the crimson draperies with the same lovely arm that had waved perilous farewells to Buckingham, to the day when the news of the fatal battle of Gien came to her in her dressing-room, and "she remained undisturbed before the mirror, not neglecting the arrangement of a single curl."

In short, every woman who took part in the Ladies' War became heroic,— from Marguerite of Lorraine, who snatched the pen from her weak husband's hand and gave De Retz the order for the first insurrection, down to the wife of the commandant of the Porte St. Roche, who, springing from her bed to obey that order, made the drums beat to arms and secured the barrier; and fitly, amid adventurous days like these, opened the career of Mademoiselle.

The First Campaign

Grandchild of Henri Quatre, niece of Louis XIII., cousin of Louis XIV., first princess of the blood, and with the largest income in the nation (500,000 livres) to support these dignities, Mademoiselle was certainly born in the purple. Her autobiography admits us to very gorgeous company; the stream of her personal recollections is a perfect Pactolus. There is almost a surfeit of royalty in it; every card is a court card, and all her counters are counts. "I wore at this festival all the crown jewels of France, and also those of the Queen of England." "A far greater establishment was assigned to me than any *fille de France* had ever had, not excepting any of my aunts, the Queens of England and of Spain, and the Duchess of Savoy." "The Queen, my grandmother, gave me as a governess the same lady who had

been governess to the late King." Pageant or funeral, it is the same thing. "In the midst of these festivities we heard of the death of the King of Spain; whereat the queens were greatly afflicted, and we all went into mourning." Thus, throughout, her 'Memoirs' glitter like the coat with which the splendid Buckingham astonished the cheaper chivalry of France: they drop diamonds.

But for any personal career Mademoiselle found at first no opportunity, in the earlier years of the Fronde. A gay, fearless, flattered girl, she simply shared the fortunes of the court; laughed at the festivals in the palace, laughed at the ominous insurrections in the streets; laughed when the people cheered her, their pet princess; and when the royal party fled from Paris, she adroitly secured for herself the best straw bed at St. Germain, and laughed louder than ever. She despised the courtiers who flattered her; secretly admired her young cousin Condé, whom she affected to despise; danced when the court danced, and ran away when it mourned. She made all manner of fun of her English lover, the future Charles II., whom she alone of all the world found bashful; and in general she wasted the golden hours with much excellent fooling. Nor would she perhaps ever have found herself a heroine, but that her respectable father was a poltroon.

Lord Mahon ventures to assert that Gaston, Duke of Orléans, was "the most cowardly prince of whom history makes mention." A strong expression, but perhaps safe. Holding the most powerful position in the nation, he never came upon the scene but to commit some new act of ingenious pusillanimity; while, by some extraordinary chance, every woman of his immediate kindred was a natural heroine, and became more heroic through disgust at him. His wife was Marguerite of Lorraine, who originated the first Fronde insurrection; his daughter turned the scale of the second. Yet personally he not only had not the courage to act, but had not the courage to abstain from acting: he could no more keep out of parties than in them, but was always busy, waging war in spite of Mars and negotiating in spite of Minerva.

And when the second war of the Fronde broke out, it was in spite of himself that he gave his name and his daughter to the popular cause. When the fate of the two nations hung trembling in the balance, the royal army under Turenne advancing on Paris, and almost arrived at the city of Orléans, and that city

likely to take the side of the strongest,—then Mademoiselle's hour had come. All her sympathies were more and more inclining to the side of Condé and the people. Orléans was her own hereditary city. Her father, as was his custom in great emergencies, declared that he was very ill and must go to bed immediately: but it was as easy for her to be strong as it was for him to be weak; so she wrung from him a reluctant plenipotentiary power,—she might go herself and try what her influence could do. And so she rode forth from Paris one fine morning, March 27th, 1652,—rode with a few attendants, half in enthusiasm, half in levity, aiming to become a second Joan of Arc, secure the city, and save the nation. "I felt perfectly delighted," says the young girl, "at having to play so extraordinary a part."

The people of Paris had heard of her mission, and cheered her as she went. The officers of the army, with an escort of five hundred men, met her half-way from Paris. Most of them evidently knew her calibre, were delighted to see her, and installed her at once over a regular council of war. She entered into the position with her natural promptness. A certain grave M. de Rohan undertook to tutor her privately, and met his match. In the public deliberation there were some differences of opinion. All agreed that the army should not pass beyond the Loire: this was Gaston's suggestion, and nevertheless a good one. Beyond this all was left to Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle intended to go straight to Orléans. "But the royal army had reached there already." Mademoiselle did not believe it. "The citizens would not admit her." Mademoiselle would see about that. Presently the city government of Orléans sent her a letter, in great dismay, particularly requesting her to keep her distance. Mademoiselle immediately ordered her coach, and set out for the city. "I was naturally resolute," she naïvely remarks.

Her siege of Orléans was one of the most remarkable military operations on record. She was right in one thing,—the royal army had not arrived: but it might appear at any moment; so the magistrates quietly shut all their gates, and waited to see what would happen.

Mademoiselle happened. It was eleven in the morning when she reached the Porte Bannière, and she sat three hours in her state carriage without seeing a person. With amusing politeness, the governor of the city at last sent her some confectionery,—agreeing with John Keats, who held that young women were

beings fitter to be presented with sugar-plums than with one's time. But he took care to explain that the bonbons were not official, and did not recognize her authority. So she quietly ate them, and then decided to take a walk outside the walls. Her council of war opposed this step, as they did every other; but she coolly said (and the event justified her prediction) that the enthusiasm of the populace would carry the city for her, if she could only get at them.

So she set out on her walk. Her two beautiful ladies of honor, the Countesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac, went with her; a few attendants behind. She came to a gate. The people were all gathered inside the ramparts. "Let me in," demanded the imperious young lady. The astonished citizens looked at one another and said nothing. She walked on,—the crowd inside keeping pace with her. She reached another gate. The enthusiasm was increased. The captain of the guard formed his troops in line and saluted her. "Open the gate," she again insisted. The poor captain made signs that he had not the keys. "Break it down, then," coolly suggested the daughter of the House of Orléans; to which his only reply was a profusion of profound bows, and the lady walked on.

Those were the days of astrology; and at this moment it occurred to our Mademoiselle that the chief astrologer of Paris had predicted success to all her undertakings from the noon of this very day until the noon following. She had never had the slightest faith in the mystic science, but she turned to her attendant ladies, and remarked that the matter was settled: she should get in. On went the three until they reached the bank of the river, and saw opposite the gates which opened on the quay. The Orléans boatmen came flocking round her; a hardy race, who feared neither queen nor Mazarin. They would break down any gate she chose. She selected one, got into a boat, and sending back her terrified male attendants, that they might have no responsibility in the case, she was rowed to the other side. Her new allies were already at work, and she climbed from the boat upon the quay by a high ladder, of which several rounds were broken away. They worked more and more enthusiastically, though the gate was built to stand a siege, and stoutly resisted this one. Courage is magnetic; every moment increased the popular enthusiasm, as these high-born ladies stood alone among the boatmen; the crowd inside joined in the attack upon

the gate; the guard looked on; the city government remained irresolute at the Hôtel de Ville, fairly beleaguered and stormed by one princess and two maids of honor.

A crash, and the mighty timbers of the Porte Brûlée yield in the centre. Aided by the strong and exceedingly soiled hands of her new friends, our elegant Mademoiselle is lifted, pulled, pushed, and tugged between the vast iron bars which fortify the gate; and in this fashion, torn, splashed, and disheveled generally, she makes entrance into her city. The guard, promptly adhering to the winning side, present arms to the heroine. The people fill the air with their applauses; they place her in a large wooden chair, and bear her in triumph through the streets. "Everybody came to kiss my hands, while I was dying with laughter to find myself in so odd a situation."

Presently our volatile lady told them that she had learned how to walk, and begged to be put down; then she waited for her countesses, who arrived bespattered with mud. The drums beat before her as she set forth again; and the city government, yielding to the feminine conqueror, came to do her homage. She carelessly assured them of her clemency. She "had no doubt that they would soon have opened the gates, but she was naturally of a very impatient disposition, and could not wait." Moreover, she kindly suggested, neither party could now find fault with them; and as for the future, she would save them all trouble, and govern the city herself,—which she accordingly did.

By confession of all historians, she alone saved the city for the Fronde, and for the moment secured that party the ascendency in the nation. Next day the advance guard of the royal forces appeared—a day too late. Mademoiselle made a speech (the first in her life) to the city government; then went forth to her own small army, by this time drawn near, and held another council. The next day she received a letter from her father (whose health was now decidedly restored), declaring that she had "saved Orléans and secured Paris, and shown yet more judgment than courage." The next day Condé came up with his forces, compared his fair cousin to Gustavus Adolphus, and wrote to her that "her exploit was such as she only could have performed, and was of the greatest importance."

Mademoiselle stayed a little longer at Orléans, while the armies lay watching each other, or fighting the battle of Bléneau, of

which Condé wrote her an official bulletin, as being generalissimo. She amused herself easily, went to mass, played at bowls, received the magistrates, stopped couriers to laugh over their letters, reviewed the troops, signed passports, held councils, and did many things "for which she should have thought herself quite unfitted, if she had not found she did them very well." The enthusiasm she had inspired kept itself unabated, for she really deserved it. She was everywhere recognized as head of affairs; the officers of the army drank her health on their knees when she dined with them, while the trumpets sounded and the cannons roared; Condé, when absent, left instructions to his officers, "Obey the commands of Mademoiselle as my own;" and her father addressed a dispatch from Paris to her ladies of honor, as field-marshals in her army: "À Mesdames les Comtesses Maréchales de Camp dans l'Armée de ma Fille contre le Mazarin."

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED"

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"Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain;
The life they own is not the life we see;
Love's single moment is eternity:
Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain.

RICHARD HILDRETH

(1807–1865)

ONE who begins to study Hildreth's 'History of the United States' is alternately divided by feelings of impatience and admiration. The latter will predominate in the end, provided the student is not too impetuous. The reason care must be taken in assimilating Hildreth is that at times he becomes so intolerably dry that his reader is liable to desert him forever, before once discovering the excellences which have given him an assured place among American historians. Though Bancroft's History is more stimulating and more interesting to the general reader, Hildreth's has the advantage of covering a much longer period, all of which he treats exhaustively and with perfect accuracy in the presentation of facts. Moreover, he shows such voluminous and discriminating research, and in general so unbiased a judgment, that his achievement grows more valuable in its results as the years go by.

RICHARD HILDRETH

The period which Hildreth covers so completely begins with the discovery of America, and ends with the close of President Monroe's first administration. The first three volumes bring us to the adoption of the Constitution. In his preface to these, he states that his object is "to set forth the personages of our Colonial and Revolutionary history such as they really were in their own day and generation, their faults as well as their virtues." He carries out this purpose, narrating events truthfully and candidly, and without trying to bend them to any theory. He treats of old colonial days in a sombre sort of way, quite disheartening to the lover of picturesque anecdote and legend, and he appears to have imbibed to the full the prim and severe Puritan spirit of which he wrote. Life was a serious thing with the colonists of Massachusetts Bay, and Hildreth was guilty of no attempt to brighten their annals or to turn any part of their records into a history of merry-making. And thus, in those first three volumes, one looks utterly in vain for the picturesque or the amusing.

The last three volumes (written several years later), which deal almost entirely with the growth of the Constitution and the political forces at work, are more vivid and at the same time much more valuable to the student. The facts are absolutely accurate (unless where new records have come to light since), and have been gathered with much care from the original public documents and State papers. He is on the whole wonderfully free from prejudice; his tone is one of calm and clear conviction, and produces the same attitude in the reader. His characterization of individuals is the best example: few things of the kind have been better done. His criticism of men and motives is sometimes most scathing, yet his manner is so quiet and restrained that a full assent is instinctively given to his opinions, without the critical hesitation which a more vehement style would call forth. Nothing, for instance, could be further from the verdict which posterity has passed on John Quincy Adams, than Hildreth's portrayal of him as a crafty and self-seeking political soldier of fortune; but Hildreth's judicial manner and tone of severe impartiality still produce much effect.

Hildreth was a writer of some repute before his History appeared. Born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1807, and educated at Harvard, he did a good deal of newspaper and editorial work in his younger days, and wrote papers on a variety of subjects. His work on 'Banks, Banking, and Paper Currency,' published in 1837, is said to have had considerable influence in fostering the growth of the free-banking system; and his other papers also attracted a gratifying attention. He was also the author of a tale called 'The Slave; or, Memoir of Archy Moore,' later re-named 'The White Slave; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive,'—which has the distinction of being the first American anti-slavery novel published. His literary career, however, may be said to have closed with the appearance of his History. Appointed consul at Trieste, Italy, in 1861, he at once entered zealously upon his duties. His health failed, however, and he removed to Florence, where in 1865 he died.

Richard Hildreth's name will be remembered chiefly from his 'History of the United States,' and the solid and judicial qualities of that work will make it endure for many years to come. He will never be popular with the general reader, however. His narrative is too prosy, not vivid enough for a moment to enwrap the attention of the casual reader; and his occasional attempts at picturesqueness or descriptions of pageantry are very painful. The historian never arouses us with his enthusiasm, nor makes people and events live anew for us by the power of his inspiration. Nor is his writing in the least philosophical. Other historians make us see clearly the great sweeps and curves of the nation in its onward march, and they point

out how its various trendings have led hither and thither. But Hildreth leaves us to trace out for ourselves the great highway, while he stops to explore some undiscovered and overgrown by-path, bestowing upon it the same painstaking research that he gives to conspicuous and important events.

Yet in spite of all these negatives, Hildreth will always — and rightly — command attention and admiration. His work is full of purpose, and has in it the energy of a forceful and zealous student. It is direct, untrammeled, and courageous. If it grows dull for the casual reader, it is a delight to the close student. The primitive historical instinct in its most finished state filled him; for in spite of its surface faults, his narration, in straightforwardness, accuracy, and firmness, is an admirable work of high and solid merit.

CUSTOMS OF THE COLONISTS

From the 'History of the United States'

According to the system established in Massachusetts, the Church and State were most intimately blended. The magistrates and General Court, aided by the advice of the elders, claimed and exercised a supreme control in spiritual as well as temporal matters; while even in matters purely temporal, the elders were consulted on all important questions. The support of the elders, the first thing considered in the first Court of Assistants held in Massachusetts, had been secured by a vote to build houses for them, and to provide them a maintenance at the public expense. This burden, indeed, was spontaneously assumed by such of the plantations as had ministers. In some towns a tax was levied; in others a contribution was taken up every Sunday, called voluntary, but hardly so in fact, since every person was expected to contribute according to his means. This method of contribution, in use at Plymouth, was adopted also at Boston; but in most of the other towns the taxing system obtained preference, and subsequently was established by law. Besides the Sunday services, protracted to a great length, there were frequent lectures on week-days, — an excess of devotion unreasonable in an infant colony, and threatening the interruption of necessary labor; so much so, that the magistrates presently found themselves obliged to interfere by restricting them to one a week in each town. These lectures, which people went from town to town to attend; an annual fast in the spring, corresponding to Lent;

and a Thanksgiving at the end of autumn, to supersede Christmas,—stood in place of all the holidays of the papal and English churches, which the colonists soon came to regard as no better than idolatrous, and any disposition to observe them—even the eating of mince pies on Christmas Day—as superstitious and wicked. In contempt of the usage of those churches, marriage was declared no sacrament, but a mere civil contract, to be sanctioned not by a minister but a magistrate. The magistrates also early assumed the power of granting divorces, not for adultery only, but in such other cases as they saw fit. Baptism, instead of being dispensed to all, as in the churches of Rome and England, was limited, as a special privilege, to church members and their "infant seed." Participation in the sacrament of the Supper was guarded with still greater jealousy, none but full church members being allowed to partake of it.

Besides these religious distinctions, there were others of a temporal character, transferred from that system of semi-feudal English society in which the colonists had been born and bred. A discrimination between "gentlemen" and those of inferior condition was carefully kept up. Only gentlemen were entitled to the prefix of "Mr."; their number was quite small, and deprivation of the right to be so addressed was inflicted as a punishment. "Goodman" or "good woman," by contraction "goody," was the address of inferior persons. Besides the indented servants sent out by the company, the wealthier colonists brought others with them. But these servants seem in general to have had little sympathy with the austere manners and opinions of their masters, and their frequent transgressions of Puritan decorum gave the magistrates no little trouble.

The system of manners which the founders of Massachusetts labored to establish and maintain was indeed exceedingly rigorous and austere. All amusements were proscribed; all gayety seemed to be regarded as a sin. It was attempted to make the colony, as it were, a convent of Puritan devotees,—except in the allowance of marriage and money-making,—subjected to all the rules of the stricter monastic orders.

Morton of Merry Mount, who had returned again to New England, was seized and sent back, his goods confiscated, and his house burned,—as the magistrate alleged, to satisfy the Indians; but this according to Morton was a mere pretext. A similar fate happened to Sir Christopher Gardiner, a Knight, or

pretended Knight, of the Holy Sepulchre,—an ambiguous character, attended by a young damsel and two or three servants. Suspected as the agent of some persons who claimed a prior right to some parts of Massachusetts Bay, he was charged with having two wives in England, and with being a secret Papist. He fled to the woods, but was delivered up by the Indians and sent home, as were several others whom the magistrates pronounced "unfit to inhabit there." Walford the smith, the old settler at Charlestown, banished for "contempt of authority," retired to Piscataqua, which soon became a common asylum of refugees from Massachusetts. The sociable and jolly disposition of Maverick—described by Josselyn, an early traveler, as "the only hospitable man in the colony"—gave the magistrates an abundance of trouble, and subjected Maverick himself to frequent fines and admonitions. Others who slandered the government or churches, or wrote home discouraging letters, were whipped, cropped of their ears, and banished.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ

From the 'History of the United States'

DURING Washington's absence at Hartford [for his interview with Rochambeau in September 1780], a plot came to light for betraying the important fortress of West Point and the other posts of the Highlands into the hands of the enemy; the traitor being no other than Arnold, the most brilliant officer and one of the most honored in the American army. The qualities of a brilliant soldier are unfortunately often quite distinct from those of a virtuous man and a good citizen. Arnold's arrogant, overbearing, reckless spirit, his disregard of the rights of others, and his doubtful integrity, had made him many enemies; but his desperate valor at Behmus's Heights, covering up all his blemishes, had restored him to the rank in the army which he coveted. Placed in command at Philadelphia, his disposition to favor the disaffected of that city had involved him, as has been mentioned already, in disputes with Governor Reed and the Pennsylvania Council.

Arnold's vanity and love of display overwhelmed him with debts. He had taken the best house in the city, that formerly occupied by Governor Penn. He lived in a style of extravagance

far beyond his means, and he endeavored to sustain it by entering into privateering and mercantile speculations, most of which proved unsuccessful. He was even accused of perverting his military authority to purposes of private gain. The complaints on this point made to Congress by the authorities of Pennsylvania had been at first unheeded; but being presently brought forward in a solemn manner, and with some appearance of offended dignity on the part of the Pennsylvania Council, an interview took place between a committee of that body and a committee of Congress, which had resulted in Arnold's trial by a court-martial. Though acquitted of the more serious charges, on two points he had been found guilty, and had been sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief.

Arnold claimed against the United States a large balance, growing out of the unsettled accounts of his Canada expedition. This claim was greatly cut down by the treasury officers, and when Arnold appealed to Congress, a committee reported that more had been allowed him than was actually due.

Mortified and soured, and complaining of public ingratitude, Arnold attempted, but without success, to get a loan from the French minister. Some months before, he had opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton under a feigned name, carried on through Major André, adjutant-general of the British army. Having at length made himself known to his correspondents, to give importance to his treachery he solicited and obtained from Washington, who had every confidence in him, the command in the Highlands, with the very view of betraying that important position into the hands of the enemy.

To arrange the terms of the bargain, an interview was necessary with some confidential British agent; and André, though not without reluctance, finally volunteered for that purpose. Several previous attempts having failed, the British sloop-of-war Vulture, with André on board, ascended the Hudson as far as the mouth of Croton River, some miles below King's Ferry. Information being sent to Arnold under a flag, the evening after Washington left West Point for Hartford he dispatched a boat to the Vulture, which took André on shore for an interview on the west side of the river, just below the American lines. Morning appeared before the arrangements for the betrayal of the fortress could be definitely completed, and André was reluctantly persuaded to come within the American lines, and to remain till

the next night at the house of one Smith, a dupe or tool of Arnold's, the same who had been employed to bring André from the ship. For some reason not very clearly explained, Smith declined to convey André back to the Vulture, which had attracted the attention of the American gunners, and in consequence of a piece of artillery brought to bear upon her had changed her position, though she had afterward returned to her former anchorage.

Driven thus to the necessity of returning by land, André laid aside his uniform, assumed a citizen's dress, and with a pass from Arnold in the name of John Anderson, a name which André had often used in their previous correspondence, he set off toward sunset on horseback, with Smith for a guide. They crossed King's Ferry, passed all the American guards in safety, and spent the night near Crom Pond with an acquaintance of Smith's. The next morning, having passed Pine's Bridge across Croton River, Smith left André to pursue his way alone. The road led through a district extending some thirty miles above the island of New York, not included in the lines of either army, and thence known as the "Neutral Ground"; a populous and fertile region, but very much infested by bands of plunderers called "Cow-Boys" and "Skinners." The "Cow-Boys" lived within the British lines, and stole or bought cattle for the supply of the British army. The rendezvous of the "Skinners" was within the American lines. They professed to be great patriots, making it their ostensible business to plunder those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the State of New York. But they were ready in fact to rob anybody, and the cattle thus obtained were often sold to the Cow-Boys in exchange for dry-goods brought from New York. By a State law, all cattle driven toward the city were lawful plunder when beyond a certain line; and a general authority was given to anybody to arrest suspicious travelers.

The road to Tarrytown, on which André was traveling, was watched that morning by a small party on the lookout for cattle or travelers; and just as André approached the village, while passing a small brook a man sprang from among the bushes and seized the bridle of his horse. He was immediately joined by two others; and André, in the confusion of the moment, deceived by the answers of his captors, who professed to belong to the "Lower" or British party, instead of producing his pass avowed himself a British officer, on business of the highest importance.

Discovering his mistake, he offered his watch, his purse, anything they might name, if they would suffer him to proceed. His offers were rejected; he was searched, suspicious papers were found in his stockings, and he was carried before Colonel Jameson, the commanding officer on the lines.

Jameson recognized in the papers, which contained a full description of West Point and a return of the forces, the handwriting of Arnold; but unable to realize that his commanding officer was a traitor, while he forwarded the papers by express to Washington at Hartford, he directed the prisoner to be sent to Arnold, with a letter mentioning his assumed name, his pass, the circumstances of his arrest, and that papers of "a very suspicious character" had been found on his person. Major Talmadge, the second in command, had been absent while this was doing. Informed of it on his return, with much difficulty he procured the recall of the prisoner; but Jameson persisted in sending forward the letter to Arnold. Washington, then on his return from Hartford, missed the express with the documents; his aides-de-camp, who preceded him, were breakfasting at Arnold's house when Jameson's letter arrived. Pretending an immediate call to visit one of the forts on the opposite side of the river, Arnold rose from table, called his wife up-stairs, left her in a fainting-fit, mounted a horse which stood saddled at the door, rode to the river-side, threw himself into his barge, passed the forts waving a handkerchief by way of flag, and ordered his boatman to row for the Vulture. Safe on board, he wrote a letter to Washington, asking protection for his wife, whom he declared ignorant and innocent of what he had done.

Informed of Arnold's safety, and perceiving that no hope of escape existed, André in a letter to Washington avowed his name and true character. A board of officers was constituted to consider his case, of which Greene was president and Lafayette and Steuben were members. Though cautioned to say nothing to criminate himself, André frankly told the whole story, declaring however that he had been induced to enter the American lines contrary to his intention, and by the misrepresentations of Arnold. Upon his own statements, without examining a single witness, the board pronounced him a spy, and as such doomed him to speedy death.

Clinton, who loved André, made every effort to save him. As a last resource, Arnold wrote to Washington, stating his view of

the matter, threatening retaliation, and referring particularly to the case of Gadsden and the other South Carolina prisoners at St. Augustine. The manly and open behavior of André, and his highly amiable private character, created no little sympathy in his behalf; but martial policy was thought to demand his execution. He was even denied his last request to be shot instead of hanged. Though in strict accordance with the laws of war, André's execution was denounced in England as inexorable and cruel. It certainly tended to aggravate feelings already sufficiently bitter on both sides.

JAMES MADISON

From the 'History of the United States'

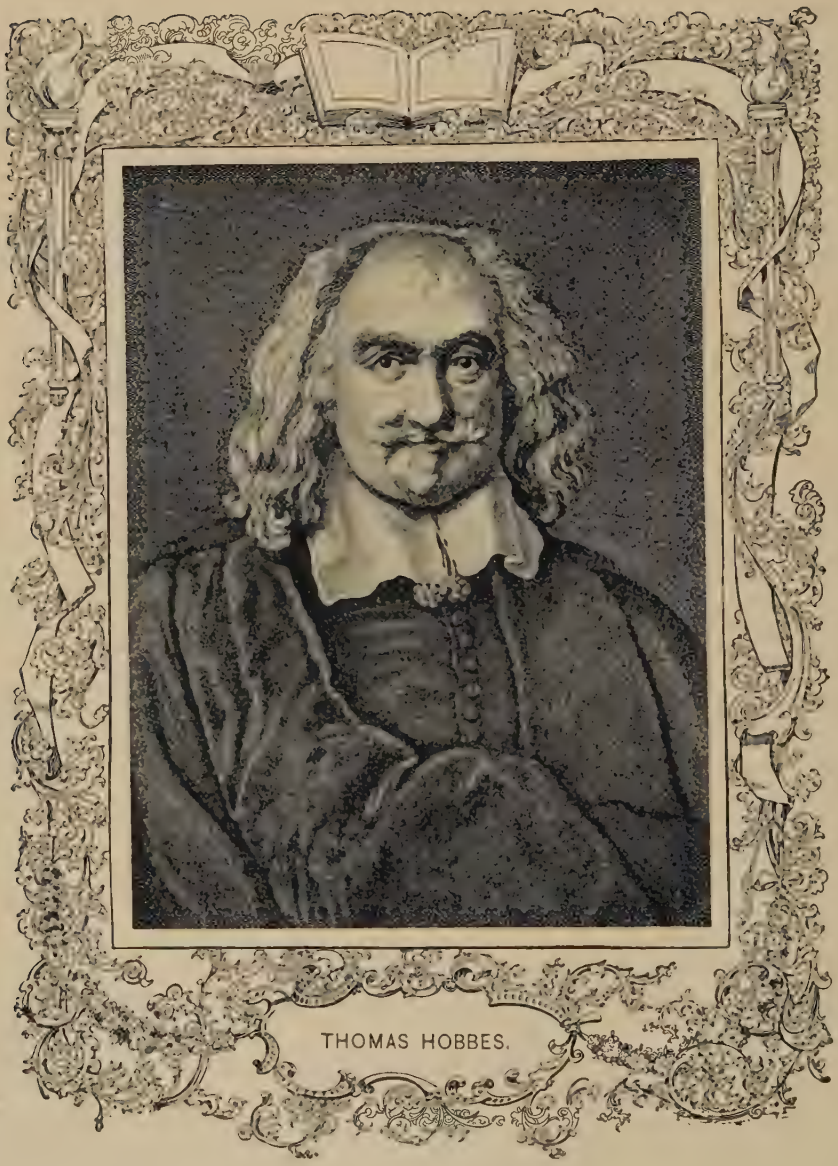
So far as Madison was concerned, had the majority for Calhoun's [internal improvements] bill been more decided and more Southern, his scruples might perhaps have been less.

The political character of the retiring President sprang naturally enough from his intellectual temperament and his personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and an ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whichsoever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having been, in the course of a long career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support, escaping thereby much of that searching criticism so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals.

Those ultra-Federal Democrats who rose, by his compliance, upon the ruins of the old Republican party, subscription to and

applause of whose headlong haste in plunging the country into the war with England became for so many years the absolute test of political orthodoxy, found it their policy to drop a pious veil over the convenient weaknesses of a man who, in consenting against his own better judgment to become in their hands a firebrand of war, was guilty of the greatest political wrong and crime which it is possible for the head of a nation to commit. Could they even fail to load with applauses one whose Federalism served as an excuse for theirs?

Let us however do Madison the justice to add, that as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, become of late almost the only class, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite ideas or measures of their own, put up their talents, like mercenary lawyers as too many of them are, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing on every question that side which for the moment seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.



THOMAS HOBBES.

THOMAS HOBBES

(1588–1679)

THOMAS HOBBES, whose name in the history of English philosophy is a large one, was the son of a Wiltshire vicar, and was born April 5th, 1588. His mother, who was of yeoman stock, gave birth to him prematurely, upon hearing the news of the Spanish Armada. The father is represented as a man of violent temper and small education. Hobbes began his schooling at the age of four, and when six was engaged with Greek and Latin, translating Euripides into Latin iambics before he was fourteen, and showing himself to be a youth of unusual thoughtfulness. The schools at Malmesbury and Westport gave him his preliminary training, and in 1602 or 1603 he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford. At this time the old scholastic methods obtained, and disputes between Churchmen and Puritans were rife. This state of things was distasteful to the young Hobbes, and he neglected his studies and read in a desultory fashion. He took his degree in 1607.

After his college days, Hobbes became tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, later Earl of Devonshire, and was attached to this family for many years, teaching the Cavendishes, father and son, traveling with them abroad, and being pensioned by them in his old age. This life brought him into contact with people of gifts and station, both in England and on the Continent; and gradually Hobbes, by study and conversation with leaders of thought, developed his theory of psychology and of the State. He lived for years at a time in Paris, when he feared to remain in his own land because of the hostility excited by his works on 'Human Nature' and 'De Corpore Politico.' In 1661, at the age of seventy-three, he returned to England and made his headquarters at the Cavendishes' town and country houses, rounding out his philosophical system, and enjoying the friendship of such men as Selden of 'Table Talk' fame, and Harvey the scholar. Always a controversialist, seldom free from an intellectual quarrel with members of the Royal Society, his last days were no exception; and he no doubt wasted much time, better spent upon his main philosophical treatises, in bickerings about mathematics and other abstruse matters, keeping this up until his death at the rare old age of ninety-one. He died December 4th, 1679, at Hardwicke Hall.

Hobbes maintained his intellectual and physical powers to the very end. His health was poor in his youth, but improved in middle life. He wrote his autobiography at eighty-four, and when eighty-six translated Homer. In person he is described as over six feet in height, erect, keen-eyed, with black hair. He had a contempt for physicians, was regular in his dietary and other habits; used tobacco, and states gravely that during his long life he calculated he had been drunk one hundred times. After he was sixty he took no wine. At seventy-five he played tennis. Intellectually audacious, he had personal timidity; charges of time-serving made against him have not been substantiated, however, as even so harsh a critic as Cunningham confesses. That Hobbes was a man of marked social attraction can be inferred easily. His friendships with Descartes, Bacon, Lord Herbert, Ben Jonson, and many other typical great men of his day, indicate it, and there was much in his experience to develop that side of his character.

Hobbes's fame as thinker and writer rests solidly on two great works: 'Human Nature: or, The Fundamental Principles of Policy concerning the Faculties and Passions of the Human Soul' (1650); and 'Leviathan: or, The Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil' (1651). The former states his philosophical, the latter his political views. In the 'Human Nature' his materialistic conception of the origin of man's faculties is developed: he regarded matter in motion as an ultimate fact, and upon it built up his psychology, deriving all the higher faculties from the senses. «There is no conception in a man's mind,» said he, «which hath not at first, totally or by parts, been begotten upon the organ of sense.» And he assumed selfishness as the motor power of human conduct, and made his explanation of right and wrong to rest upon purely utilitarian reasons. The modernness of this position may be seen at a glance. It anticipates nineteenth-century psychology and the tenets of a Spencer. In one passage where he speaks of the incomprehensibility of God to a human faculty, latter-day agnosticism is foreshadowed. In the 'Leviathan' we get his equally radical views of the State. He conceives that in a state of nature, men war upon each other without restraint. For mutual benefit and protection in the pursuit of their own interests, the social compact is made, and the powers of rule relegated to some one best fitted to exercise it. That some one, in Hobbes's opinion, should be and is the king as an embodiment of the State; hence he preaches an absolute monarchy as the ideal form of government, the leviathan of the human deep. And he would have ecclesiastical as well as other authority subservient to the State. Very briefly stated, these are the cardinal points of his two great works.

Of course, Hobbes's theories were bitterly assailed. Because of his ethics he was dubbed «atheist»; and his opponents included thinkers like Clarendon, Cudworth, Henry More, and Samuel Clarke. He was one of the best hated men of his time. His teaching in the 'Leviathan' naturally brought the clergy about his ears, and the work was burned at Oxford after his death. But his principles made much stir, especially abroad; and looking back upon Hobbes from the present vantage-point, it is plain that he is part of the great movement for thought expansion in which Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, and Descartes are other parts. Locke probably was little influenced by Hobbes; but the Dutch Spinoza and the German Leibnitz were, and in France, Diderot, Rousseau, and De Maistre felt his thought.

Comparing his two main works, Hobbes is most satisfactory in his political philosophy. His psychology is deduced, rather than established by the Baconian method of induction, and his reading was not wide enough for such an inquiry. As an explanation of man, his philosophy is too fragmentary and too subjective, though brilliant, original, often logical. But the 'Leviathan' is a complete exposition from certain premises, and a wonderful example of philosophic thinking. Moreover, it is by far the most attractive of his writings as literature. Its style is terse, weighty, at times scintillating with sarcastic humor, again impressive with stately eloquence. Among works in its field it is remarkable for these qualities. Hobbes's style, says Cunningham, who abhorred the other's views, «is perhaps the finest model of philosophical composition;» and the praise hardly seems excessive.

Thomas Hobbes overthrew scholasticism, showed the error in the argument for innate ideas, prepared the way for Locke. He was a pioneer of thought in the seventeenth century; a liberalizing influence, however much it is necessary to modify his notions concerning human nature and the State. The standard edition of his works is that by Sir William Molesworth (1839–45), in sixteen volumes, five of them in Latin.

OF LOVE

From 'Human Nature'

Love, by which is understood the joy man taketh in the fruition of any present good, hath been already spoken of in the first section, chapter seven, under which is contained the love men bear to one another or pleasure they take in one another's company; and by which nature men are said to be sociable. But there is another kind of love which the Greeks

call Eros, and is that which we mean when we say that a man is in love: forasmuch as this passion cannot be without diversity of sex, it cannot be denied but that it participateth of that indefinite love mentioned in the former section. But there is a great difference betwixt the desire of a man indefinite and the same desire limited *ad hunc:* and this is that love which is the great theme of poets; but notwithstanding their praises, it must be defined by the word *need*, for it is a conception a man hath of his need of that one person desired. The cause of this passion is not always nor for the most part beauty, or other quality in the beloved, unless there be withal hope in the person that loveth; which may be gathered from this, that in great difference of persons the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner, but not contrary. And from hence it is that for the most part they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built on something in their person than those that trust to their expressions and service; and they that care less than they that care more: which not perceiving; many men cast away their services as one arrow after another, till in the end, together with their hopes they lose their wits.

CERTAIN QUALITIES IN MEN

From ‹Leviathan›

HAVING showed in the precedent chapters that sense proceedeth from the action of external objects upon the brain, or some internal substance of the head; and that the *passions* proceed from the alterations there made, and continued to the heart: it is consequent in the next place (seeing the diversity of degrees of knowledge in divers men to be greater than may be ascribed to the divers tempers of their brain) to declare what other causes may produce such odds and excess of capacity as we daily observe in one man above another. As for that difference which ariseth from sickness, and such accidental distempers, I omit the same, as impertinent to this place; and consider it only in such as have their health, and organs well disposed. If the difference were in the natural temper of the brain, I can imagine no reason why the same should not appear first and most of all in the senses; which being equal both in the wise and less wise, infer an equal temper in the common organ (namely the brain) of all the senses.

But we see by experience that joy and grief proceed not in all men from the same causes, and that men differ very much in the constitution of the body; whereby that which helpeth and furthereth vital constitution in one, and is therefore delightful, hindereth it and crosseth it in another, and therefore causeth grief. The difference therefore of wits hath its original from the different passions, and from the ends to which the appetite leadeth them.

And first, those men whose ends are sensual delight, and generally are addicted to ease, food, onerations and exonerations of the body, must needs be the less thereby delighted with those imaginations that conduce not to those ends; such as are imaginations of honor and glory, which, as I have said before, have respect to the future. For sensuality consisteth in the pleasure of the senses, which please only for the present, and take away the inclination to observe such things as conduce to honor; and consequently maketh men less curious and less ambitious, whereby they less consider the way either to knowledge or other power: in which two consisteth all the excellency of power cognitive. And this is it which men call *dullness;* and proceedeth from the appetite of sensual or bodily delight. And it may well be conjectured that such passion hath its beginning from a grossness and difficulty of the motion of the spirit about the heart.

The contrary hereunto is that quick ranging of mind described Chap. iv., Sect. 3, which is joined with curiosity of comparing the things that come into the mind, one with another: in which comparison a man delighteth himself either with finding unexpected similitude of things otherwise much unlike (in which men place the excellency of fancy, and from whence proceed those grateful similes, metaphors, and other tropes, by which both poets and orators have it in their power to make things please and displease, and show well or ill to others, as they like themselves), or else in discerning suddenly dissimilitude in things that otherwise appear the same. And this virtue of the mind is that by which men attain to exact and perfect knowledge; and the pleasure thereof consisteth in continual instruction, and in distinction of places, persons, and seasons, and is commonly termed by the name of *judgment:* for to judge is nothing else but to distinguish or discern; and both fancy and judgment are commonly comprehended under the name of *wit*, which seemeth to be a tenuity and agility of spirits, contrary to that restiness of the spirits supposed in those that are dull.

There is another defect of the mind, which men call *levity*, which betrayeth also mobility in the spirits, but in excess. An example whereof is in them that in the midst of any serious discourse have their minds diverted to every little jest or witty observation; which maketh them depart from their discourse by a parenthesis, and from that parenthesis by another, till at length they either lose themselves, or make their narration like a dream, or some studied nonsense. The passion from whence this proceedeth is curiosity, but with too much equality and indifference; for when all things make equal impression and delight, they equally throng to be expressed.

The virtue opposite to this defect is *gravity*, or steadiness; in which the end being the great and master delight, directeth and keepeth in the way thereto all other thoughts.

The extremity of dullness is that natural folly which may be called *stolidity;* but the extreme of levity, though it be natural folly distinct from the other, and obvious to every man's observation, I know not how to call it.

There is a fault of the mind called by the Greeks *amathia*, which is *indocibility*, or difficulty in being taught, the which must needs arise from a false opinion that they know already the truth of what is called in question: for certainly men are not otherwise so unequal in capacity, as the evidence is unequal between what is taught by the mathematicians and what is commonly discoursed of in other books; and therefore if the minds of men were all of white paper, they would almost equally be disposed to acknowledge whatsoever should be in right method and by right ratiocination delivered to them. But when men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authentical records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly upon a paper already scribbled over. The immediate cause therefore of *indocibility* is prejudice; and of prejudice, false opinion of our own knowledge.

Another and a principal defect of the mind is that which men call *madness;* which appeareth to be nothing else but some imagination of some such predominacy above the rest, that we have no passion but from it: and this conception is nothing else but excessive vain-glory, or vain dejection; which is most probable by these examples following, which proceed in appearance every one of them from pride, or some dejection of mind. As first, we have had the example of one that preached in Cheapside from a

cart there, instead of a pulpit, that he himself was Christ, which was spiritual pride or madness. We have had also divers examples of learned madness, in which men have manifestly been distracted upon any occasion that hath put them in remembrance of their own ability. Amongst the learned men may be remembered (I think also) those that determine of the time of the world's end, and other such the points of prophecy. And the gallant madness of Don Quixote is nothing else but an expression of such height of vain-glory as reading of romance may produce in pusillanimous men. Also rage, and madness of love, are but great indignations of them in whose brains is predominant contempt from their enemies or their mistresses. And the pride taken in form and behavior hath made divers men run mad, and to be so accounted, under the name of fantastic.

And as these are the examples of extremities, so also are there examples too many of the degrees, which may therefore be well accounted follies: as it is a degree of the first for a man, without certain evidence, to think himself to be inspired, or to have any other effect of God's holy spirit than other godly men have; of the second, for a man continually to speak his mind in a cento of other men's Greek or Latin sentences; of the third, much of the present gallantry in love and duel. Of rage, a degree is *malice;* and of fantastic madness, *affectation.*

As the former examples exhibit to us madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from the excess of self-opinion, so also there be other examples of madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from too much vain fear and dejection; as in those melancholy men that have imagined themselves brittle as glass, or have had some other like imagination: and degrees hereof are all those exorbitant and causeless fears which we commonly observe in melancholy persons.

OF ALMIGHTY GOD

From 'Leviathan'

HITHERTO of the knowledge of things *natural,* and of the passions that arise naturally from them. Now forasmuch as we give names not only to things natural but also to *supernatural,* and by all names we ought to have some meaning and conception, it followeth in the next place to consider what thoughts and imaginations of the mind we have, when we take

into our mouths the most blessed name of God, and the names of those virtues we attribute unto him; as also, what image cometh into the mind at hearing the name of *spirit*, or the name of *angel*, good or bad.

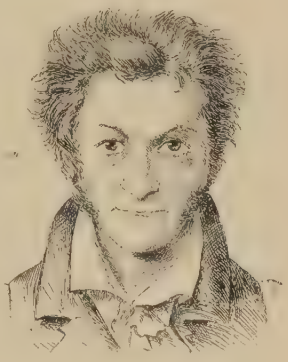
And forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and consequently all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, excepting only this, That there is a God. For the effects we acknowledge naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that again by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all powers, and first Cause of all causes: and this is it which all men conceive by the name of God, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider, may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

And whereas we attribute to God Almighty *seeing*, *hearing*, *speaking*, *knowing*, *loving*, and the like, by which names we understand something in men to whom we attribute them,—we understand nothing by them in the nature of God. For, as it is well reasoned, *Shall not the God that made the eye, see, and the ear, hear?* so it is also, if we say, Shall God, which made the eye, not see without the eye; or that made the ear, not hear without the ear; or that made the brain, not know without the brain; or that made the heart, not love without the heart? The attributes, therefore, given unto the Deity are such as signify either our *incapacity* or our *reverence:* our incapacity, when we say Incomprehensible and Infinite; our reverence, when we give him those names which amongst us are the names of those things we most magnify and commend, as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Just, Merciful, etc. And when God Almighty giveth those names to himself in the Scriptures, it is but anthropopathos,—that is to say, by descending to our manner of speaking; without which we are not capable of understanding him.

ERNST THEODOR WILHELM HOFFMANN

(1776–1822)

HOFFMANN'S character is one of the most singular and contradictory in all that eccentric group of German Romanticists. His sarcastic wit and flashes of humor made him popular with his companions, and his society was much sought after; but he inspired rather fear than love, for he was reckless in his indiscretions and ruthless in giving offense. Of all art he took a serious view,—"There is no art which is not sacred," he said,—and yet he felt a repugnance to looking at things from their serious side: "These are *odiosa*" was one of his familiar phrases. In his character as in his work there is much that suggests Poe, and the quality of his weird and often delicate fancy reminds one of Hawthorne. The unquestioned mastery of language and description that he displays is weakened by his uncontrolled mannerisms, and his wayward imagination often injures his finest flights of fancy. He delighted to make his studies of men in the borderlands between reason and madness; for him the step was always a short one into the misty realm of ghosts and doubles and startling visions. This love of the marvelous increased as he grew older. And yet, as Professor Kuno Francke has said, "Hoffmann with all his somnambulism and madness was at the same time a master of realistic description and of psychological analysis."



E. T. W. HOFFMANN

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was born at Königsberg on January 24th, 1776. The unpleasant relations subsisting between his parents led to their separation when he was still a child; and to the lack of happy home influences he attributed much of the misery which his habits brought upon him in later years. He adopted the legal profession, in which his father had distinguished himself, and he began his career under promising auspices. He served a term as assessor in Posen, in the then newly acquired Polish provinces; but in consequence of a thoughtless bit of folly he was transferred to the remote little town of Plozk, whither he went with his young Polish

wife in 1802, and where he gave himself up to wild and extravagant gayety. Life seemed to open up brightly before him once more when he received an appointment to Warsaw; but his career in that «motley world» was brought to an abrupt end in 1806 by the troops of Napoleon.

The bit of folly which led to Hoffmann's removal to Plozk reveals incidentally his remarkable versatility. He was an excellent draughtsman, and some of the best remembered caricatures of Napoleon were made by him. It was a series of witty caricatures of prominent men in Posen that gave offense to certain high officials there, upon whose complaint he was removed. Throughout his life Hoffmann continued to practice this art: during his «martyr years» in Bamberg he eked out his scanty income by painting family portraits, and he acted as scene-painter for a theatrical company with which he subsequently became connected.

But his professional work in Bamberg was of quite a different character. In the period of penury and hardship that followed the loss of his government post, Hoffmann had gone to Berlin and cast about for any employment that would afford him support. He secured the position of musical director of the theatre at Bamberg. Hoffmann was a composer of no mean talent. His work had sufficient merit to win and hold the esteem of Weber, although in the strife between the Italian school and the new national German school, of which the 'Freischütz' was the symbol and example, Hoffmann sided with Spontini and the Italians. Nevertheless he was an ardent admirer of the genius of Beethoven, for whose work he made propaganda, and in his passionate admiration of Mozart he went so far as to adopt the name of Amadeus instead of his own Wilhelm. Indeed, to most of his readers, perhaps, he is known as E. T. A. rather than E. T. W. Hoffmann. His masterly analysis of 'Don Giovanni' is a choice piece of musical criticism, not without value to-day.

In his management of the Bamberg theatre Hoffmann was guided by high artistic ideals; through his influence several of Calderon's plays were produced. But the incubus of the Napoleonic wars rested upon every enterprise, and the theatre had to be closed. Hoffmann still held the post of correspondent of the Musical Gazette of Leipzig, but had no adequate income. He led a wretched life as musical director of a troupe which played alternately in Leipzig and in Dresden. He was in Dresden during the siege, and while the bullets flew thick around him he wrote with enthusiastic exaltation one of his best tales, 'Der Goldene Topf' (The Golden Pot), which Carlyle translated for his collection of German romances. It was during this period also that he set Fouqué's 'Undine' to music, and the opera was produced at the Berlin opera-house.

All this is aside from Hoffmann's literary work, upon which his fame is solely founded. His early years, with their varied experiences in strange places and amid exciting scenes, supplied his pen with inexhaustible material. His first characteristic contribution to literature was the 'Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier' (Fantasy-pieces in the style of Callot). These were a collection of his articles that had been published in the Musical Gazette; striking pen sketches in the manner of the celebrated and eccentric French engraver of the early seventeenth century, Jacques Callot. In the following year, 1815, appeared 'Die Elixire des Teufels' (The Devil's Elixir). This work made his literary reputation sure. Among the most widely known of his numerous books is the collection of tales bearing the general title of 'Die Serapionsbrüder' (The Serapion Brethren). The name was derived from an association of kindred spirits in Berlin, which happened to hold its first meeting on the night of the anniversary of St. Serapion. Among the occasional guests of this coterie was Oehlenschläger, who in introducing a young countryman of his wrote to Hoffmann: "Dip him also a little into the magic sea of your humor, respected friend, and teach him how a man can be a philosopher and seer of the world under the ironical mantle of the madhouse, and what is more, an amiable man as well." These words admirably characterize the peculiar quality of Hoffmann's strange blending of wit, wisdom, and madness. His amiability appears probably most conspicuously in the 'Kater Murr' (Tom-Cat Murr's Views of Life). The satire is keen but genial, and of the author's more ambitious works this is his most finished production. But it is in the shorter tales that the artist displays his highest excellence: the serious philosopher in the garb of a madman, and the tender-hearted poet telling quaint fairy tales. Spiritually he is related to Jean Paul, but missed his depth and greatness. The lyric swing, the wild imagination, the serious undercurrent beneath the sprightly wit, the biting satire, and the playful fancy, assure him generations of readers among his countrymen, and numerous translations attest his popularity in England and America.

The rest of the story of Hoffmann's sad life is soon told. After the peace which concluded the Napoleonic wars he was restored to his official position in 1816, this time in the high tribunal of Berlin; and his seniority was acknowledged as if he had served without a break. Here he found himself in the midst of a choice and congenial circle: Hitzig his biographer, Fouqué, Chamisso. His dissolute ways, however, never completely abandoned, led finally to the disease which terminated in his death. He died literally inch by inch, though eager to live in what pitiable condition soever; and to the end, when his vital functions were almost suspended, his mind and imagination remained unimpaired. He died on June 25th, 1822.

Hoffmann's writings, like himself, are full of strange contradictions. He was an epicurean to the point of weakness and a stoic to the point of heroic endurance. At the very portals of death he continued to write in his own fantastic vein; and at the same time was inspired to compose a tale, 'Des Vetters Eckfenster' (The Cousin's Corner Window), which is so unlike his usual style that lovers of Émile Souvestre would take pleasure in its serene and grave philosophy. "He preferred to remain a riddle to himself, a riddle which he always dreaded to have solved," wrote a friend; and he demanded that he should be regarded as a "sacred inexplicable hieroglyph."

FROM 'THE GOLDEN POT'

Stir not the emerald leaves of the palm-trees in soft sighing and rustling, as if kissed by the breath of the morning wind? Awakened from their sleep, they move, and mysteriously whisper of the wonders which from the far distance approach like tones of melodious harps! The azure rolls from the walls, and floats like airy vapor to and fro; but dazzling beams shoot through it; and whirling and dancing, as in jubilee of childlike sport, it mounts and mounts to immeasurable height, and vaults itself over the palm-trees. But brighter and brighter shoots beam on beam, till in boundless expanse opens the grove where I behold Anselmus. Here glowing hyacinths and tulips and roses lift their fair heads; and their perfumes in loveliest sound call to the happy youth: "Wander, wander among us, our beloved; for thou understandest us! Our perfume is the longing of love; we love thee, and are thine for evermore!" The golden rays burn in glowing tones: "We are fire, kindled by love. Perfume is longing; but fire is desire; and dwell we not in thy bosom? We are thy own!" The dark bushes, the high trees, rustle and sound: "Come to us, thou loved, thou happy one! Fire is desire; but hope is our cool shadow. Lovingly we rustle round thy head; for thou understandest us, because love dwells in thy breast!" The brooks and fountains murmur and patter: "Loved one, walk not so quickly by; look into our crystal! Thy image dwells in us, which we preserve with love, for thou hast understood us." In the triumphal choir, bright birds are singing: "Hear us! Hear us! We are joy, we are delight, the rapture of love!" But anxiously Anselmus turns his eyes to the glorious temple which rises behind him in the distance. The fair pillars seem trees,

and the capitals and friezes acanthus leaves, which in wondrous wreaths and figures form splendid decorations. Anselmus walks to the temple; he views with inward delight the variegated marble, the steps with their strange veins of moss. "Ah, no!" cries he, as if in the excess of rapture, "she is not far from me now; she is near!" Then advances Serpentina, in the fullness of beauty and grace, from the temple; she bears the golden pot, from which a bright lily has sprung. The nameless rapture of infinite longing glows in her meek eyes; she looks at Anselmus and says, "Ah! dearest, the lily has sent forth her bowl; what we longed for is fulfilled. Is there a happiness to equal ours?" Anselmus clasps her with the tenderness of warmest ardor; the lily burns in flaming beams over his head. And louder move the trees and bushes; clearer and gladder play the brooks; the birds, the shining insects dance in the waves of perfume; a gay, bright, rejoicing tumult, in the air, in the water, in the earth, is holding the festival of love! Now rush sparkling streaks, gleaming over all the bushes; diamonds look from the ground like shining eyes; strange vapors are wafted hither on sounding wings; they are the spirits of the elements, who do homage to the lily, and proclaim the happiness of Anselmus. Then Anselmus raises his head, as if encircled with a beamy glory. Is it looks? Is it words? Is it song? You hear the sound: "Serpentina! Belief in thee, love of thee has unfolded to my soul the inmost spirit of nature! Thou hast brought me the lily, which sprung from gold, from the primeval force of the world, before Phosphorus had kindled the spark of thought; this lily is knowledge of the sacred harmony of all beings; and in this do I live in highest blessedness for evermore. Yes, I, thrice happy, have perceived what was highest; I must indeed love thee forever, O Serpentina! Never shall the golden blossoms of the lily grow pale; for, like belief and love, this knowledge is eternal."

Carlyle's Translation.

NUTCRACKER AND THE KING OF MICE

From 'The Serapion Brethren'

As soon as Marie was alone, she set rapidly to work to do the thing which was chiefly at her heart to accomplish, and which, though she scarcely knew why, she somehow did not like to set about in her mother's presence. She had been holding Nutcracker, wrapped in the handkerchief, carefully in her arms all this time; and she now laid him softly down on the table, gently unrolled the handkerchief, and examined his wounds.

Nutcracker was very pale, but at the same time he was smiling with a melancholy and pathetic kindliness which went straight to Marie's heart.

"O my darling little Nutcracker!" said she very softly, "don't you be vexed because brother Fritz has hurt you so: he didn't mean it, you know; he's only a little bit hardened with his soldiering and that; but he's a good nice boy, I can assure you: and I'll take the greatest care of you and nurse you till you're quite, quite better and happy again. And your teeth shall be put in again for you, and your shoulder set right; godpapa Drosselmeier will see to that; he knows how to do things of the kind—"

Marie could not finish what she was going to say, because at the mention of godpapa Drosselmeier, friend Nutcracker made a most horrible ugly face. A sort of green sparkle of much sharpness seemed to dart out of his eyes. This was only for an instant, however; and just as Marie was going to be terribly frightened, she found that she was looking at the very same nice, kindly face, with the pathetic smile, which she had seen before, and she saw plainly that it was nothing but some draught of air making the lamp flicker that had seemed to produce the change.

"Well!" she said, "I certainly am a silly girl to be so easily frightened, and think that a wooden doll could make faces at me! But I'm too fond really of Nutcracker, because he's so funny, and so kind and nice; and so he must be taken the greatest care of, and properly nursed till he's quite well."

With which she took him in her arms again, approached the cupboard, and kneeling down beside it, said to her new doll:—

"I'm going to ask a favor of you, Miss Clara: that you will give up your bed to this poor, sick, wounded Nutcracker, and make yourself as comfortable as you can on the sofa here. Remember that you're quite well and strong yourself, or you

wouldn't have such fat red cheeks, and that there are very few dolls indeed who have as comfortable a sofa as this to lie upon."

Miss Clara, in her Christmas full dress, looked very grand and disdainful, and said not so much as "Muck!"

"Very well," said Marie, "why should I make such a fuss, and stand on any ceremony?" — took the bed and moved it forward; laid Nutcracker carefully and tenderly down on it; wrapped another pretty ribbon, taken from her own dress, about his hurt shoulder, and drew the bed-clothes up to his nose.

"But he shan't stay with that nasty Clara," she said, and moved the bed, with Nutcracker in it, up to the upper shelf, so that it was placed near the village in which Fritz's hussars had their cantonments. She closed the cupboard and was moving away to go to bed, when — listen, children! — there began a low soft rustling and rattling, and a sort of whispering noise, all round, in all directions, from all quarters of the room, — behind the stove, under the chairs, behind the cupboards. The clock on the wall "warned" louder and louder, but could not strike. Marie looked at it, and saw that the big gilt owl which was on the top of it had drooped its wings so that they covered the whole of the clock, and had stretched its cat-like head, with the crooked beak, a long way forward. And the "warning" kept growing louder and louder, with distinct words: "Clocks, clockies, stop ticking. No sound, but cautious 'warning.' Mousey king's ears are fine. Prr-prr. Only sing 'poom, poom'; sing the olden song of doom! prr-prr; poom, poom. Bells go chime! Soon rings out the fated time!" And then came "Poom! poom!" quite hoarsely and smothered, twelve times.

Marie grew terribly frightened, and was going to rush away as best she could, when she noticed that godpapa Drosselmeier was up on the top of the clock instead of the owl, with his yellow coat-tails hanging down on both sides like wings. But she manned herself, and called out in a loud voice of anguish: —

"Godpapa! godpapa! what are you up there for? Come down to me, and don't frighten me so terribly, you naughty, naughty godpapa Drosselmeier!"

But then there began a sort of wild kickering and queaking, everywhere, all about, and presently there was a sound as of running and trotting, as of thousands of little feet behind the walls and thousands of little lights began to glitter out between

the chinks of the woodwork. But they were not lights; no, no! little glittering eyes; and Marie became aware that everywhere mice were peeping and squeezing themselves out through every chink. Presently they were trotting and galloping in all directions over the room; orderly bodies, continually increasing, of mice, forming themselves into regular troops and squadrons, in good order, just as Fritz's soldiers did when manœuvres were going on. As Marie was not afraid of mice (as many children are), she could not help being amused by this; and her first alarm had nearly left her, when suddenly there came such a sharp and terrible piping noise that the blood ran cold in her veins. Ah! what did she see then? Well, truly, kind reader, I know that your heart is in the right place, just as much as my friend Field Marshal Fritz's is, itself: but if you had seen what now came before Marie's eyes, you would have made a clean pair of heels of it; nay, I consider that you would have plumped into your bed, and drawn the blankets further over your head than necessity demanded.

But poor Marie hadn't it in her power to do any such thing, because, right at her feet, as if impelled by some subterranean power, sand and lime and broken stone came bursting up, and then seven mouse-heads, with seven shining crowns upon them, rose through the floor, hissing and piping in a most horrible way. Quickly the body of the mouse which had those seven crowned heads forced its way up through the floor, and this enormous creature shouted, with its seven heads, aloud to the assembled multitude, squeaking to them with all the seven mouths in full chorus; and then the entire army set itself in motion, and went trot, trot, right up to the cupboard—and in fact, to Marie who was standing beside it.

Marie's heart had been beating so with terror that she had thought it must jump out of her breast, and she must die. But now it seemed to her as if the blood in her veins stood still. Half fainting, she leant backwards, and then there was a "klirr, klirr, prr," and the pane of the cupboard, which she had broken with her elbow, fell in shivers to the floor. She felt for a moment a sharp, stinging pain in her arm, but still this seemed to make her heart lighter; she heard no more of the queaking and piping. Everything was quiet; and though she didn't dare to look, she thought the noise of the glass breaking had frightened the mice back to their holes.

But what came to pass then? Right behind Marie a movement seemed to commence in the cupboard, and small faint voices began to be heard, saying:—

"Come, awake, measures take;
Out to the fight, out to the fight;
Shield the right, shield the right;
Arm and away,—this is the night."

And harmonica bells began ringing as prettily as you please.

"Oh! that's my little peal of bells!" cried Marie, and went nearer and looked in. Then she saw that there was bright light in the cupboard, and everything busily in motion there; dolls and little figures of various kinds all running about together, and struggling with their little arms. At this point, Nutcracker rose from his bed, cast off the bedclothes, and sprung with both feet on to the floor (of the shelf), crying out at the top of his voice:—

"Knack, knack, knack,
Stupid mousey pack,
All their skulls we'll crack.
Mousey pack, knack, knack,
Mousey pack, crick and crack,
Cowardly lot of schnack!"

And with this he drew his little sword, waved it in the air, and cried:—

"Ye, my trusty vassals, brethren and friends, are ye ready to stand by me in this great battle?"

Immediately three scaramouches, one pantaloon, four chimney-sweeps, two zither-players, and a drummer, cried in eager accents:—

"Yes, your Highness: we will stand by you in loyal duty; we will follow you to the death, the victory, and the fray!" And they precipitated themselves after Nutcracker (who in the excitement of the moment had dared that perilous leap) to the bottom shelf. Now *they* might well dare this perilous leap; for not only had they got plenty of clothes on, of cloth and silk, but besides, there was not much in their insides except cotton and sawdust, so that they plumped down like little wood-sacks. But as for poor Nutcracker, he would certainly have broken his arms and legs; for, bethink you, it was nearly two feet from where he had stood to the shelf below, and his body was as fragile as if

he had been made of elm-wood. Yes, Nutcracker would have broken his arms and legs had not Miss Clara started up from her sofa at the moment of his spring, and received the hero, drawn sword and all, in her tender arms.

"O you dear good Clara!" cried Marie, "how I did misunderstand you! I believe you were quite willing to let dear Nutcracker have your bed."

But Miss Clara now cried, as she pressed the young hero gently to her silken breast:—

"O my lord! go not into this battle and danger, sick and wounded as you are. See how your trusty vassals—clowns and pantaloon, chimney-sweeps, zithermen, and drummer—are already arrayed below; and the puzzle figures, in my shelf here, are in motion and preparing for the fray! Deign, then, O my lord, to rest in these arms of mine, and contemplate your victory from a safe coign of vantage."

Thus spoke Clara. But Nutcracker behaved so impatiently, and kicked so with his legs, that Clara was obliged to put him down on the shelf in a hurry. However, he at once sank gracefully on one knee, and expressed himself as follows:—

"O lady! the kind protection and aid which you have afforded me will ever be present to my heart, in battle and in victory!"

On this, Clara bowed herself so as to be able to take hold of him by his arms, raised him gently up, quickly loosed her girdle, which was ornamented with many spangles, and would have placed it about his shoulders. But the little man drew himself swiftly two steps back, laid his hand upon his heart, and said with much solemnity:—

"O lady! do not bestow this mark of your favor upon me; for—" He hesitated, gave a deep sigh, took the ribbon with which Marie had bound him from his shoulders, pressed it to his lips, put it on as a cognizance for the fight, and waving his glittering sword, sprang like a bird over the ledge of the cupboard down to the floor.

You will observe, kind reader, that Nutcracker, even before he really came to life, had felt and understood all Marie's goodness and regard, and that it was because of his gratitude and devotion to her that he would not take, or wear even, a ribbon of Miss Clara's, although it was exceedingly pretty and charming. This good, true-hearted Nutcracker preferred Marie's much commoner and more unpretending token.

But what is going to happen further, now? At the moment when Nutcracker sprang down, the queaking and piping commenced again worse than ever. Alas! under the big table the hordes of the mouse army had taken up a position, densely massed, under the command of the terrible mouse with the seven heads. So what is to be the result?

The Battle

"Beat the *Générale*, trusty vassal drummer!" cried Nutcracker very loud; and immediately the drummer began to roll his drum in the most splendid style, so that the windows of the glass cupboard rattled and resounded. Then there began a cracking and a clattering inside, and Marie saw all the lids of the boxes in which Fritz's army was quartered bursting open, and the soldiers all came out and jumped down to the bottom shelf, where they formed up in good order. Nutcracker hurried up and down the ranks, speaking words of encouragement.

"There's not a dog of a trumpeter taking the trouble to sound a call!" he cried in a fury. Then he turned to the pantaloon (who was looking decidedly pale), and wobbling his long chin a good deal, said in a tone of solemnity:—

"I know how brave and experienced you are, General! What is essential here is a rapid comprehension of the situation, and immediate utilization of the passing moment. I intrust you with the command of the cavalry and artillery. You can do without a horse; your own legs are long, and you can gallop on them as fast as is necessary. Do your duty!"

Immediately Pantaloon put his long lean fingers to his mouth, and gave such a piercing crow that it rang as if a hundred little trumpets had been sounding lustily. Then there began a tramping and a neighing in the cupboard; and Fritz's dragoons and cuirassiers—but above all, the new glittering hussars—marched out, and then came to a halt, drawn up on the floor. They then marched past Nutcracker by regiments, with *guidons* flying and bands playing; after which they wheeled into line, and formed up at right angles to the line of march. Upon this, Fritz's artillery came rattling up, and formed action-front in advance of the halted cavalry. Then it went "boom-boom!" and Marie saw the sugar-plums doing terrible execution amongst the thickly massed mouse battalions, which were powdered quite white by them, and

greatly put to shame. But a battery of heavy guns, which had taken up a strong position on mamma's footstool, was what did the greatest execution; and "poom-poom-poom!" kept up a murderous fire of gingerbread nuts into the enemy's ranks with most destructive effect, mowing the mice down in great numbers. The enemy, however, was not materially checked in his advance, and had even possessed himself of one or two of the heavy guns, when there came "prr-prr-prr!" and Marie could scarcely see what was happening, for smoke and dust; but this much is certain, that every corps engaged fought with the utmost bravery and determination, and it was for a long time doubtful which side would gain the day. The mice kept on developing fresh bodies of their forces, as they were advanced to the scene of action; their little silver balls — like pills in size — which they delivered with great precision (their musketry practice being specially fine) took effect even inside the glass cupboard. Clara and Gertrude ran up and down in utter despair, wringing their hands and loudly lamenting.

"Must I — the very loveliest doll in all the world — perish miserably in the very flower of my youth?" cried Miss Clara.

"Oh! was it for this," wept Gertrude, "that I have taken such pains to *conserver* myself all these years? Must I be shot here in my own drawing-room after all?"

On this they fell into each other's arms, and howled so terribly that you could hear them above all the din of the battle. For you have no idea of the hurly-burly that went on now, dear auditor! It went prr-prr-poof, piff-schnetterdeng — schnetterdeng — boom-booroom — boom-booroom — boom — all confusedly and higgledy-piggledy; and the mouse king and the mice squeaked and screamed; and then again Nutcracker's powerful voice was heard shouting words of command and issuing important orders, and he was seen striding along amongst his battalions in the thick of the fire.

Pantaloon had made several most brilliant cavalry charges, and covered himself with glory. But Fritz's hussars were subjected — by the mice — to a heavy fire of very evil-smelling shot, which made horrid spots on their red tunics: this caused them to hesitate, and hang rather back for a time. Pantaloon made them take ground to the left, in *échelon;* and in the excitement of the moment, he, with his dragoons and cuirassiers, executed a somewhat analogous movement. That is to say, they brought up the

right shoulder, wheeled to the left, and marched home to their quarters. This had the effect of bringing the battery of artillery on the footstool into imminent danger; and it was not long before a large body of exceedingly ugly mice delivered such a vigorous assault on this position that the whole of the footstool, with the guns and gunners, fell into the enemy's hands. Nutcracker seemed much disconcerted, and ordered his right wing to commence a retrograde movement. A soldier of your experience, my dear Fritz, knows well that such a movement is almost tantamount to a regular retreat, and you grieve with me, in anticipation, for the disaster which threatens the army of Marie's beloved little Nutcracker. But turn your glance in the other direction, and look at this left wing of Nutcracker's, where all is still going well, and you will see that there is yet much hope for the commander-in-chief and his cause.

During the hottest part of the engagement, masses of mouse cavalry had been quietly debouching from under the chest of drawers, and had subsequently made a most determined advance upon the left wing of Nutcracker's force, uttering loud and horrible queakings. But what a reception they met with! Very slowly, as the nature of the *terrain* necessitated (for the ledge at the bottom of the cupboard had to be passed), the regiment of motto figures, commanded by two Chinese emperors, advanced and formed square. These fine, brilliantly uniformed troops, consisting of gardeners, Tyrolese, Tungooses, hair-dressers, harlequins, Cupids, lions, tigers, unicorns, and monkeys, fought with the utmost courage, coolness, and steady endurance. This *bataillon d'élite* would have wrested the victory from the enemy had not one of his cavalry captains, pushing forward in a rash and foolhardy manner, made a charge upon one of the Chinese emperors and bitten off his head. This Chinese emperor, in his fall, knocked over and smothered a couple of Tungooses and a unicorn; and this created a gap, through which the enemy effected a rush which resulted in the whole battalion being bitten to death. But the enemy gained little advantage by this; for as soon as one of the mouse cavalry soldiers bit one of these brave adversaries to death, he found that there was a small piece of printed paper sticking in his throat, of which he died in a moment Still, this was of small advantage to Nutcracker's army, which, having once commenced a retrograde movement, went on retreating farther and farther, suffering greater and greater loss.

So that the unfortunate Nutcracker found himself driven back close to the front of the cupboard, with a very small remnant of his army.

"Bring up the reserves! Pantaloon! Scaramouch! Drummer! where the devil have you got to?" shouted Nutcracker, who was still reckoning on reinforcements from the cupboard. And there did, in fact, advance a small contingent of brown gingerbread men and women, with gilt faces, hats, and helmets; but they laid about them so clumsily that they never hit any of the enemy, and soon knocked off the cap of their commander-in-chief, Nutcracker himself. And the enemy's chasseurs soon bit their legs off, so that they tumbled topsy-turvy, and killed several of Nutcracker's companions-in-arms into the bargain.

Nutcracker was now hard pressed, and closely hemmed in by the enemy, and in a position of extreme peril. He tried to jump the bottom ledge of the cupboard, but his legs were not long enough. Clara and Gertrude had fainted; so they could give him no assistance. Hussars and heavy dragoons came charging up at him, and he shouted in wild despair:—

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

At this moment two of the enemy's riflemen seized him by his wooden cloak, and the king of the mice went rushing up to him, squeaking in triumph out of all his seven throats.

Marie could contain herself no longer. "O my poor Nutcracker!" she sobbed; took off her left shoe without very distinctly knowing what she was about, and threw it as hard as she could into the thick of the enemy, straight at their king.

Instantly everything vanished and disappeared. All was silence. Nothing to be seen. But Marie felt a more stinging pain than before in her left arm, and fell on the floor insensible.

JAMES HOGG

(1770–1835)

ONE of the great names in modern Scottish Border poetry is James Hogg, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd; a child of nature, nourished in the Border glens and beside Border streams, on the stories and traditions of Scotland. Born in 1770 in Ettrick, which is situated in one of the most mountainous and picturesque districts in the South of Scotland, when he was thirty he had had but half a year's schooling; for he was sent to fold the sheep when but seven years old, and at sixteen attained to the dignity of shepherd, in which capacity he remained until he met Sir Walter Scott (1801), who felt that in him he had found "a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his power," and advised him to publish his poems.

JAMES HOGG

At this time Hogg is described by the son of his master as

"above middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; his face was round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gayety, glee, and good-humor. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light-brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday, he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back and fell almost to his loins. And every female eye was upon him, as with light step he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat."

From 1810 to 1816 he lived in Edinburgh, but then went back to Eltrive Lake in Yarrow, where his best verse was inspired. Of his early work, which was done in Blackhouse Glen, far from human life, alone with his lambs and dogs, the poet says: "For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still clear appellation of 'Jamie the Poeter.'" Hogg's poetry, which is happiest when it has a strong flavor of dialect, is notable for its fanciful humor or rollicking spirit of song, its love

of the weird and wonderful, its pictures of brownies, fairies, and country life; but his ambition to rival in their own way the greatest poets of his time was curiously egotistic. 'The Queen's Wake,' his most ambitious effort, was written in imitation of Scott's historical romances, and he boasted that he had "beaten him in his own line." Though a most prolific writer, the greater part of his verse is charming. He died at Eltrive Lake, November 21st, 1835, aged sixty-five.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY

Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day:
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learnin' fast to pray:
An' oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said — in confidence —
The lassie was divine,
An' that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day 'twill be
When Maggy gangs away!

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place:
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

DONALD M'DONALD

Air—«*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*»

MY NAME it is Donald M'Donald,
I live in the Hielands sae grand;
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava:
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a':
An' is nae her very weel aff,
Wi' her brogues an' brochen an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame:
Poor lad! he came to us but barely,
An' reckoned our mountains his hame.
'Twas true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away,
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a';
Now for George we'll encounter the Devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' oh, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonor,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He aye may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row,
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'!

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
We'd rattle off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—'Lochaber no more!'
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'!

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;

An' I their gude brither M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough
Oh! a happy bird is he!
Where he pours his melting ditty
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny luken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,

Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,
Drops down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill:
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still,
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?

LUDVIG HOLBERG.

LUDVIG HOLBERG

(1684–1754)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE literature of modern Scandinavia was, like that of modern Germany, slow to emerge from the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages; and the writer who ushers in the literature of modern Denmark was a boy of sixteen when the seventeenth century rounded to its close. In Scandinavia, as in Germany, the Reformation had indeed been followed by a period of intellectual ferment, but the energies thus liberated found their chief vent in theological and political discussion. In Danish literature this period is known as the age of learning; but it was an age which left humanism clean out of the question, and even its learning was of the narrow scholastic type. Into the world thus busied, which was destined during his lifetime and largely owing to his activity to undergo so complete an intellectual transformation, Ludvig Holberg was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3d, 1684. The accident of his birth in this Hansa town has led the Norwegians to claim him for their own, and to dispute his title as the Father of Danish Literature. The facts are, of course, that Norway and Denmark were politically one until 1814, with a common language, and a common intellectual centre in Copenhagen. Nearly all the literature produced, whether by Danes or Norwegians, saw the light in the Danish capital, and is properly to be described as Danish literature. Holberg saw Norway for the last time in 1705; it was in Denmark that he lived and wrote, and made for himself the greatest name in all Scandinavian literature.

The principal authority for the facts of Holberg's life, except for the closing years, is a sort of autobiography, originally published in his 'Opuscula Latina,' and afterwards translated into Danish with the title 'Trende Epistler' (Three Epistles). This little volume is candid, concise, and extremely readable, mingling jest with earnest in an altogether delightful fashion. The touch of the writer of satirical comedy is frequently seen, and the author describes his own foibles with the same sort of good-humor that goes to the creation of the types immortalized in 'Den Danske Skueplads,' or collection of his plays. From this autobiography we learn that Ludvig was the youngest of twelve children, and was left an orphan at the age of

ten. He went to school in Bergen, and was then sent to Copenhagen for an examination. Being without the money needful for university study, he soon returned to Norway, where he taught for a year in a clergyman's family, incidentally preaching on occasion in his master's place, and giving great satisfaction in the latter capacity by the brevity of his discourses. With the money thus earned, he went back to Copenhagen, studied French and Italian, and passed a fairly creditable examination in philosophy and theology. In the autumn of 1704, with sixty rigsdaler in his pocket, he set out to see the world.

Holberg's first glimpse of foreign lands was gained in about two months, and at cost of no little hardship. He got as far as Amsterdam and Aachen, and then home again. This was the first of the five foreign journeys that he made in about twenty years. In itself it was unimportant, but all the five taken together were of great significance both for him and his country. For from these excursions into the larger world of thought and action, he brought back nothing less than the great gift of European culture to bestow upon his fellow-countrymen; through him the light of the modern intelligence shone upon the darkness of the North. The freedom of the human spirit was asserting itself in many directions abroad; at home it was held in the shackles of tradition. Holberg learned of such men as Rabelais and Montaigne, Descartes and Bayle, Newton and Locke, Leibnitz and Puffendorf, Spinoza and Grotius; and felt called upon to become their interpreter to his fellow-countrymen. To this task he gave his life; and, thanks to his efforts, the Scandinavian countries, in spite of their place apart, have never lagged far behind the rest of Europe. But it is eminently characteristic of their literature, from that time to the present, that its main inspiration has been thus brought from without; and Ibsen in 1864, leaving his country because its air seemed too sultry to breathe, but repeated the experience of Holberg a century and a half earlier.

Holberg's second outing took him to Oxford, where he remained from 1705 to 1707, pursuing his studies and supporting himself by teaching music and the languages. It has been recently pointed out, mainly from internal evidence, that Addison was probably numbered among the friends made during this English sojourn, and that the germs of several of the comedies may be found in the Spectator and Tatler. The stay in Oxford was a turning-point in Holberg's life, in the sense that when he returned it was to Copenhagen, not to Norway, and that he never thereafter set foot upon his native soil. After lecturing for a while in Copenhagen, he went abroad for a winter in Dresden, Leipzig, and Halle. Returning in 1708, he spent the six years following in teaching, and during this period published his first

work, an introduction to European history. The publication of this work got the author into a literary controversy which is mainly significant because it first aroused Holberg's consciousness of his possession of the gift of satire, and helped prepare the way for 'Peder Paars' and the comedies.

The dedication to the King of a historical work of minor importance won for Holberg an appointment as professor extraordinary at the University, a purely honorary post. He thought it a good deal of a joke that he should be appointed to lecture at the University, in view of his opinion of the subjects most industriously pursued in that institution. «I could,» he says, «by good luck frame a syllogism after a fashion, but could by no means be sure whether it was in Barbara or Elizabeth.» The question of subsistence in his unsalaried position was, however, anything but a joke; for his new dignity debarred him from giving private instruction, hitherto his mainstay. But there came presently a traveling stipend of one hundred rigsdaler annually; and thus slenderly provided, he set out in 1714 upon his fourth foreign journey, remaining more than two years away from home, for the most part in France and Italy. In the summer of 1716 he made his way home, and his *Wanderjahre* were over. The one foreign journey subsequently made by him took place ten years later, when he was at the height of his fame.

For two years after his return, Holberg lived in great poverty. At this time he published a treatise upon the law of nations, basing his work upon that of Grotius and Puffendorf. At last a chair became vacant in the University, and he was called to fill it. In 1718 he was installed in his professorship, and for the rest of his life remained, occupying higher and higher positions, in close official connection with the University. Metaphysics was the subject at first assigned him, and so with a wry face he became, and remained for two years, *philosophe malgré lui.* Brandes very plausibly finds in this enforced and distasteful occupation a main cause of the irony which was planted deep within his soul, and the active impulse which led to the development of his genius in its most characteristic phase.

'Peder Paars,' the first of the works to which Holberg mainly owes his fame, was published in 1719–20. It is a mock epic in four books, and extends to upwards of six thousand lines. It is written in rhymed iambic hexameters of a very pedestrian gait. Although a poem in form, it is as destitute of the spirit of true poetry as is the 'Lutrin' of Boileau, which it suggests. Holberg was not a poet, and could not become one. The gifts of irony and satire he had in the richest measure, his humor was all but the deepest, and his imagination was vivid upon every side but the poetic. His intellectual and human sympathies embraced nearly all the life and thought of mankind. He

was of the Voltairean type, the incarnation of intelligence tempered by sympathy; and he even had his enthusiasms, although the superficial student might fail to find them. Most of these qualities appear in this his first great work, which recounts the adventures of a grocer of Callundborg upon a journey to Aarhus. It pretends to be written by one Hans Mickelson, and is provided with notes by an equally mythical Just Justesen. Speaking through the mask of the latter, the author declares that it is the object of his work «to ridicule the many ballads that are with so much eagerness read by the common people. . . . He has also wished to poke fun at heroic verse.» The poem is from beginning to end a travesty of the heroic epic, employing and turning to ridicule the supernatural machinery and the rhetorical devices of the classics of antiquity. Both the one and the other seemed absurd enough to this shrewd humorist, and probably the use to which the classics were put in an institution like the University of Copenhagen was sufficient to repress any impulse on the part of anybody to enter into their real spirit.

In the course of his journeyings, Peder Paars is wrecked upon the island of Anholt; and the following passage, relating to the inhabitants of that spot, may be given to illustrate the poem:—

«Anholt the island's name, in answer he did say,
And daily for seafarers the islanders do pray,
That they may come to shore. And answer oft is given,
For hither storm-tossed ships quite frequently are driven.
Good people are they now, although I fear 'tis true
That they in former days were but a sorry crew.
A very aged man, once guest of mine, I know,
Who told me of a priest that lived here long ago,—
His name I do not give; it need not mentioned be,—
Who for a child baptized a daler charged as fee;
And when 'twas asked of him upon what grounds, and why,
He made this double charge, he boldly gave reply:—
'Two marks I am allowed for each child I baptize,
And two for burial. Now, rarely 'tis one dies
Of sickness in his bed, for hanged are nearly all,
And thus my rightful dues I get, or not at all.'
Of yore their lives were evil, as we from this may tell,—
It little touches me, for here I do not dwell,—
But now we see that better they grow from day to day,
For Christian lives they lead, and shipwrecks are their stay.»

A certain worthy Anholter felt so much aggrieved at this description that he petitioned to have the poem burned by the hangman. Another passage, which gave particular offense to the solemn pedants of the University, thus describes an academic disputation:—

«The entire hall was seen with syllogisms quaking,
While some their outstretched hands, and others fists were shaking.
From off the learnèd brows salt perspiration ran,
And most profusely from a venerable man
Who in the pulpit stood. There flew his head about
Greek-Latin shafts so thick, one could no longer doubt
That nothing less than life and honor were at stake;
Since for no trifle men would such a tumult make.
Tell me, Calliope, what deep, what grievous wrong
Hath to such passionate wrath stirred up this learnèd throng?
What ails these sages now, whose minds the world illume,
That here, like men made drunk or mad, they shout and fume?»

In spite of the indignation aroused by such passages, the poem escaped burning and the author punishment. Tradition says that the King read it and found it amusing. And the public read it as no Danish book had ever been read before. The author had his reward in the fame that suddenly came to him, and in the proud consciousness that posterity would atone for the injustice done him by his enemies. Some years later, in verses that come as near to being genuine poetry as any that Holberg ever penned, he referred to himself and his work in the following prophetic terms:—

«Perchance, when in the grave his body moldering lies,
Perchance, when with his death the voice of envy dies,
Another tone may swell, struck from another chord,
And things now hidden men may view with sight restored.
Admit, the work does not display the scholar's lore,
Admit that 'tis a fantasy, and nothing more:
Although of little use, yet with a work of art
For many learnèd books the wise man will not part.»

We now come to the most fruitful period of Holberg's activity; the creative period that gave to Denmark a national stage, and to universal literature a series of comedies that can be classed with those of Molière alone. The comedies of Aristophanes and Shakespeare are of course out of court: they constitute a distinct literary species, with a divineness all its own. We owe the comedies of Holberg to the fact that King Frederik IV. was fond of the theatre, and the other fact that the foreign companies that gave plays in Copenhagen were not exactly successful in suiting the public taste. In this emergency, it was suggested that Danish plays might be ventured upon as an experiment, and Holberg was asked to try his hand at their composition. After some hesitation he consented, and soon had a batch of five comedies ready for the players. They were received by the public with great enthusiasm; and others followed in

quick succession, until no less than twenty-eight had been produced, all within a period of about five years. When we consider the technical finish of these comedies, their wealth of invention and humor, and the variety of the figures that live and breathe in their pages, we must reckon their production as one of the most astonishing feats in the history of literature.

The theatre was opened to the public in 1722. Six years later, Copenhagen was almost wholly destroyed by fire, and there was an end of theatre-going. In 1730 Christian VI. came to the throne; the court became strictly puritanical, and the genial days of play-acting were over. In 1747, under Frederik V., the theatre was reopened, and for it Holberg wrote six new plays, making thirty-four in all. These plays, to which the author himself gave the collective name of 'Den Danske Skueplads' (The Danish Stage), are the most important contribution yet made by the Scandinavian genius to literature.

To the student of Shakespeare or of Molière, the chronological order of the plays is a matter of the greatest consequence. To the student of Holberg it has no significance whatever. The first of them all is as finished and mature a production as any of those that come after. The only fact worth noting, perhaps, is that the comedies of the later period are less effective than those of the earlier; for the intervening score of years seem to have taken from the author's hand something of its cunning. One group of the comedies, six or eight in number, deal with fantastic and allegorical subjects. Here we may mention the 'Plutus,' an imitation of Aristophanes; 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' a jumble of incidents connected with the Trojan War; and 'Melampe,' a parody of French tragedy, and the only one of the comedies written largely in verse. Another group deals with the popular beliefs of a superstitious age,—beliefs very real in Holberg's day, and requiring considerable boldness to ridicule. This group of half a dozen includes 'Det Arabiske Pulver' (The Arabian Powder), concerned with the impostures of alchemy; 'Uden Hoved og Hale' (Without Head or Tail), which contrasts the two types of excessive credulity and excessive skepticism; and 'Hexerie' (Witchcraft), the hero of which makes a profitable business out of the Black Art. Many of the comedies depict "humors" in the Jonsonian sense, as 'Den Stundeslöse' (The Busy Man); 'Den Vœgelsindede' (The Fickle-Minded Woman); 'Jean de France,' depicting the dandy just returned from Paris; 'Jacob von Tyboe,' depicting the braggart soldier; and 'Den Honnette Ambition' (The Proper Ambition), depicting the personality of the title-seeking snob. Another group of the plays depend for their interest upon pure intrigue; and of these 'Henrich og Pernille' is perhaps the best, because the most symmetrical in construction.

Four of the comedies deserve more extended mention, because they display Holberg's highest powers of humorous satire, his keenest penetration, and his deepest moral earnestness. They are 'Den Politiske Kandestöber' (The Political Pewterer), 'Jeppe paa Bierget,' 'Erasmus Montanus,' and 'Det Lykkelige Skibbrud' (The Fortunate Shipwreck). In the first of these four plays we have a humorous delineation of the man who, without any practical experience in the work of government or any knowledge of political science, boldly discusses questions of public policy, and makes the most grotesque proposals for the welfare of the State. In 'Jeppe paa Bierget' we have the story made familiar to us by the 'Induction' to the 'Taming of the Shrew.' In his portrayal of a drunken peasant made for a day to believe himself a nobleman, Holberg achieved one of his greatest triumphs. It is not so much the drunken humor as the genuine humanity of the peasant that appeals to us, and the springs of pity are tapped no less than the springs of mirth. In 'Erasmus Montanus,' which Brandes calls "our deepest work," we have a study of the country youth who is sent to Copenhagen for his education, and who comes back to his simple home a pedantic prig, a superior person, scorning his family and old-time associates. Petty and insufferable as his training has made him, he is in some sort, after all, the representative of the intellectual life; and there is something almost tragic in the manner in which he is forced finally to succumb to prejudice, sacrificing the truth to his personal comfort. The special significance of 'Det Lykkelige Skibbrud' is in the last of the five acts, which gives us the author's *apologia pro vita sua*, and strikes a note of earnestness that must arrest the attention. The hero is a satirical poet, brought to judgment by his enraged fellow-citizens, and triumphantly acquitted by a righteous judge.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the comedies, large as they loom in the history of Danish letters, represent only five or six years of a life prolonged to the Scriptural tale, and almost Voltairean in its productiveness. Among the other works that must at least be mentioned are the 'Dannemarks Riges Historie' (History of the Kingdom of Denmark), the author's highest achievement as a historian; and the 'Hero Stories' and 'Heroine Stories' in Plutarch's manner, which were among the most popular of his prose writings. The most widely known of all Holberg's works is the 'Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterraneum' (Niels Klim's Underground Journey), published at Leipzig in 1741, and soon after translated into Danish and almost every other European tongue. It is a philosophical romance of the type of 'Utopia' and 'Gulliver,' and champions the spirit of tolerance in religious and other intellectual concerns.

The same liberal spirit breathes in the 'Moralske Tanker' (Moral Reflections) of 1744. This work, and the five volumes of 'Epistler'

(1748–54), are about the last of Holberg's writings, and embody his ripest thought upon government, literature, philosophy, religion, and the practical conduct of life. If hitherto we have thought of Holberg as the Northern prototype of Molière or Voltaire, he appears to us in his 'Epistles' rather in the light of a Northern Montaigne. These brief essays, between five and six hundred in number, afford the most intimate revelation of the author's life and intellectual attitude. They are charmingly ripe and genial work, and close in the worthiest imaginable way the long list of the writings with which for nearly forty years he continued to enrich the national literature of which he had been the creator.

Nearly twenty years before his death, Holberg, who had never married, expressed a determination to devote to public uses the modest fortune that he had accumulated. He finally decided to apply this fortune to the endowment of Sorö Academy, a sort of auxiliary of the University; and the gift was made effective several years before his death. In 1747 he received a title of nobility; but as Baron Holberg remained the same conscientious and unaffected citizen that he had been as a commoner. He accepted his title with simple dignity, as a deserved recognition of his services to the State and the nation, just as in our own day the greatest of modern English poets accepted a similar title for similar reasons.

The last summons came to him near the close of 1753, in the form of an affection of the lungs. When told of his danger, he said:— "It is enough for me to know that I have sought all my life long to be a useful citizen of my country. I will therefore die willingly, and all the more so because I perceive that my mental powers are likely to fail me." The end came January 28th, 1754, when he had entered upon his seventieth year. His body lies in the church at Sorö, beneath a marble sarcophagus placed there a quarter of a century after his death.

The words just quoted strike the prevailing note of Holberg's character, in their unaffected simplicity revealing the inmost nature of the man. He was simple in his daily life, and simple in his chosen forms of literary expression, abhorring parade in the one as he abhorred pedantry in the other. Few figures of the eighteenth century stand out in as clear a light, and none is more deserving of respect. Holberg founded no school in the narrow sense, but in the wider sense the whole spiritual life of modern Denmark is traceable to his impulse and indebted to his example. He was not unconscious of his high mission, and even in the lightest of his comedies we may detect the ethical undercurrent. «Ej blot til Lyst»—«Not merely for pleasure»—has long been the motto of the Danish National Theatre; and it was in the spirit of that fine phrase that Holberg wrote, not only 'Den Danske Skueplads,' but also the many books of history

and allegory, of philosophy and criticism, that occupied his long and industrious days. Denmark may well be proud that such a figure stands in the forefront of its intellectual life.

NOTE. — It is difficult to give any adequate idea of Holberg's work by means of a few selections, but the attempt must be made. I have chosen three extracts from the comedies: the first, from 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' illustrates the author's work in its most fantastic phase; the second, from 'Den Politiske Kandestöber,' illustrates his powers and his limitations as a delineator of character; the third, from 'Erasmus Montanus,' develops the central situation of his most remarkable play, illustrating his insight, his humor, and his skill in the management of dialogue. To these dramatic scenes I have appended two of the most characteristic 'Epistles,' as examples of his manner as an essayist in prose. All the translations are my own, and made for the present occasion. W. M. P.

FROM 'ULYSSES VON ITHACIA'

ULYSSES — Alas, Chilian, I have tried in every way to calm the wrath of Neptune; but prayers, offerings, are all in vain. We have now wandered about for twenty years since the conquest of Troy from one place to another, until we have at last come to Cajania, where Queen Dido has promised us provision of ships for the pursuit of our journey; but alas! day after day goes by, and I fear that it will be longer than we think. For I am afraid of something I dare not think about. I am afraid, Chilian —

Chilian — What is my lord afraid of?

Ulysses — I am afraid that Dido has fallen in love with me.

Chilian — Perhaps —

Ulysses — Oh, unfortunate man that I am! If it is true, Chilian, we shall never get away from here.

Chilian — Will my lord not take it ill if I ask him how old he was when he left home?

Ulysses — I was in the flower of my age, not over forty.

Chilian — Good. Forty years to begin with; then ten years for the siege makes fifty, then twenty years on the homeward

journey makes seventy. The great Dido must be a great lover of antiquities, if she is so cold towards the many young men from whom she might choose, and falls in love with an aged and bearded man.

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian: I don't want to hear any such arguments; you must have made a mistake in the reckoning. When you see a thing with your eyes, you mustn't doubt it. If you saw snow in midsummer, you shouldn't say, "It is not possible that this should be snow, for it is now summer": it should be enough for you to see the snow with your eyes.

Chilian — I observe, my lord, that I must leave reason out of the question in the things that have happened to us. So I will no longer doubt, but rather think how we can get ourselves out of this fix.

Ulysses — How shall we escape this impending disaster?

Chilian — There is no other way but to steal away from the land in secret.

Ulysses — You are right there, Chilian. I will go right away and talk the situation over with my faithful comrades; stay here until I come back. [*Goes away.*]

Chilian [*alone*] — I wish I had a pinch of snuff, so I could catch my breath; for my head is almost distracted. I am sure that when my lord comes back he will say again that it is ten years since he last spoke with me. We shall get to be five or six thousand years old before we come home to our fatherland; for I notice that we do not keep pace with time, but that time runs away from us while we stand still. I have a piece of English cheese here that I brought from Ithaca thirty years ago, and it is still quite fresh. And not only does time run away from us, but the earth on which we stand; for many times, when I light my pipe we are in the eastern corner of the world, and before I have smoked it out we find ourselves in the western corner.

Ulysses *returns*

Ulysses — Oh heavens! is it possible that such things can be in nature?

Chilian — What is up now, your Worship?

Ulysses — Alas, Chilian, I never could have imagined such a thing, if I hadn't seen it with these my eyes.

Chilian — What is it, my lord?

Ulysses — O Dido, Dido, what ill have I done thee, that thou shouldst thus exercise thy magic arts upon my faithful comrades?

Chilian — Are they bewitched?

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian, to a marvelous tale, the like of which has not been known from Deucalion's flood to the present time. During the four weeks since I last spoke with you —

Chilian — Is it only four weeks? I thought it was about four years.

Ulysses — During the four weeks, I say, I have been planning with my comrades to journey away in secret. We were all ready to go on board, when Dido got wind of it, and to prevent our departure, by magic changed all my comrades into swine.

Chilian — Ei, that cannot be possible, gracious lord! [*aside*] because they were swine before.

Ulysses — Alas, it is too true, Chilian. I thought my eyes deceived me, and I spoke to them. But their speech was transformed with their shape, and for an answer they grunted at me. Then I took flight for fear of likewise being turned into a hog. But there they come; I dare stay no longer. [*Departs weeping.*]

Enter the Comrades of Ulysses, *crawling on their hands and feet, and grunting*

Chilian — Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! The deuce take you all! I never saw the like in all my days.

Swine — Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian — Listen, you fellows: what devil is bestride you?

Swine — We are swine, little father. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian — The Devil take me if you are swine.

Swine — Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian [*gets down on his hands and feet, and begins to grunt*] — Ugh, ugh, ugh! Listen, you fellows, are you sure you are swine?

Swine — Ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian — Well, since you are swine, you shall have swine's food. Eat me up this filth that lies here.

Swine — We are not hungry, little father. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian [*beating them with a whip*] — Go on, I tell you, — eat it up, or I will cut your swinish backs into strips. Go on, go on; if you are swine it is the right food for you.

[*He flogs them roundly. The swine get up, and become men again.*]

Swine — As sure as you live, you shall pay us for these blows, my good Monsieur Wegner.* Aren't you ashamed to spoil the whole story in this way? [*They run off.*]

Chilian — I didn't spoil the story,— I made them into two-legged hogs, as they were before. But there comes my lord again.

Ulysses — Alas! Chilian, have they all gone?

Chilian — Yes, my lord, they have gone. They go on two legs now as they did before.

Ulysses — Are they no longer swine?

Chilian — I don't say that; far from it: but my leechcraft has gone so far as to make them two-legged once more.

Ulysses — O great son of Æsculapius! you deserve to have temples and altars erected in your honor. From what god or goddess did you learn such divine arts?

Chilian — I lay down in the field for a while, and with bitter tears bewailed the misfortune of our people. While weeping I fell asleep, and there appeared to me Proserpina, the goddess of leechcraft, (that's her name, isn't it?) who said to me: «Chilian, I have heard thy tears and thy prayers. Get up, and cut a branch from the first birch at your left hand. It is a sacred tree that no man has hitherto touched. As soon as you touch your countrymen with it, they shall rise up and walk on two legs as before.» Which happened just as she said. Whether they are still swine or not, I don't say; but it is certain that they look as they used to, walk on two legs, and speak,— for they abused me because I hit them too hard with the sacred rod.

Ulysses — O Chilian, you have saved me! Let me embrace you!

Chilian — Serviteur! It would be a pleasure to me if my lord would also turn hog, so that I might have the satisfaction of curing him too.

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian, there is not much time to waste; the ship is all ready. Let us go and gather our people together, that we may escape hastily and in silence. See, there comes Dido: we must run.

* The name of the actor who took the part of Chilian.

FROM 'THE POLITICAL PEWTERER'

[Herman von Bremen, a Hamburg pewterer, has become a dabbler in politics, and with the freedom of ignorance expresses his opinions concerning various affairs of State. He meets regularly with a number of his friends in what they call a Collegium Politicum, for the discussion of political matters. The characters in this act are Herman, his wife Geske, his fellow-politicians, and his servant Heinrich.]

HERMAN — Heinrich, get everything ready. Mugs and pipes on the table. That is right.

[*Heinrich makes preparations. One comes in after another, and all take seats at the table, Herman at the head.*]

Herman —Welcome, good men, all of you! Where did we leave off last?

Richart the Brushmaker —We were talking about the interests of Germany.

Gert the Furrier — That is so; I remember now. It will all come up at the next Reichstag. I wish I could be there for an hour, — I would whisper something to the Elector of Mainz that he would thank me for. The good people do not know where the interests of Germany lie. When did one ever hear of an imperial city like Vienna without a fleet, or at least without galleys? They might keep a war fleet for the defense of the kingdom; there is the war tax and the war treasure. See how much wiser the Turk is. We can never learn to wage war better than he does. There are forests enough in Austria and Prague, if they were only used for ships and masts. If we had a fleet in Austria or Prague, then the Turk and the Frenchman would stop besieging Vienna, and we could go to Constantinople. But nobody thinks of such things.

Sivert the Inspector — No, not a mother's son of them. Our forefathers were a good deal wiser. It all depends upon circumstances. Germany is no bigger now than it was in the old days, when we not only defended ourselves well enough against our neighbors, but even seized large parts of France, and besieged Paris by land and water.

Frantz the Wigmaker — But Paris isn't a seaport.

Sivert the Inspector — Then I have read my map very badly. I know how Paris lies. Here lies England, right where my finger is; here is the Channel, here is Bordeaux, and here is Paris.

Frantz the Wigmaker — No, brother! Here is Germany, close to France, which connects with Germany; *ergo*, Paris cannot be a seaport.

Sivert — Doesn't France have any sea-coast?

Frantz — No indeed; a Frenchman who has not traveled abroad doesn't know anything about ships and boats. Ask Master Herman. Isn't it the way I say, Master Herman?

Herman — I will soon settle the dispute. Heinrich, get us the map of Europe.

The Host — Here you have one, but it is in pieces.

Herman — That doesn't matter. I know where Paris is, well enough, but I want the map to convince the others. Do you see, Sivert, here is Germany.

Sivert — That is all right; I can tell it by the Danube, which lies here.

[*As he points to the Danube his elbow tips over a mug, and the beer runs over the map.*]

The Host — The Danube is flowing a little too fast.

[*General laughter.*]

Herman — Listen, good people, — we talk too much about foreign affairs: let us talk about Hamburg; there is plenty here to think about. I have often wondered how it happens that we have no settlements in India, and have to buy our wares of others. This is a matter that the Bürgermeister and his council ought to think about.

Richart — Don't talk about Bürgermeister and council; if we wait till they think about it, we shall have to wait a long while. Here in Hamburg a bürgermeister gets credit only for restricting law-abiding citizens.

Herman — What I mean, my good men, is that it is not yet too late; for why should not the King of India trade with us as well as with Dutchmen, who have nothing to send him but cheese and butter, which generally spoils on the way? It is my opinion that we should do well to bring the matter before the council. How many of us are there here?

Host — There are only six of us; I don't believe the other six are coming any more.

Herman — There are enough of us. What is your opinion, host? Let us put it to vote.

Hans—I am not wholly in favor of it: for such journeys bring a good many people here from town, and I pick up some shillings from them.

Svend—It is my opinion that we should think more of the city's welfare than of our own interests, and that Master Herman's plan is one of the finest that has ever been made. The more trade we have, the more the city must prosper: the more ships come hither, the better it will be for us small officials. Yet this is not the chief reason why I vote for the plan: and I recommend it wholly for sake of the city's needs and prosperity.

Gert—I can't altogether agree with this plan, but propose rather settlements in Greenland and Davis Strait: for such trade would be much better and more useful for the city.

Frants ole Cadet—I see that Gert's vote has more to do with his own interest than with the good of the republic; for Indian voyages bring less business to furriers than voyages to the North. For my part, I hold that the Indian trade is the most important of all: for in India you can often get from the savages, for a knife or a fork or a pair of scissors, a lump of gold that weighs as much. We must arrange it so that the plan we propose to the council shall not savor of self-interest, else we shall not make much headway with it.

Richart—I am of Niels Skriver's opinion.

Herman—You vote like a brushmaker: Niels Skriver isn't here. But what does that woman want? It is my wife, I declare.

Enter Geske

Geske—Are you here, you idler? It would be quite as well if you did some work, or looked after your people a little. We are losing one job after another by your neglect.

Herman—Be quiet, wife! You may be Frau Bürgermeister before you know it. Do you suppose I am wasting my time? I am doing ten times more work than all of you in the house: you only work with your hands, and I am working with my head.

Geske—That's what all crazy folks do: they build air-castles, and split their heads with craziness and foolishness, imagining that they are doing something important when it amounts to nothing at all.

Gert—If that was my wife, she shouldn't talk that way more than once.

Herman—Eh, Gert! A politician mustn't mind it. Two or three years ago, I would have dressed my wife's back for such

words; but since I began to dip into political books, I have learned to scorn talk like that. *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare* (Who knows not how to dissimulate knows not how to reign), says an old politician who was no fool; I think his name was Agrippa or Albertus Magnus. It is a principle of politics all over the world, that he who cannot bear a few sharp words from an ill-tempered and crazy woman isn't fit for any high place. Coolness is the greatest of virtues, and the jewel that best adorns rulers and authorities. So I hold that no one here in the city should have a place in the council before he has given proof of his coolness, and let people see that he cannot be disturbed by abusive words, blows, and boxes on the ear. I am quick-tempered by nature, but I strive to overcome it by reflection. I have read in the preface of a book called 'Der Politische Stockfisch' (The Political Stockfish) that when a man is overcome with anger he should count twenty, and his anger will often pass away.

Gert — It wouldn't help *me* if I counted a hundred.

Herman — That means you are only fit for a humble place. Heinrich, give my wife a mug of beer at the little table.

Geske — Ei, you rascal, do you think I came here to drink?

Herman — One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen — now it is all over. Listen, mother: you mustn't talk so harshly to your husband, — it is so very vulgar.

Geske — Is it genteel to beg? Hasn't any wife cause to scold, when she has for husband an idler who neglects his family this way, and lets his wife and children suffer?

Herman — Heinrich, give her a glass of brandy: she is getting excited.

Geske — Heinrich, box the ears of that rascal my husband.

Heinrich — You will have to do that yourself: I don't like the commission.

Geske — Then I will do it myself. [*Boxes her husband's ears.*]

Herman — One, two, three [*counts up to twenty, then acts as if he were about to strike back, but begins to count twenty over again*] — If I hadn't been a politician, it would have been bad for you.

Gert — If you can't manage your wife, I'll do it for you. [*To Geske.*] Get out of here!

[*Geske flings herself out.*]

Gert — I'll teach her to stay at home next time. If you have to be dragged about by the hair by your wife to be a politician, I shall never be one.

Herman — Ah, ah! *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare.* It is easily said, but not so easy to practice. I confess it was a great shame my wife did me: I think I will run after her and beat her in the street. Yet — one, two, three [*counts to twenty*]. It is all over: let us talk about something else.

Frantz — Women-folk have altogether too much to say here in Hamburg.

Gert — That is true: I have often thought of making a proposal on the subject. But it is a serious thing to get into trouble with them. The proposal is a good one, however.

Herman — What is your proposal?

Gert — There are not many articles in it. First, I would not have the marriage contract lasting, but only for a certain number of years, so that if a man were not satisfied with his wife, he could make a new contract with another: only both he and his companion should be bound to let each other know, three months before moving day (which might be at Easter or Michaelmas); in case he was satisfied with her, the contract might be renewed. Believe me, if such a law were passed, there wouldn't be a single bad wife in Hamburg: they would all do their best to please their husbands and get the contract extended. Have any of you anything to say against the article? Frantz! you smile in a knowing way: you must have something to say against it — let us hear from you.

Frantz — Might not a wife sometimes find her account in getting separated from a husband who either treated her badly, or was lazy, doing nothing but eat and drink, without working to support his wife and children? Or she might take a liking for somebody else, and lead her husband such a dance that he would let her go in spite of his resolve to keep her. I think that great misfortunes might spring from such a plan. There are ways to manage a wife, after all. If everybody would, like you, Master Herman, count twenty every time his ears were boxed, we should have a lot of fine wives. — Let us hear the other articles, Gert.

Gert — Yes, you are likely to. You only want to make more fun of me: no plan can be so good that something will not be said against it.

Herman — Let us talk about something else. Anybody who heard us would think we met to discuss the marriage relation. I was thinking last night, when I could not sleep, how the government of Hamburg might be changed so as to shut out a few families, who seem born to be bürgermeisters and councilors, and bring back full freedom to the city. I was thinking that we might choose our bürgermeisters, now from one trade, now from another, so that all citizens could share in the government and all kinds of business prosper: for example, when a goldsmith became bürgermeister he would look after the goldsmiths' interests, a tailor after the tailors', a pewterer after the pewterers'; and nobody should be bürgermeister more than a month, so that no trade should prosper more than another. If the government were arranged that way, we might be a truly free people.

All — Your plan is a fine one, Master Herman. You talk like a Solomon.

Franz the Cutler — The plan is good enough, but —

Gert the Furrier — You are always coming in with your "buts." I believe your father or mother was a Mennonite.*

Herman — Let him say what he means. What do you want to say? What do you mean by your "but"?

Frantz — I was wondering whether it wouldn't be hard sometimes to find a good bürgermeister in every trade. Master Herman is good enough, for he has studied; but after he is dead, where could we find another pewterer fit for such an office? For when the republic is on its knees, it isn't as easy to mold it into another shape as it is to mold a plate or a mug when it is spoiled.

Gert — Oh, rubbish! We can find plenty of good men among the working classes.

Herman — Listen, Frantz: you are a young man yet, and so you can't see as far into things as we others; but I see that you have a good head, and may amount to something in time. I will briefly prove to you from our own company that your reason is not a good one. There are twelve of us here, all working people, and each of us can see a hundred mistakes that the council makes. Now just imagine one of us made bürgermeister: he could correct the mistakes we have so often talked about, and that the council is too blind to see. Would Hamburg City

* This is a play upon the words: Men = but; — Mennist, Mennonite.

lose anything by such a bürgermeister? If you good people think it would, I will give up my plan.

All — You are quite right.

Herman — But now about our affairs. The time is going, and we haven't read the papers yet. Heinrich, let us have the latest papers.

Heinrich — Here are the latest papers.

Herman — Hand them to Richart the brushmaker, who is our reader.

Richart — They write from the head camp on the Rhine that recruits are expected.

Herman — Yes, they have written that a dozen times running. Skip the Rhine. I lose my temper altogether when that thing is talked about. What is the news from Italy?

Richart — They write from Italy that Prince Eugene has broken up his camp, crossed the Po, and passed by all the fortresses to surprise the enemy's army, which thereupon retreated four miles in great haste. The Duke of Vendôme laid waste his own country on the retreat.

Herman — Ah, ah! His Highness is struck with blindness; we are undone; I wouldn't give four skillings for the whole army in Italy.

Gert — I believe that the Prince did right; that was always my plan. Didn't I say the other day, Frantz, that he ought to do so?

Frantz — No, I can't remember that you did.

Gert — I have said so a hundred times, for how can the army lie and loiter there? The Prince was all right. I will maintain it against anybody.

Herman — Heinrich, give me a glass of brandy. I must say, gentlemen, that things grew black before my eyes when I heard this news read. Your health, Mussiörs! Now, I confess I call it a capital mistake to pass by the fortresses.

Sivert — I would have done just the same if the army had been under my command.

Frantz — Yes, the next thing we shall see is that they will make generals out of inspectors.

Sivert — You need not jeer; I could do as well as some other people.

Gert — I think that Sivert is right, and that the Prince did well to go straight at the enemy.

Herman — Ei, my good Gert, you know too much; you have a good deal to learn yet.

Gert — I won't learn it from Frantz the cutler.

[*They get into a sharp quarrel, talk in one another's faces, get up from their stools, storm and threaten.*]

Herman [*strikes the table and shouts*] — Quiet, quiet, gentlemen! Let us not talk about it any more; every one can have his own opinion. Listen, gentlemen, pay attention! Do you suppose the Duke of Vendôme retreated and laid waste the country because he was frightened? No; the fellow has read the chronicle of Alexander Magnus, who acted just that way when Darius pursued him, and then won a victory as great as ours at Hochstedt.

Heinrich — The postmaster's clock just struck twelve.

Herman — Then we must all go.

[*They continue the dispute on the way out.*]

FROM 'ERASMUS MONTANUS'

[Rasmus Berg, the son of Jeppe and Nille, simple country-folk, has been sent to the university for an education, and returns to his home a pedantic prig. He has Latinized his name into Erasmus Montanus, and his attainments make a deep impression upon his parents. The third act introduces, besides these three, the betrothed of Erasmus, Lisbed by name, her parents Jeronimus and Magdelone, Jesper Ridefoged the bailiff, and Per Degn the parish clerk.]

NILLE — My son Montanus is staying away a long while. I wish he would come back before the bailiff goes, for he wants to talk with him, and is curious to ask him about this and that, such as — Why, there he comes! Welcome back, my dear son! Jeronimus must have been glad to see Mr. Son in good health after so long an absence.

Montanus — I spoke neither with Jeronimus nor his daughter, on account of a fellow with whom I got into an argument.

Nille — What sort of a fellow was he? Perhaps it was the schoolmaster.

Montanus — No, it was a stranger who leaves here to-day. I know him a little, although I never associated with him in Copenhagen. I lose my temper completely with people who imagine themselves the embodiment of all wisdom, and who are idiots. I will tell you, little mother, what it was all about The fellow has been *ordinarius opponens* once or twice, and therein is his

sole *merita*. But how did he perform his *partes? Misere et hæsitanter absq. methodo.* When Præses once made a distinction *inter rem et modum rei*, he asked, *Quid hoc est?* Wretch! you should have learned that *antequam in arenam descendis.* "*Quid hoc est?*" *quæ bruta!* A fellow that ignores *distinctiones cardinales*, and yet would dispute *publice!*

Nille — Well, Mr. Son must not take it too much to heart. I can tell from what you say that he must be a fool.

Montanus — An ignoramus.

Nille — Nothing is more certain.

Montanus — An idiot.

Nille — He cannct be anything else.

Montanus — He publicly confused *materiam cum forma.*

Nille — He ought to be punished for it.

Montanus — And such a fellow thinks he can dispute.

Nille — The devil he can!

Montanus — Not to speak of the mistake he made in his *proœmio*, when he said, *Lectissimi et doctissimi auditores.*

Nille — What a fool he must be!

Montanus — Think of putting *lectissimus* before *doctissimus*, when *lectissimus* is a *prædicat*, as every beginner should know.

Jeppe — But didn't my son get to talk with Jeronimus?

Montanus — No, for just as I was going in I saw the fellow passing by the door, and since we knew each other I went up to greet him; whereupon we got into a discussion about learned matters, and finally into a disputation, so that I had to postpone my visit.

Jeppe — I am afraid that Monsieur Jeronimus will take it ill, that my son went to his place and came away without seeing him.

Montanus — I couldn't help it. When a man attacks philosophy, he attacks my honor. I am fond of Mademoiselle Lisbed, but *metaphysica* and *logica* have the prior place in my affections.

Nille — O my dear son, what do I hear? Are you engaged to two other girls in Copenhagen? You may get into trouble with the courts.

Montanus — You don't understand me: it is not meant that way. They are not girls, but two branches of science.

Nille — That is different. But here comes the bailiff; don't be angry any more.

Montanus — I can't be angry with him, because he is a simple and ignorant man, with whom I cannot get into any argument.

Enter Jesper

Jesper — *Serviteur, Monsieur.* I congratulate you on your return.

Montanus — Thank you, Mr. Bailiff.

Jesper — I am very glad that we have so learned a man in town. It must have racked his brain a good deal before he got so far. I wish you joy, too, Jeppe Berg! Your son makes you very happy in your old age.

Jeppe — Yes, that is true.

Jesper — Now listen, my dear Monsieur Rasmus: I want to ask you about something.

Montanus — My name is Montanus.

Jesper [*aside to Jeppe*] — Montanus — is that Latin for Rasmus?

Jeppe — Yes, it must be.

Jesper — Listen, my dear Monsieur Montanus Berg: I have heard said that learned folks have singular ideas. Is it true that in Copenhagen they think the earth is round? Here in the country no one will believe it; for how can it be, since the earth seems quite flat?

Montanus — That is because the earth is so big that we do not notice its roundness.

Jesper — Yes, that is true: the earth is big; it is almost half as big as the world. But listen, monsieur: how many stars would it take to make a moon?

Montanus — A moon! The moon is to a star about as Pebling Lake is to the whole of Sjælland.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! Learned people are never quite right in their heads. I have even heard people say that the earth runs and the sun stands still. Monsieur doesn't believe that too?

Montanus — No reasonable man any longer doubts it.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! If the earth ran, we should all fall over and break our necks.

Montanus — Cannot a ship sail with you without breaking your neck?

Jesper — But you say that the earth goes round; if a ship turned over, wouldn't the people fall out into the sea?

Montanus — I will explain it more clearly, if you will only be patient.

Jesper — I don't want to hear about it. I should have to be crazy to believe such stuff. The earth turns round without our

all falling into the gulf and going to the devil, ha, ha, ha! But, my dear Monsieur Berg, how does it happen that the moon is sometimes so little and sometimes so big?

Montanus — If I were to tell you, you wouldn't believe it.

Jesper — But just be good enough to tell me.

Montanus — It is because when the moon is grown to full size, they cut off little pieces to make stars of.

Jesper — That is very curious, I declare. I didn't know that before. If they didn't cut off the little pieces it might grow too big, and be as broad as Sjælland. Nature rules things very wisely. But why doesn't the moon warm us like the sun, since it is quite as big?

Montanus — It is because the moon gives no light, but is made of the same dark matter as the earth, and gets its light from the sun.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Let us talk about something else. These things are distracting enough to make a man's head turn Catholic.

Enter Per Degn

Jeppe — Welcome, Per! Good people come where good people are. Here you see my son, who has just come home.

Per — Welcome here, Monsieur Rasmus Berg!

Montanus — In Copenhagen I am usually called Montanus: I beg that you will address me by that name.

Per — All right, it amounts to about the same thing. How are affairs in Copenhagen? Did many graduate this year?

Montanus — As many as usual.

Per — Were there some rejected this year?

Montanus — Two or three *conditionaliter*.

Per — Who is *imprimatur* this year?

Montanus — What do you mean?

Per — I mean, who is *imprimatur* in verses and books that are printed?

Montanus — Is that supposed to be Latin?

Per — It was good Latin in my time.

Montanus — If it was good Latin then, it must be now; but it was never Latin in the sense you give to it.

Per — Good Latin it is, all the same.

Montanus — Is it a *nomen* or a *verbum?*

Per — It is a *nomen*.

Jesper — That's right, Per, stick to it!

Montanus — *Cujus declinationis* is *imprimatur* then?

Per — All the words there are, belong to eight classes, which are *nomen*, *pronomen*, *verbum*, *principium*, *conjugatio*, *declinatio*, *interjectio*.

Jesper — Hear, hear; listen to Per, when he talks off-hand. That is right, press him hard!

Montanus — He doesn't answer what I ask him. What is *imprimatur* in *genitivo?*

Per — *Nominativus ala*, *genitivus alæ*, *dativus alo*, *vocativus alo*, *ablativus ala*.

Jesper — There, there, Monsieur Montanus, we have people here in the country too.

Per — I should say so. In my time the fellows that matriculated were of a different sort from nowadays. They were fellows that got shaved twice a week, and could *scandere* all sorts of verse.

Montanus — That is a great thing to boast of: anybody can do that now in the second lesson. Fellows now graduate from the schools of Copenhagen who can make Hebrew and Chaldaic verses.

Per — Then they can't know much Latin.

Montanus — Latin! If you were to go to school now, they would put you in the booby class.

Jesper — Don't say that, Montanus. I know that the clerk is a deeply studied man; I have heard the tax collector and the district judge say so.

Montanus — Perhaps they know no more Latin than he does.

Jesper — But I can hear that he speaks up stoutly for himself.

Montanus — He doesn't answer the questions I ask him. *E qua schola dismissus es, mi domine?*

Per — *Adjectivum et substantivum genere, numero, et caseo conveniunt.*

Jesper — He gives him full measure, i' faith. Come, Per, we'll have a glass of brandy together.

Montanus — If Mr. Bailiff knew what these answers meant, he would split his sides laughing. I ask him from what school he graduated, and he answers with a lot of rubbish that has nothing to do with the question.

Per — *Tunc tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.*

Jesper — Well, well, now he wants to go on. Just answer that.

Montanus — I cannot answer it; it is mere nonsense. Let us talk Danish together, so that the others can understand, and you will soon find out what sort of fellow he is.

[*Nille weeps.*]

Jesper — What are you weeping for, mother?

Nille — It hurts me so to have my son beaten in Latin.

Jesper — Well, mother, that is no wonder, — Per is so much older than he is. It is no wonder. Let them talk Danish now, so we can all understand.

Per — Very well. I am ready for whichever he chooses. We will ask each other a few questions: for example, who was it that cried so loud that he was heard all over the world?

Montanus — I know of no one who can cry louder than donkeys and parish clerks.

Per — Nonsense! can you hear them all over the world? It was an ass in the ark, because the whole world was in the ark.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! So it was, ha, ha, ha! Per Degn has got a cunning head on his shoulders.

Per — Who killed a quarter of mankind?

Montanus — I do not answer such coarse questions.

Per — It was Cain, who killed his brother Abel.

Montanus — Prove that there were not more than four human beings in the world.

Per — Prove that there were more.

Montanus — I am not forced to; for *affirmanti incumbit probatio.* Do you understand that?

Per — Certainly. *Omnia conando docilis solertia vincit.* Do you understand that?

Montanus — I am very foolish to stay here in disputation with a booby. You would dispute, and know neither Latin nor Danish, still less what *logica* is. Let us hear, *Quid est logica?*

Per — *Post molestam senectutem, post molestam senectutem nos habebat humus.*

Montanus — Will the rascal make fun of me?

[*Grabs him by the hair; they struggle; the clerk escapes, crying "Booby, booby!" All go out except the bailiff.*]

Enter Jeronimus

Jeronimus — Your servant, Mr. Bailiff. So I find you here. I came to see my future son-in-law, Rasmus Berg.

Jesper — He will be here right away. Pity you didn't come half an hour sooner; you might have heard him argue with the clerk.

Jeronimus — How did it come out?

Jesper — Per Degn, deuce take him, is slyer than I thought; I see that he has forgotten neither his Latin nor his Hebrew.

Jeronimus — I can believe that, for he never knew much of them.

Jesper — Don't say that, Monsieur Jeronimus. He has got a deuce of a mouth on him. It is really a pleasure to hear the man talk Latin.

Jeronimus — That is more than I supposed he could do. But how does my son-in-law look?

Jesper — He looks dreadfully learned; you would hardly know him again. He has got another name, too.

Jeronimus — Another name! What is his name now?

Jesper — He calls himself Montanus, which is the same as Rasmus in Latin.

Jeronimus — Oh fie! that is abominable I have known many who have thus changed their Christian names, and they never did well in the world. I knew one a few years ago who was christened Peer, and who when he amounted to something sought to change his stamp, and had himself called Peiter. But his Peiter cost him dear, for he broke his leg and died in great wretchedness. Our Lord does not like such doings, Mr. Bailiff.

Jesper — I don't care what sort of a name he takes, but I don't like to have him believe in such strange opinions.

Jeronimus — What opinions has he got?

Jesper — They are frightful. The hair stands up on my head when I think of them. I don't remember all that I heard, but I know that he said for one thing that the earth was round. What do you think of that, Monsieur Jeronimus? It is nothing less than upsetting all religion and leading people away from their faith. A heathen cannot be worse.

Jeronimus — He must have said it in jest.

Jesper — It is dreadful to make such jests. See, there he comes.

Enter Montanus

Montanus — Welcome, dear father-in-law. I am glad to see you in good health.

Jeronimus — People of my age cannot expect to have remarkable health.

Montanus — You look thoroughly well.

Jeronimus — Do you think so?

Montanus — How is Mademoiselle Lisbed?

Jeronimus — Well enough.

Montanus — Why, what is the matter, that you greet me so coldly, dear father-in-law?

Jeronimus — I have good cause to.

Montanus — What wrong have I done?

Jeronimus — I have been told that you have peculiar opinions: people must think you are crazy or Catholic in your head, for how can a reasonable man have the rashness to say that the earth is round?

Montanus — Of course it is round; I must say what is true.

Jeronimus — It is the Devil's own truth; such notions must come from the father of lies. I am sure there is not one man in this town who would not condemn such an opinion: ask the bailiff, who is a reasonable man, if he doesn't agree with me.

Jesper — It is all the same to me whether it is round or long; but I must believe my eyes, and they tell me the earth is flat as a pancake.

Montanus — It is all the same to me what the bailiff or anybody else in this town thinks about it, for I know the earth is round.

Jeronimus — It isn't round. I believe you are crazy. You have eyes in your head like other men.

Montanus — It is well known, my dear father-in-law, that there are people right under us, with feet pointed toward ours.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha, ha, ha!

Jeronimus — You may well laugh, for he has a screw loose in his head. Just try once to get up under the ceiling, and turn your head down, and then see what will come of it.

Montanus — That is quite another matter, father-in-law.

Jeronimus — I won't be your father-in-law any more. I think more of my daughter than to throw her away on you.

Montanus — Your daughter is as dear to me as my own soul, in truth; but you cannot expect me for her sake to renounce philosophy and send my intelligence into exile.

Jeronimus — Yes, yes, I hear you have got some other woman in your head. You may keep your Lucy or Sophy: I shall not force my daughter upon you.

Montanus — You misunderstand me. Philosophy is only a branch of science, and it has opened my eyes in this matter as in others.

Jeronimus — It has rather blinded both eyes and understanding. How can you show such a thing as that?

Montanus — It is not necessary to prove it. Educated persons no longer doubt it.

Jesper — Per Degn would never admit that.

Montanus — Per Degn! He is a nice fellow! I am foolish to stand here and talk philosophy with you; but to please Monsieur Jeronimus, I will give you two proofs. First, that we get from travelers; who, when they get several thousand miles away from us, have daylight when we have night, see other stars and another sky.

Jeronimus — Are you crazy, that you say there is more than one heaven and earth?

Jesper — Yes, Monsieur Jeronimus. There are twelve heavens, one above the other, until you come to the crystal heaven. He is right as to that.

Montanus — *O quantæ tenebræ!*

Jeronimus — I went to Kiel sixteen times when I was young, but as true as I am an honest man, I never saw any other sky than the one we have here.

Montanus — You would have to travel sixteen times as far, Domine Jeronime, before you could see it, because —

Jeronimus — Stop talking such nonsense; it doesn't lead to anything. Let us hear the other proof.

Montanus — The other proof is from eclipses of the sun and moon.

Jesper — Just listen to that; now he is really crazy.

Montanus — What do you suppose an eclipse is?

Jesper — Eclipses are signs set upon the sun and moon to show when some misfortune is to happen on earth. I can prove that by my own experience: when my wife was sick three years

ago, and when my daughter Gertrude died, both times there were eclipses before.

Montanus — Such nonsense will drive me crazy.

Jeronimus — The bailiff is right; for there is never an eclipse that does not mean something. When the last one occurred, everything seemed to be going well, but not for long: only two weeks afterwards we got news from Copenhagen that six students had failed at once, and two of them were deans' sons. If you don't hear of something bad in one place after such an eclipse, you are sure to in another.

Montanus — That is certain enough; for no day passes without bringing misfortune in some part of the world. As for the people you speak about, they should not put it off on the eclipse, for if they had studied harder they would have got through.

Jeronimus — What is an eclipse of the moon, then?

Montanus — It is nothing but the earth's shadow, which deprives the moon of sunlight; and since the shadow is round, we can see that the earth likewise is round. It is all perfectly natural; for we can calculate eclipses, and therefore it is foolishness to say that they are signs of coming misfortune.

Jeronimus — Ah, Mr. Bailiff, I feel sick. It was an unhappy hour when your parents let you study.

Jesper — Yes, he is pretty near to becoming an atheist. I must set Per Degn at him again. There is a man who can talk to some purpose. He shall prove to you, either in Latin or Greek as you like, that the earth, thank God, is as flat as my hand. But there comes Madame Jeronimus with her daughter.

Enter Magdelone *and* Lisbed

Magdelone — O my dear son-in-law, it is a joy to see you back again in good health.

Lisbed — O my love, let me embrace you!

Jeronimus — Softly, softly, my child, not so fast.

Lisbed — May I not embrace my betrothed, whom I have not seen for years?

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, I tell you, or you will get beaten.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — I know that we were publicly betrothed.

Jeronimus — That is true enough; but a difficulty has since arisen.

[*Lisbed weeps.*]

Jeronimus — You shall know, my child, that when he became engaged to you he was a well-behaved man and a good Christian; but now he is a heretic and a fanatic, who deserves to be put into the Litany rather than into relationship with us.

Lisbed — Is that all, father? We can settle that easily enough.

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, I say!

Magdelone — What does this mean, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — It is bad enough, madame! He brings false learning into the town, says that the earth is round, and things of that sort that I blush to mention.

Jeronimus — Don't you pity the good old parents who have spent so much money on him?

Magdelone — Ei, is that all? If he loves our daughter he will give up his notion, and say that the earth is flat, for her sake.

Lisbed — Ah, my love, say for my sake that it is flat.

Montanus — I cannot oblige you, so long as my reason is left me. I cannot give the earth any other shape than it has by nature. I will say and do all that is possible for your sake, but I cannot oblige you in this. For should my fellow students come to know that I had made such a statement, I should be scorned and held for a fool; besides, we learned men never take back what we have said, but defend it to the last drop of our ink-bottle.

Magdelone — Listen, husband: this does not seem to me important enough to make us break off the match.

Jeronimus — And I say that if they were already married, I would have them divorced on account of it.

Magdelone — I think I've got something to say about it; for if she is your daughter she is mine too.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — O my dear, say that it is flat.

Montanus — That I cannot.

Jeronimus — Listen, wife: you must know that I am the man of the house, and that I am her father.

Magdelone — You must know also that I am the woman of the house, and that I am her mother.

Jeronimus — What I mean is, that a father is of more account than a mother.

Magdelone — And I say that he isn't, for no one can doubt that I am her mother, while you — I won't say any more, or I shall get excited.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — O my love, can't you say for my sake that it is flat?

Montanus — I cannot, my pet: *nam contra naturam est.*

Jeronimus — What do you mean by that, wife? Am I not her father as you are her mother? Listen, Lisbed, am I not your father?

Lisbed — I think you must be, for my mother says so. I think you are my father, but I know she is my mother.

Jeronimus — What do you think of all this nonsense, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — I can't say that ma'mselle is wrong, because —

Jeronimus — That's enough. Come, let us go. Be quite sure, my good Rasmus Berg, that you shall never get my daughter as long as you persist in your errors.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — O my love, say that it is flat!

Jeronimus — Out, out of the door!

[*The visitors all depart.*]

A DEFENSE OF THE DEVIL

From the 'Epistles'

Our last conversation was about apologetic or defensive writings, which I confessed I could not endure; partly because an honest man and a good book need no apology, partly because it is possible to write in defense of anything, even of the Devil. You laughed at my words, and replied that the latter task might prove somewhat difficult. I retorted that it would be no more difficult than to frame the defense that is made for the ass, wherein this beast is credited with various heroic qualities. In order to show that the thing may be done, I will briefly set forth what an apologist willing to trouble himself in such a cause may find to say in defense of the Devil.

I will say nothing of his capacity and intelligence; for all, including his greatest enemies, are agreed that a person who bears six thousand years on his shoulders, and who has lived twice as long as the Shoemaker of Jerusalem, must possess more learning and wisdom than the seven wise men of Greece, perhaps more than all the professors on earth if they were made into one. Nor will it be urged that he is falling into the childishness of age; a thing that cannot be asserted without *médisance*, since the

most learned theologians, who have made a thorough study of the man's character, and know him to a nicety, are quite sure that he is in full vigor, so that age cannot have bitten him much if at all. Similarly, the learned men of the last century who had the honor of talking with the Shoemaker of Jerusalem bore witness that this self-same shoemaker was still in full possession of his five senses; so that neither understanding nor memory was at fault, although he had wandered about the world for sixteen hundred years. There can therefore be no dispute about the understanding and knowledge of the Devil, which cannot be other than vast, when we take his great age into consideration; and this is the reason why the Norse peasants bestow upon him the venerable title of Old Erik.

But let us examine the evil characteristics that are ascribed to him. The Devil is frequently said to go about plunging men into misfortune and leading souls astray. But since he has plainly, and by manifesto, so to speak, declared war upon the human race, he is more excusable than many men who under the guise of friendship mislead their neighbors; who make peaceful compacts only to break them, and who call God to witness the uprightness of their hearts, that are yet full of hatred, enmity, and predatory desire. Hence it is said that we can guard ourselves against the Devil, but not against men. That he should seek to lead souls astray is nothing more than that he should be desirous of strengthening his power, and showing that he is an alert politician, statesman, and economist. In the matter of pacts and contracts his dealings are far more honorable than those of most men; for although the latter make agreements straightway to break them, and have thus brought themselves into so ill credit that none will contract with them save under the protection of a guarantee, experience on the other hand teaches us that the Devil fulfills his agreements to the letter, performs exactly his promises to the contracting party, and seizes upon no one before the stipulated time is out; as we may see from the history of Dr. Faustus and other worthy men, whom by virtue of executed contracts he has instructed in arts, learning, and statesmanship, or aided with great cash subsidies, and demanded no payment for the work until the time of expiry, the term, and the hour, came to hand. Among all the harsh things that are said of the Devil, we hear no one accuse him of failing to perform his contracts, or even of cheating anybody with false coin

or false wares, as great numbers of our merchants and writers do,—the former by giving false names to their wares, the latter by attaching false titles to their writings, for which they ask payment in advance; while the Devil, for his part, carries out his agreements, neither giving nor exacting any advance payment. For that reason, we never hear of any one who has contracted with the Devil exacting any guarantee, which is indisputable evidence that he keeps his agreements honestly.

It may be objected to this, that the uprightness shown by the Devil in his pacts and contracts does not proceed from honesty but from self-interest; since thereby he supports himself, and entices many to contract with him. But do you suppose our so-called upright merchants in all their dealings are honest merely for the sake of being honest? May not the rectitude of their conduct spring from the same source? It is said that when two things are one, they are yet not one; for what we call a virtue in the merchant is depicted as a vice in the Devil. Since then the Devil has thus come into ill repute, we ascribe to his influence adultery, murder, theft, and all evil doings. I do not go so far in this matter as wholly to acquit him; but I venture to say that the charges ordinarily brought against him have a bad effect, and are not well based. Their effect is bad, because they persuade sinners to put their guilt off their own shoulders and use the Devil as a shield for their misdoings. They are ill based, because the corrupt flesh and blood of men are sufficient, without any co-operation, to drive them to sin.

Further, the Devil is said to prowl about at night for the disturbance of mankind. The conception one is bound to have of a cunning and evil spirit has prevented me from sharing the opinion of the learned in this matter; partly because I find the thing improbable,—unless people admit, as no one does, that he is in his second childhood,—and partly because such spooking would oppose his own interests. But since I have been blamed for this opinion, I have renounced it, and now confess with the orthodox that it really is the Devil who spooks by night in church-yards, houses, and nurseries. But in that case it follows that people are made God-fearing, and that the Devil by this practice of spooking shows himself a friend rather than an enemy of mankind, so that he should be praised rather than blamed for the habit. His function as the judge and executioner of the lost should not be a blot upon his name and good report;

for that is a necessity, and just as no city can dispense with an executioner, so mankind in general cannot get along without such a general officer to execute the judgments pronounced upon the guilty. The office in itself is not only necessary, but even honorable, as we may see from the ancient Greeks, who made two men of importance, Minos and Rhadamanthus, the executioners in Pluto's realm. We see from all these considerations that the Devil is not as black as he is painted; that on the contrary he has many good qualities, so that it is far less difficult to defend him than many men upon whose record there is no blot. It is quite to be believed, as many unpartisan men have observed, that we go too far in such judgments; and that if the learned and unpartisan theologian Gotfried Arnold, who was the advocate for many despised persons, had lived longer, he would have undertaken the defense of this notorious spirit, which we see is not a task so difficult but that with the help of a good *rhetorica* it may be given some color of success. That the Devil tempts men cannot well be disputed; but since experience shows that these alleged temptations may often be driven off by means of powders and drops, we see that even this accusation is often ill-founded, unless one is willing to contend that the Devil himself may be driven off by crabs' eyes and purgative pills; which would be to hold the enemy too cheap.

See, here you have the Devil's defense, written in haste. You may see from it what a skillful *disputator* might accomplish, who should undertake to defend his case *ex cathedra*, or an advocate who had won a reputation for turning evil to good. *Logica* and *rhetorica* are two of the chief sciences. It was with the aid of *logica* that Zeno Eleates proved that nothing in the world had motion. It was by the same aid that Erasmus Montanus distinctly showed Peder Degn to be a cock, and that to beat one's parents is a meritorious act. But to speak seriously, I beg that you will not show this letter to anybody, and particularly not to Herr Niels or Peder Degn; for they might take it all literally, and find in it the text for a sermon, and it might fare with me as with a certain man who was dubbed cardinal by the jovial papal *collegio* organized in this town a few years ago: after his death a number of letters were found giving him the title of Cardinal Orsini, and this the authorities took literally, discussing with their colleagues whether the deceased might be permitted burial in Christian earth. I remain, etc.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN

From the 'Epistles'

You express surprise that I, who am advanced in years, and have always been devoted to study, should take more satisfaction in the society of women than of men. But you will be still more surprised when I say that it is precisely on account of my studies that I seek such society. To make sense out of this paradox, you must know that when at home I am usually occupied with some sort of work that racks my brains, and go out only for the purpose of giving my head a necessary rest. Such rest may be comfortably enjoyed in the drawing-rooms of women, where there is heard as a rule only commonplace talk that calls for no meditation. And that is the reason why, when I have given myself a headache with study, I would rather go to see Madame N. N. than anybody else; for she will tell me nothing except what she has eaten during the day, or how many eggs her hens have laid that week, or other things of that sort, which neither rack the brains nor strain the sinews of the head.

In men's company, on the other hand, there are discourses that make the head swim. There is usually talk of judicial proceedings and affairs of State, which are useful enough matters, and even agreeable at the proper time, but not when one seeks society for the sole purpose of recreating the mind and giving the brain a rest. People begin, as soon as the first greetings are over, by explaining to me some matter that has that day been decided in court or council chamber, in order to get my opinion of it; or they entangle my wits in affairs of State, for which any new regulation or bit of fresh news affords a pretext; which is like proposing a game of chess to a man just out of his library, thus setting him to the work of study again.

This is the reason why Englishmen, among other matters that give evidence of their discernment, do not like games that require meditation. Their *Back Game* [*sic*], for example, is not nearly so tedious as our *forkering*. The same can be said of their sports in the shape of cocks' and bull-dogs' fights, and others of the sort. *Le jeu déchec*, the French say, *n'est pas assez jeu;* that is, chess and other games of that sort are not amusement but study. Hence they are good for people who have nothing serious to do, and whose brains are in danger of rusting

from idleness; but not for busy folks, who seek for recreation in games and society. We find in consequence that people of affairs set apart certain hours of the day in which they wish to hear nothing but innocent gossip; and it is related that for this reason Richelieu spent one hour of each day in such company, for he could not find his account in taking up metaphysical discussions when he had just left his cabinet all tired out. It was also for this reason that Socrates played with his children now and then. Another reason why I prefer to seek the society of women is this: when I come into men's society, I am offered either a glass of wine or a pipe of tobacco, which is by no means to my taste. In women's society, on the other hand, I get tea, coffee, and nonsensical chatter, which best suits my idle hours. Here you have the reasons for my conduct in this matter.

I remain, etc.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

(—?–1580?)

CONCERNING the personal history of Raphael Holinshed (or Hollingshead), the Elizabethan chronicler, there are only vague outlines. The day and the year of his birth are unknown; so is his birthplace. It is believed that he was born in Sutton Downes, Cheshire; but this is conjectural. Again, he is said to have been a University man,—probably from Cambridge,—but of this there is no documentary proof. Rumors, too, that he was a clergyman are quite in the air. All that is really known of Holinshed is that early in Elizabeth's reign he came to London, and procured work as a translator from Reginald Wolfe, King's Printer. That he liked said Wolfe may be gathered from a dedication in which he describes himself as «singularly beholden» to the former. He made his will October 1st, 1578 (the year of the publication of the 'Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland'), and therein wrote himself down as a steward by occupation. Wood states that he died in 1580,—another conjecture, of which there is no reliable record.

The story of the preparing of the 'Chronicles' is this:—Wolfe inherited valuable notes from Leland (the King's Antiquary), planned a sort of universal history and cosmography, with maps and illustrations, and spent twenty-five years of labor upon the part relating to Great Britain. He died in 1573; and his successors, frightened at the vast extent of the work as sketched by him, drew in these ideas and devoted their attention to the countries named in the title,—England, Scotland, and Ireland. Holinshed carried this restricted plan through to publication, being assisted therein by a number of scholars, the best known of whom are William Harrison and John Stowe. The three original publishers of the work were George Bishop, John and Luke Harrison. The first edition (1578) was in two folio volumes, which had portraits, battle-pieces, and other cuts in the highest style of the art of that time. The work was dedicated to William Cecil, Lord Burghley. The writing of it was apportioned to the several chroniclers, Holinshed doing parts of the histories of all three countries. The freedom used in the treatment of events almost contemporaneous led to expurgations in the subsequent revised edition, prepared and printed (1586–7) after Holinshed's death, by his fellow workers; the result being that copies of the unexpurgated edition are very rare, and much coveted by bibliophiles. The British Museum

possesses a copy made by inserting in the revised version the canceled pages of the first edition.

Holinshed's personality is impressed upon the 'Chronicles' which bear his name, and of which he is the master spirit. His style is clear rather than warm, and his diligence in collecting historical material is attested by the copious references to authorities. Though honestly striving to present the truth, his Protestant bias is marked, and he is unreliable when dealing with earlier times. But as an indefatigable pioneer delver in historic lore — as one of the chroniclers who paved the way for the modern historian — he is worthy of much praise, especially as he wrote in a way to make enjoyable reading.

His relation to literature is both direct and indirect. In his own work, using the rich, full-mouthed speech of his period, he gives an example of Elizabethan English in many ways admirable: solid, harmonious, dignified. He lacks the picturesque touch and the idiomatic virility of William Harrison, whose famous descriptions in the same work of the social aspects of England rise to a higher plane. But Holinshed's 'Chronicles' also proved a rich mine for the Elizabethan dramatists to quarry from: the master of them all, Shakespeare, drew most of his historical plays from this source, as well as 'Macbeth,' 'King Lear,' and parts of 'Cymbeline'; in some dramas — both parts of 'Henry IV.,' for example — following the chronicler so closely as to use his phrases.

Thus Holinshed forms a link in the chain of history writers, bears a not unimportant relation to the great dramatic poetry of his day, and is himself a writer of vigorous and felicitous English which can still be read with pleasure.

MACBETH'S WITCHES

From the 'Chronicles'

SHORTLY after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortuned as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed towards Fores, where the King then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the middest of a laund there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of the elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said:—

"All hail Makbeth, thane of Glammis!"

(For he had lately entered into that office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said:—

"Hail Makbeth, thane of Cawder!"

But the third said:—

"All hail Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland!"

Then Banquho: "What manner of women" (saith he) "are you that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?" "Yes" (saith the first of them), "we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him: for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place; when certainly thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent." Herewith the fore said women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest, King of Scotland, and Makbeth again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecie by their necromatical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES

From the 'Chronicles'

King Richard after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit (in his new honour) the town of which he bare the name of his old, devised (as he rode) to fulfil the things which he before had intended. And forsomuch that his mind gave him, that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm; he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen could amend his cause and make him a kindly king. Whereupon he sent one Sir John Greene (whom he specially trusted) to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, with a letter and

credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in any wise put the children to death.

Sir John Greene did his errand unto Brackenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer John Greene returning, recounted the same to King Richard at Warwick yet in his way. Wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his: "Ah, whom shall a man trust? Those that I have brought up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me—even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me."

"Sir" (said his page), "there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say, to do your Grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse." Meaning by this Sir James Tirrell, which was a man of right goodly personage, and for nature's gifts worthy to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God, and by grace obtained as much truth and good-will as he had strength and wit.

The man had a high heart, and sore longed upwards, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped; being hindered and kept under by the means of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby, which longing for no more partners of the prince's favour; and namely, not for him whose pride they wist would bear no peer, kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trust; which thing this page well had marked and known. Wherefore this occasion offered of very special friendship, he took his time to put him forward, and by such wise to do him good that all the enemies he had (except the Devil) could never have done him so much hurt. For upon this page's words King Richard arose (for this communication had he sitting apart in his own chamber) and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed Sir James and Sir Thomas Tirrells, of person like, and brethren in blood, but nothing akin in conditions.

Then said the King merrily to them: "What Sirs, be ye in bed so soon?" and calling up Sir James, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter. In which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brackenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things

as he had given him commandment. After which letter delivered, and the keys received, Sir James appointed the night next ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince (as soon as the Protector left that name and took himself as King) had it showed unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which word the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh, and said: "Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom."

Then he that told him the tale used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them, only one (called Black Will or William Slaughter) excepted, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor aught wrought of himself, but with that young babe his brother lingered with thought and heaviness, until this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness. For Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave.

Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely children lying in their beds), came to the chamber, and suddenly lapping them up among the clothes, so too bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while, smothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of Heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which upon the sight of them caused those murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and shewed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and (as some say) there made him knight. But he allowed not (as I have heard) the burying in so vile a corner, saying that he would have them buried in a better place, because they were a king's sons. Lo, the honorable courage of a king! Whereupon

they say that a priest of Sir Robert Brackenbury's took up the bodies again and secretly enterred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which only knew it, could never since come to light. Very truth is it and well known, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower for treason committed against the most famous prince King Henry the Seventh, both Dighton and he were examined and confessed the murder in manner above written; but whither the bodies were removed they could nothing tell.

And thus (as I have learned of them that must know and little cause had to lie) were these two noble princes, these innocent tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live, reign, and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his despiteous tormentors: which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal; or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart; or finally what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty.

For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrest at St. Martins piecemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged yet ere he die. But Sir James Tirrell died at the Tower Hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog; and the mischief that he took within less than three years of the mischief that he did; and yet all (in the meantime) spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish, and sorrow within. . . . He never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever upon his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again, he took ill rest o' nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, much troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes start up, leapt out of his bed and ran about the chamber: so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deeds.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

(1819–1881)

WHEN Josiah Gilbert Holland, returning to Springfield, Massachusetts, at the age of thirty, there met Mr. Samuel Bowles and became his co-worker on the Springfield Republican, he found at last a fitting opportunity for his talent. Up to that time he had drearily struggled with poverty, and bravely tried in many ways to earn his living. His father, the original of the well-known poem 'Daniel Gray,' had inventive power but no practical ability, and drifted with his family from town to town in search of work. Josiah, born at Belchertown, Massachusetts, in 1819, early learned the necessity of self-support. He was eagerly ambitious of education and a professional career; and in spite of many obstacles he entered the Northampton High School, although ill health prevented him from finishing the course. When twenty-one he began the study of medicine, and in 1844 was graduated with honor from the Berkshire Medical College.

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

The years that followed were discouraging, for patients did not come to the young doctor. With true Yankee versatility he turned his hand to anything,—taught district school, was a traveling writing-master, and a daguerreotypist. Of his boyish mortification at being a mill hand he has told us in 'Arthur Bonnicastle.' For a year he was superintendent of education at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He tried editorial work, and started the Bay State Courier, which ran for six months. All these varied experiences gave him the knowledge of American life and appreciation of workaday struggles which later made the value of his poems, essays, and novels. It was largely due to his influence that the Springfield Republican became so widely known and popular a journal. In it his 'Letters to Young People Married and Single: By Timothy Titcomb' first attracted readers by their vivacious style, moral sincerity, and good common-sense. Later, in book form, they had a great and immediate success.

In 1870 Dr. Holland was one of the founders and became editor of Scribner's Monthly, later the Century Magazine, and retained the

editorship until his death in 1881. Here, as in all his work, he showed his conscious purpose to be a helpful moral influence to his readers.

Dr. Holland's novels, 'Arthur Bonnicastle' (1873), 'Sevenoaks' (1876), and 'Nicholas Minturn' (1877), although showing his quick and sympathetic observation and containing fine passages, have been far less popular than his poems. The latter, in their constant appeal to moral sense, and in their accurate depiction of the homely and picturesque in New England life, found many lovers. Several of the short lyrics, with 'Bittersweet' (1858), 'Katrina' (1868), and 'The Mistress of the Manse' (1871), came as messages from a true American poet who understood and honored his own people.

CRADLE SONG

From 'Bittersweet: A Poem.' Copyright 1886, by Elizabeth L. Holland

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,—
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

THE SONG OF THE CIDER

From 'Bittersweet: A Poem.' Copyright 1886, by Elizabeth L. Holland

SIXTEEN barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!
Those delectable juices
Flowed through the sinuous sluices
Of sweet springs under the orchard;
Climbed into fountains that chained them,
Dripped into cups that retained them,
And swelled till they dropped, and we gained them.
Then they were gathered and tortured
By passage from hopper to vat,
And fell—every apple crushed flat.
Ah! how the bees gathered round them,
And how delicious they found them!

Oat-straw, as fragrant as clover,
Was platted, and smoothly turned over,
Weaving a neatly ribbed basket;
And as they built up the casket,
In went the pulp by the scoop-full,
Till the juice flowed by the stoup-full,—
Filling the half of a puncheon
While the men swallowed their luncheon.
Pure grew the stream with the stress
Of the lever and screw,
Till the last drops from the press
Were as bright as the dew.
There were these juices spilled;
There were these barrels filled;
Sixteen barrels of cider—
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!

WANTED

From 'The Complete Poetical Writings of Dr. J. G. Holland.' Copyright 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife,—lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

DANIEL GRAY

From 'The Complete Poetical Writings of Dr. J. G. Holland.' Copyright 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons

IF I SHALL ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well: in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude;
Nor was he called as one among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now,—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering-and-to-conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind:
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,

And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

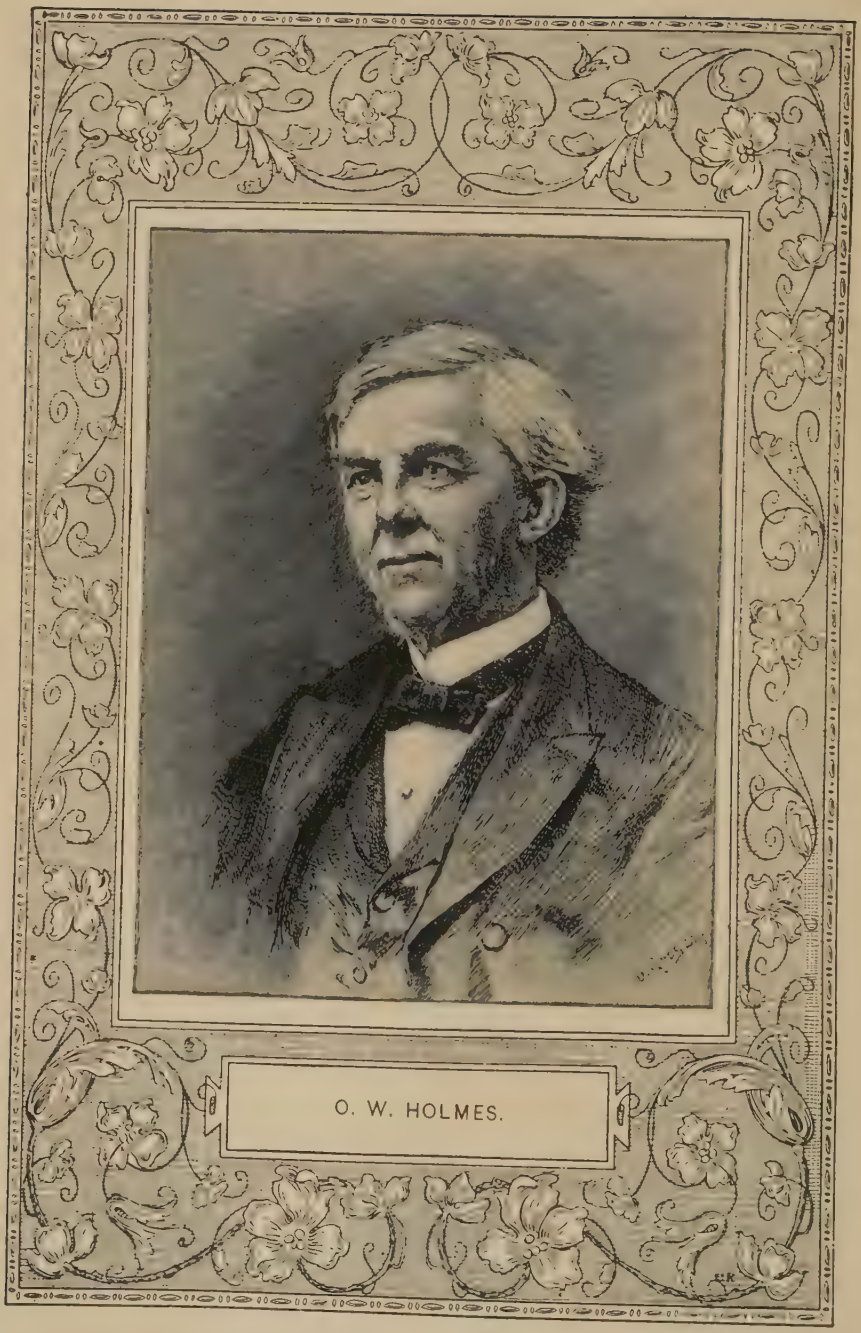
And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.



O. W. HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809–1894)

BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1809, under the shadow — or the sunshine, shall we say? — of Harvard University. «I remember that week well,» the doctor wrote in after years: «for something happened to me once at that time; namely, I was born.» «Nature was active that year,» says his biographer, «like a stirred volcano; casting forth also upon the world Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln.» The discovery of a pile of old almanacs belonging to his father gave Dr. Holmes, late in life, a whimsical view of his own birthday. «I took up that for the year 1809: opposite a certain date was an asterisk, and a note below consisting of four letters, thus:—

August 27
« 28
« 29*
« 30
*Son b.

My father thus recorded my advent; and after he wrote the four letters, according to his wont, he threw black sand upon them to keep them from blotting. I am looking at it now, and there the black sand glistens still.»

Dr. Holmes even went so far as to have the page photographed, and never failed to regard the brief memorandum with a kind of odd pathos.

He came of the Brahmin caste of New England, to quote his own invented phrase: his father being a minister of the old-fashioned severe type of that period; his mother was a lady, he once wrote, bred in quite a different atmosphere from that of the strait-laced Puritanism. She was a bright, vivacious woman, of small size, sprightly manners, and good education. She lived to a great age, a quaint figure, youthful and sympathetic to the end. «Like a faithful wife as she was,» her son says, «she sobered her pleasant countenance and sat down to hear us recite of 'justification,' 'adoption,'

and 'sanctification,' and the rest of the programme. . . . I was given to questionings, and my mind early revolted." Those who knew Dr. Holmes's father and mother well, say there was more of the intellectual character of the mother than of the father in him: perhaps this may be so, but there was a human and humane side to his mother, something akin to her neighbors because of their common humanity; a simple trait of kindly interest in all who drew within the scope of their acquaintance, which also belonged to her son and made him what he became. The simplicity of the life of a minister's family in the Cambridge of that period was so unlike anything we know to-day, when Cambridge has become a large city, that it is difficult to believe so few years have passed since boyish rambles were carried on in the very heart of what is now a town.

Dr. Holmes's writings, of course, give something more than a hint of these conditions: we are made to see them pretty clearly; but there is nothing in the life of old England which is a match for them,—nothing by which men nurtured under different conditions can estimate the advantages and drawbacks of the New England of that time. The men of his day were not nursed in letters; there was no Eton, and no Bluecoat School to which the younger boys were sent. They stayed at home and learned their first lessons, but they frequently studied on the principle of some church-goers who trust that an hour on Sunday will give them absolution for a week of indulgence: studying served by the way, as it were; a kind of toll-gate to be passed before the good things of life set in. The boys of those days chopped wood, made fires, ran errands, skated, birds'-nested, or went nutting, according to the seasons. Their heads were not burthened by breathing a scholastic atmosphere. But if the education to a life of literature was wanting, the finer inciters to true thought and life were not wanting. "My birth chamber," writes Dr. Holmes, "and the places most familiar to my early years, looked out to the west. My sunsets were as beautiful as any poet could ask for. Between my chamber and the sunset were hills covered with trees, from amid which peeped out here and there the walls of a summer mansion, which my imagination turned into a palace."

His scheme of life did not readily mature. At school in Andover, and while in Harvard College, he was "totally undecided what to study." "It will be law or physick," he wrote, "for I cannot say that I think the trade of authorship quite adapted to this meridian."

It is very curious to see how his mind wavered between these three careers. Neither Lowell nor Longfellow appears to have been detained for an instant from the pursuit of literature by "the meridian"! But Dr. Holmes was not a great reader; he was not trained, as we have said, in a home atmosphere of letters, and it was like

putting to sea in an untrimmed boat. On the whole, the law presented itself to his mind as possessing the largest advantages to a man of gifts; and after leaving college in 1829 he decided to devote a year to that study. He says of himself, in reverting to this period: «I had been busy, more or less, with the pages of Blackstone and Chitty and other text-books of legal study. More or less, I say, but I am afraid it was less rather than more. For during that year I first tasted the intoxicating pleasure of authorship. A college periodical conducted by friends of mine, still undergraduates, tempted me into print; and there is no form of lead poisoning which more rapidly and thoroughly pervades the blood and bones and marrow than that which reaches the young author through mental contact with type-metal. . . . What determined me to give up law and apply myself to medicine I can hardly say; but I had from the first looked upon that year's study as an experiment.»

It appears that his second choice of profession, although most conscientiously followed and always considered by him as final, was not the career which was to make his name and fame nor his modest fortune. One might say even more: a certain turn for or faith in science was a substratum of his mind. He loved to see the proof of what his imagination or that of other men had suggested. In this we are reminded of Shelley, who said once that whatever the imagination of a man can see clearly, the man can reproduce in words. Dr. Holmes looked askance at what could not be proved; and his study of medicine enlarged his intellectual sphere. He was immediately associated in Paris with the most distinguished scientists of his day, who doubtless found their eager pupil very engaging. He had an overwhelming distaste for many details of his profession; but as the years went on, he found his place on the scientific rather than the more immediately practical side of his profession. He was chosen professor and lecturer to the Harvard Medical School, a position which he filled for thirty-five years, only relinquishing it when age gave him warning against over-fatigue.

Dr. Holmes did not wish in after years to recognize his first literary ventures, which were even earlier than the year of his law studies. 'The Spectre Pig' and a few other juvenile verses had actually found their way into print, but he never looked upon them with favor. He understood himself well enough to recognize that year in the law school as the moment of his first poetic inspiration. The frigate Constitution was at that time lying in the Navy Yard at Charlestown. Dr. Holmes saw a paragraph in a newspaper saying that the ship was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. He was on fire at the idea; with a pencil hurriedly writing down his verses 'Old Ironsides' on a scrap of paper, he soon

wrought them into shape and sent them to a Boston newspaper. They flew from end to end of the country; were reprinted on slips and distributed in the streets of Washington. The old man-of-war was saved, and the country learned the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a young law student in Cambridge, for the first time.

Edward Everett Hale, a man who is an electric storage-battery of thought to the men of his time, long ago said that «every man should have his vocation and his avocation.» For many years Dr. Holmes looked upon his profession as the vocation of his life and literature as his avocation; but by degrees, and perhaps without acknowledgment to himself, the tables were gradually turned, and the pen-point became his weapon with which to front the world.

After returning from his studies in Paris and putting up his sign as a physician in Boston, he found himself, while waiting «for the smallest favors or fevers,» again writing verses. There was something about his self-occupied yet gay boyishness which did not incline the hypochondriac to face such strong sunshine. Whatever the reasons may have been, his calls as a physician were few and his verses were many. 'The Last Leaf' among others was written in this pause; and at the end of a twelvemonth he was so unwise, from a professional point of view, as to publish a volume. In brief, his light was one not to be concealed. His quickness of sympathy and readiness of expression marked him immediately as the spokesman of great occasions. He was invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1836, and from this date there was probably never a year of his life without invitations to perform some such service, public or private. What is still more important to record as a part of literary history, his prose style was beginning to take form. He took prizes for medical essays and dissertations. «It is somewhat pleasant,» he wrote this same year of 1836, «to have cut out a fifty-dollar prize under the guns of two old blazers, who have each of them swamped their competitors in preceding trials.» In 1834 his essay on 'The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever' marked him to the eyes of the scientific world as a man of original thought and careful but determined expression of the truth. The qualities which distinguished him afterward in the larger world of letters were then slowly acknowledged for the first time by men of science. In after years he referred to this experience in 'The Professor at the Breakfast-Table':— «When, by the permission of Providence, I held up to the professional public the damnable facts connected with the conveyance of poison from one young mother's chamber to another's,— for doing which humble office I desire to be thankful that I have lived, though nothing else good should ever come of my life,— I had to hear the sneers of those whose position I had assailed, and as I believe, have at last

demolished, so that nothing but the ghosts of dead women stir among the ruins.»

Among Dr. Holmes's early writings were two prose essays published in the New England Magazine, which lived briefly from 1831 to 1835. They bore the title of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table'; but they appeared afterward to the author as «early windfalls,» and he was not willing to incorporate them among his acknowledged works, except as he acknowledges and quotes from them in one of his prefaces to the 'Autocrat' of 1857. Whether Lowell had seen these papers, or whether he judged what Dr. Holmes could do from his scientific productions and his incomparable conversation, no one can say; but when the Atlantic Monthly was launched, and a little later Lowell was asked to become its editor, he made one condition: «that Dr. Holmes should be the first contributor to be engaged.» «I looked at the old Portfolio,» said Dr. Holmes, «and said to myself, 'Too late! too late!'» But Lowell insisted — otherwise there would be no Atlantic; and Dr. Holmes yielded. «Lowell,» he wrote afterward, «woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service.» Dr. Holmes's genius, as seen in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' will carry his name down the tide of time. It was succeeded by nine volumes of prose, interrupted only by what now amounts to three volumes of verse, making thirteen volumes of his complete works. It is, even in quantity, no small showing, when we recall in addition his thirty-five years of medical professorship. Dr. Holmes was no idler: he loved to work and to do his work well. He scorned no expenditure of time in order to find the right word and to bring his verse into accurate form.

In 1840 Dr. Holmes married Amelia Lee Jackson, a woman exquisitely adapted to make him happy. She was not beautiful, nor in common phrase a woman of society; but she possessed a refinement, a wit, a charm, a power of self-forgetfulness, which were all her own. She was known to a small circle only, but wherever she allowed herself the opportunity to know and be known, she was beloved.

There were three children; only one of whom, Judge Holmes, survives his father. Dr. Holmes suffered the pain of seeing his wife and a son and daughter go before him. Nevertheless life was very sweet to him, and he bore the trials of age cheerfully, dying October 7th, 1894. He wrote once to Lowell: «Life is never monotonous, absolutely, to me. I am a series of surprises to myself in the changes that years and ripening, and it may be a still further process which I need not name, bring about. The movement onward is like changing place in a picture gallery,—the light fades from this picture and falls on that; . . . but what a strange thing life is, when you

have waded in up to your neck and remember the shelving sands you have trodden!»

But all the writing in the world about Dr. Holmes appears totally inefficient to represent his delightful ebullient spirit, freshening and sweetening every subject that he touched. The world soon found that a new wit was astir under the old pudding-stone, and that wit they could not do without. Every year, from 1851 until just before the end, he wrote and read a class poem; every dinner-table in Boston aspired to listen to his words; every occasion of importance called for his presence. Loving and beloved, he passed on his cheerful way. The cabman who drove him, the maid who put on his shoes, every one who performed the slightest service for him, loved him. No wonder life was not all dark to the one who shed such sunshine.

Annie Fields

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OLD IRONSIDES*

AY, TEAR her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

*This was the popular name by which the frigate Constitution was known. The poem was first printed in the Boston Daily Advertiser, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas-times;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
Who dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale:
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnapps.

And then, of course, you know what's next: it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came, a hundred souls and more,
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted, from his nest the screaming eagle flew,—
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,—
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said: "'twill do you good,—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill."
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.
'Tis but the fool that loves excess: hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,
The moss that clothes its broken walls, the ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me:
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words, "My dear, where *have* you been?"

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Or, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay:
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five:
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November,—the Earthquake day:
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay;
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text;
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

A SUN-DAY HYMN

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

THE VOICELESS

WE COUNT the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,

But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

BILL AND JOE

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare:
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H-O-N. and L-L.-D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see:
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—

They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,»
And shake their heads: they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'Tis poor old Joe's «God bless you, Bill!»

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

DOROTHY Q.

A Family Portrait

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade:
So they painted the little maid.
On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Redcoat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed:
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,—
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;

Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered *No*,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's *Yes;*
Not the light gossamer stirs with less:
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Edward's and Dorothy's, all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Redcoat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

THE THREE PROFESSIONS

From 'The Poet at the Breakfast-Table'

WHAT is your general estimate of doctors, lawyers, and ministers? said I.

— Wait a minute, till I have got through with your first question, said the Master. One thing at a time.—You asked me about the young doctors, and about our young doctor. They come home *très bien chaussés*, as a Frenchman would say, mighty well shod with professional knowledge. But when they begin walking round among their poor patients,— they don't commonly start with millionaires,— they find that their new shoes of scientific acquirements have got to be broken in just like a pair of boots or brogans. I don't know that I have put it quite strong enough. Let me try again. You've seen those fellows at the circus that get up on horseback, so big that you wonder how they could climb into the saddle. But pretty soon they throw off their outside coat, and the next minute another one, and then the one under that, and so they keep peeling off one garment after another till people begin to look queer and think they are going too far for strict propriety. Well, that is the way a fellow with a real practical turn serves a good many of his scientific wrappers,— flings 'em off for other people to pick up, and goes right at the work of curing stomach-aches and all the other little mean unscientific complaints that make up the larger part of every doctor's business. I think our Dr. Benjamin is a worthy young man, and if you are in need of a doctor at any time I hope you will go to him; and if you come off without harm, I will — recommend some other friend to try him.

— I thought he was going to say he would try him in his own person; but the Master is not fond of committing himself.

Now I will answer your other question, he said.— The lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible.

The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars" and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them,— every side of a case has a right to the best

statement it admits of; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever *vs.* Patient, the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil, according to the salary offered, and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quicker witted than either of the other professions, and abler men generally. They are good-natured, or if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers; but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case, which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things. They are apt to talk law in mixed company; and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating,—as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on the witness stand at a dinner party once.

The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting men: full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class—working downwards from knowledge to ignorance, that is; not so much upwards, perhaps—that we have. The trouble is, that so many of 'em work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They feed us on canned meats mostly. They cripple our instincts and reason, and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em, of all sorts of belief; and I don't think they are quite so easy in their minds, the greater number of them, nor so clear in their convictions, as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as that famous old skipper John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points, and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By-and-by the congregation will get ahead of *him*, and then it must have another new skipper. The

priest holds his own pretty well; the *minister* is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen,—no oracle at all, but a man of more than average moral instincts, who, if he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets. You find it very pleasant to be spoiled, no doubt; so do they. Now and then one of 'em goes over the dam; no wonder,—they're always in the rapids.

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weathercocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to switch off the talk on to another rail.

How about the doctors? I said.

—Theirs is the least learned of the professions, in this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to, and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not, they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when people are *in extremis*, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip,—tell a lie, for instance, or smuggle a silk dress through the custom-house: but they call in the doctor when the child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it doesn't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights doesn't take long. Besides, everybody doesn't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires, and find this world as good as they deserve: but everybody loves to talk physic. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases; people are eager to tell the doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from "a complication of diseases," and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a *Cephalalgia*, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

In old times, when people were more afraid of the Devil and of witches than they are now, they liked to have a priest or a minister somewhere near to scare 'em off: but nowadays, if you could find an old woman that would ride round the room on a broomstick, Barnum would build an amphitheatre to exhibit her in; and if he could come across a young imp, with hoofs, tail, and budding horns,—a lineal descendant of one of those "dæmons" which the good people of Gloucester fired at and were fired at by "for the best part of a month together," in the year 1692, the great showman would have him at any cost for his museum or menagerie. Men are cowards, sir, and are driven by fear as the sovereign motive. Men are idolaters, and want something to look at and kiss and hug, or throw themselves down before; they always did, they always will: and if you don't make it of wood, you must make it of words, which are just as much used for idols as promissory notes are used for values. The ministers have a hard time of it without bell and book and holy water; they are dismounted men in armor since Luther cut their saddle-girths, and you can see they are quietly taking off one piece of iron after another until some of the best of 'em are fighting the devil (not the zoölogical Devil with the big D) with the sword of the Spirit, and precious little else in the way of weapons of offense or defense. But we couldn't get on without the spiritual brotherhood, whatever became of our special creeds. There is a genius for religion, just as there is for painting or sculpture. It is half-sister to the genius for music, and has some of the features which remind us of earthly love. But it lifts us all by its mere presence. To see a good man and hear his voice once a week would be reason enough for building churches and pulpits. — The Master stopped all at once, and after about half a minute laughed his pleasant laugh.

What is it? I asked him.

I was thinking of the great coach and team that is carrying us fast enough, I don't know but too fast, somewhere or other. The D. D.s used to be the leaders, but now they are the wheel-horses. It's pretty hard to tell how much they pull, but we know they can hold back like the —

— When we're going down hill,— I said, as neatly as if I had been a High Church curate trained to snap at the last word of the response, so that you couldn't wedge in the tail of a comma between the end of the congregation's closing syllable and the beginning of the next petition.

ELSIE AT THE SPROWLE «PARTY»

From 'Elsie Venner'

THE conversation rose into one of its gusty paroxysms just then. . . . All at once it grew silent just round the door, where it had been loudest,—and the silence spread itself like a stain, till it hushed everything but a few corner duets. A dark, sad-looking, middle-aged gentleman entered the parlor, with a young lady on his arm,—his daughter, as it seemed, for she was not wholly unlike him in feature, and of the same dark complexion.

«Dudley Venner,» exclaimed a dozen people, in startled but half-suppressed tones.

«What can have brought Dudley out to-night?» said Jefferson Buck, a young fellow who had been interrupted in one of the corner duets which he was executing in concert with Miss Susy Pettingill.

«How do I know, Jeff?» was Miss Susy's answer. Then, after a pause, — «Elsie made him come, I guess. Go ask Dr. Kittredge: he knows all about 'em both, they say.» . . .

Jefferson Buck was not bold enough to confront the doctor with Miss Susy's question, for he did not look as if he were in the mood to answer queries put by curious young people. His eyes were fixed steadily on the dark girl, every movement of whom he seemed to follow.

She was indeed an apparition of wild beauty, so unlike the girls about her that it seemed nothing more than natural that when she moved, the groups should part to let her pass through them, and that she should carry the centre of all looks and thoughts with her. She was dressed to please her own fancy, evidently, with small regard to the modes declared correct by the Rockland milliners and mantua-makers. Her heavy black hair lay in a braided coil, with a long gold pin shot through it like a javelin. Round her neck was a golden *torque*, a round, cord-like chain, such as the Gauls used to wear; the Dying Gladiator has it. Her dress was a grayish watered silk; her collar was pinned with a flashing diamond brooch, the stones looking as fresh as morning dew-drops, but the silver setting of the past generation; her arms were bare, round, but slender rather than large, in keeping with her lithe round figure. On her wrists she wore

bracelets: one was a circlet of enameled scales, the other looked as if it might have been Cleopatra's asp, with its body turned to gold and its eyes to emeralds.

Her father — for Dudley Venner was her father — looked like a man of culture and breeding, but melancholy and with a distracted air, as one whose life had met some fatal cross or blight. He saluted hardly anybody except his entertainers and the doctor. One would have said, to look at him, that he was not at the party by choice; and it was natural enough to think, with Susy Pettingill, that it must have been a freak of the dark girl's which brought him there, for he had the air of a shy and sad-hearted recluse.

It was hard to say what could have brought Elsie Venner to the party. Hardly anybody seemed to know her, and she seemed not at all disposed to make acquaintances. Here and there was one of the older girls from the Institute, but she appeared to have nothing in common with them. Even in the school-room, it may be remembered, she sat apart by her own choice, and now in the midst of the crowd she made a circle of isolation round herself. Drawing her arm out of her father's, she stood against the wall, and looked, with a strange cold glitter in her eyes, at the crowd which moved and babbled before her.

The old doctor came up to her by-and-by.

"Well, Elsie, I am quite surprised to find you here. Do tell me how you happened to do such a good-natured thing as to let us see you at such a great party."

"It's been dull at the mansion-house," she said, "and I wanted to get out of it. It's too lonely there,— there's nobody to hate since Dick's gone."

The doctor laughed good-naturedly, as if this were an amusing bit of pleasantry; but he lifted his head and dropped his eyes a little, so as to see her through his spectacles. She narrowed her lids slightly, as one often sees a sleepy cat narrow hers,— somewhat as you may remember our famous Margaret used to, if you remember her at all,— so that her eyes looked very small but bright as the diamonds on her breast. The old doctor felt very oddly as she looked at him; he did not like the feeling, so he dropped his head and lifted his eyes and looked at her *over* his spectacles again.

"And how have you all been at the mansion-house?" said the doctor.

"Oh, well enough. But Dick's gone, and there's nobody left but Dudley and I and the people. I'm tired of it. What kills anybody quickest, doctor?" Then, in a whisper, "I ran away again the other day, you know."

"Where did you go?" The doctor spoke in a low, serious tone.

"Oh, to the old place. Here, I brought this for you."

The doctor started as she handed him a flower of the *Atragene Americana;* for he knew that there was only one spot where it grew, and that not one where any rash foot, least of all a thin-shod woman's foot, should venture.

"How long were you gone?" said the doctor.

"Only one night. You should have heard the horns blowing and the guns firing. Dudley was frightened out of his wits. Old Sophy told him she'd had a dream, and that I should be found in Dead Man's Hollow, with a great rock lying on me. They hunted all over it, but they didn't find me,—I was farther up."

Dr. Kittredge looked cloudy and worried while she was speaking, but forced a pleasant professional smile as he said cheerily, and as if wishing to change the subject:—

"Have a good dance this evening, Elsie. The fiddlers are tuning up. Where's the young master? has he come yet? or is he going to be late, with the other great folks?"

The girl turned away without answering, and looked toward the door.

The "great folks," meaning the mansion-house gentry, were just beginning to come; Dudley Venner and his daughter had been the first of them. . . .

Mr. Bernard came in later than any of them: he had been busy with his new duties. He looked well, and that is saying a good deal; for nothing but a gentleman is endurable in full dress. Hair that masses well, a head set on with an air, a neckerchief tied cleverly by an easy, practiced hand, close-fitting gloves, feet well shaped and well covered,—these advantages can make us forgive the odious sable broadcloth suit, which appears to have been adopted by society on the same principle that condemned all the Venetian gondolas to perpetual and uniform blackness. Mr. Bernard, introduced by Mr. Geordie, made his bow to the colonel and his lady, and to Miss Matilda, from whom he got a particularly gracious curtsy, and then began looking

about him for acquaintances. He found two or three faces he knew, many more strangers. There was Silas Peckham — there was no mistaking him; there was the inelastic amplitude of Mrs. Peckham; few of the Apollinean girls, of course, they not being recognized members of society,— but there is one with the flame in her cheeks and the fire in her eyes, the girl of vigorous tints and emphatic outlines, whom we saw entering the school-room the other day. Old Judge Thornton has his eyes on her, and the colonel steals a look every now and then at the red brooch which lifts itself so superbly into the light, as if he thought it a wonderfully becoming ornament. Mr. Bernard himself was not displeased with the general effect of the rich-blooded schoolgirl, as she stood under the bright lamps fanning herself in the warm, languid air, fixed in a kind of passionate surprise at the new life which seemed to be flowering out in her consciousness. Perhaps he looked at her somewhat steadily, as some others had done; at any rate, she seemed to feel that she was looked at, as people often do, and turning her eyes suddenly on him, caught his own on her face, gave him a half-bashful smile, and threw in a blush involuntarily which made it more charming.

"What can I do better," he said to himself, "than have a dance with Rosa Milburn?" So he carried his handsome pupil into the next room and took his place with her in a cotillon. Whether the breath of the Goddess of Love could intoxicate like the cup of Circe,— whether a woman is ever phosphorescent with the luminous vapor of life that she exhales,— these and other questions which relate to occult influences exercised by certain women we will not now discuss. It is enough that Mr. Bernard was sensible of a strange fascination, not wholly new to him, nor unprecedented in the history of human experience, but always a revelation when it comes over us for the first or the hundredth time, so pale is the most recent memory by the side of the passing moment with the flush of any new-born passion on its cheek. Remember that Nature makes every man love all women, and trusts the trivial matter of special choice to the commonest accident.

If Mr. Bernard had had nothing to distract his attention, he might have thought too much about his handsome partner, and then gone home and dreamed about her, which is always dangerous, and waked up thinking of her still, and then begun to be

deeply interested in her studies, and so on through the whole syllogism which ends in Nature's supreme *quod erat demonstrandum.* What was there to distract him or disturb him? He did not know,— but there was something. This sumptuous creature, this Eve just within the gate of an untried Paradise, untutored in the ways of the world but on tiptoe to reach the fruit of the tree of knowledge,— alive to the moist vitality of that warm atmosphere palpitating with voices and music, as the flower of some diœcious plant which has grown in a lone corner, and suddenly unfolding its corolla on some hot-breathing June evening, feels that the air is perfumed with strange odors and loaded with golden dust wafted from those other blossoms with which its double life is shared, — this almost over-womanized woman might well have bewitched him, but that he had a vague sense of a countercharm. It was perhaps only the same consciousness that some one was looking at him which he himself had just given occasion to in his partner. Presently, in one of the turns of the dance, he felt his eyes drawn to a figure he had not distinctly recognized though he had dimly felt its presence, and saw that Elsie Venner was looking at him as if she saw nothing else but him. He was not a nervous person, like the poor lady teacher; yet the glitter of the diamond eyes affected him strangely. It seemed to disenchant the air, so full a moment before of strange attractions. He became silent and dreamy.

ON RATTLESNAKE LEDGE

From 'Elsie Venner'

The more he saw her, the more the sadness of her beauty wrought upon him. She looked as if she might hate, but could not love. She hardly smiled at anything, spoke rarely, but seemed to feel that her natural power of expression lay all in her bright eyes, the force of which so many had felt, but none perhaps had tried to explain to themselves. A person accustomed to watch the faces of those who were ailing in body or mind, and to search in every line and tint for some underlying source of disorder, could hardly help analyzing the impression such a face produced upon him. The light of those beautiful eyes was like the lustre of ice; in all her features there was nothing of that human warmth which shows that sympathy has

reached the soul beneath the mask of flesh it wears. The look was that of remoteness, of utter isolation. There was in its stony apathy, it seemed to him, the pathos which we find in the blind who show no film or speck over the organs of sight; for Nature had meant her to be lovely, and left out nothing but love. And yet the master could not help feeling that some instinct was working in this girl which was in some way leading her to seek his presence. She did not lift her glittering eyes upon him as at first. It seemed strange that she did not, for they were surely her natural weapons of conquest. Her color did not come and go like that of young girls under excitement. She had a clear brunette complexion, a little sun-touched, it may be,—for the master noticed once, when her necklace was slightly displaced, that a faint ring or band of a little lighter shade than the rest of the surface encircled her neck. What was the slight peculiarity of her enunciation when she read? Not a lisp, certainly, but the least possible imperfection in articulating some of the lingual sounds,—just enough to be noticed at first, and quite forgotten after being a few times heard.

Not a word about the flower on either side. It was not uncommon for the schoolgirls to leave a rose or pink or wild flower on the teacher's desk. Finding it in the Virgil was nothing, after all: it was a little delicate flower, which looked as if it were made to press, and it was probably shut in by accident at the particular place where he found it. He took it into his head to examine it in a botanical point of view. He found it was not common,—that it grew only in certain localities,—and that one of these was among the rocks of the eastern spur of The Mountain.

It happened to come into his head how the Swiss youth climb the sides of the Alps to find the flower called the *Edelweiss* for the maidens whom they wish to please. It is a pretty fancy, that of scaling some dangerous height before the dawn so as to gather the flower in its freshness, that the favored maiden may wear it to church on Sunday morning, a proof at once of her lover's devotion and his courage. Mr. Bernard determined to explore the region where this flower was said to grow, that he might see where the wild girl sought the blossoms of which Nature was so jealous.

It was on a warm, fair Saturday afternoon that he undertook his land voyage of discovery. He had more curiosity, it may be,

than he would have owned; for he had heard of the girl's wandering habits, and the guesses about her sylvan haunts, and was thinking what the chances were that he should meet her in some strange place, or come upon traces of her which would tell secrets she would not care to have known.

The woods are all alive to one who walks through them with his mind in an excited state, and his eyes and ears wide open. The trees are always talking; not merely whispering with their leaves (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone in the middle of a pasture), but grating their boughs against each other as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling palms together, dropping a nut or a leaf or a twig, clicking to the tap of a woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch. It was now the season of singing birds, and the woods were haunted with mysterious tender music. The voices of the birds which love the deeper shades of the forest are sadder than those of the open fields: these are the nuns who have taken the veil, the hermits that have hidden themselves away from the world and tell their griefs to the infinite listening Silences of the wilderness,—for the one deep inner silence that Nature breaks with her fitful superficial sounds becomes multiplied as the image of a star in ruffled waters. Strange! The woods at first convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman: the little twigs are crossing and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still; the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant curl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude; and the rounded masses of foliage swell upward and subside from time to time with long soft sighs, and it may be the falling of a few rain-drops which had lain hidden among the deeper shadows. I pray you, notice, in the sweet summer days which will soon see you among the mountains, this inward tranquillity that belongs to the heart of the woodland, with this nervousness (for I do not know what else to call it) of outer movement. One would say that Nature, like untrained persons, could not sit still without nestling about or doing something with her limbs or features; and that high breeding was only to be looked for in trim gardens, where the soul of the trees is ill at ease perhaps, but their manners are unexceptionable, and a rustling branch or leaf falling out of season is an indecorum.

The real forest is hardly still except in the Indian summer; then there is death in the house, and they are waiting for the sharp shrunken months to come with white raiment for the summer's burial.

There were many hemlocks in this neighborhood, the grandest and most solemn of all the forest trees in the mountain regions. Up to a certain period of growth they are eminently beautiful, their boughs disposed in the most graceful pagoda-like series of close terraces, thick and dark with green crystalline leaflets. In spring the tender shoots come out of a paler green, finger-like, as if they were pointing to the violets at their feet. But when the trees have grown old, and their rough boles measure a yard and more through their diameter, they are no longer beautiful, but they have a sad solemnity all their own, too full of meaning to require the heart's comment to be framed in words. Below, all their earthward-looking branches are sapless and shattered, splintered by the weight of many winters' snows; above, they are still green and full of life, but their summits overtop all the deciduous trees around them, and in their companionship with heaven they are alone. On these the lightning loves to fall. One such Mr. Bernard saw — or rather what had been one such; for the bolt had torn the tree like an explosion from within, and the ground was strewed all around the broken stump with flakes of rough bark and strips and chips of shivered wood, into which the old tree had been rent by the bursting rocket from the thunder-cloud.

— The master had struck up The Mountain obliquely from the western side of the Dudley mansion-house. In this way he ascended until he reached a point many hundred feet above the level of the plain, and commanding all the country beneath and around. Almost at his feet he saw the mansion-house, the chimney standing out of the middle of the roof, or rather like a black square hole in it, — the trees almost directly over their stems, the fences as lines, the whole nearly as an architect would draw a ground plan of the house and the inclosures round it. It frightened him to see how the huge masses of rock and old forest growths hung over the home below. As he descended a little and drew near the ledge of evil name, he was struck with the appearance of a long narrow fissure that ran parallel with it and above it for many rods, not seemingly of very old standing, — for there were many fibres of roots which had evidently been

snapped asunder when the rent took place, and some of which were still succulent in both separated portions.

Mr. Bernard had made up his mind, when he set forth, not to come back before he had examined the dreaded ledge. He had half persuaded himself that it was scientific curiosity: he wished to examine the rocks, *to see what flowers grew there*, and perhaps to pick up an adventure in the zoölogical line; for he had on a pair of high, stout boots, and he carried a stick in his hand which was forked at one extremity, so as to be very convenient to hold down a *crotalus* with, if he should happen to encounter one. He knew the aspect of the ledge from a distance; for its bald and leprous-looking declivities stood out in their nakedness from the wooded sides of The Mountain, when this was viewed from certain points of the village. But the nearer aspect of the blasted region had something frightful in it. The cliffs were water-worn, as if they had been gnawed for thousands of years by hungry waves. In some places they overhung their base, so as to look like leaning towers which might topple over at any minute. In other parts they were scooped into niches or caverns. Here and there they were cracked in deep fissures, some of them of such width that one might enter them, if he cared to run the risk of meeting the regular tenants, who might treat him as an intruder.

Parts of the ledge were cloven perpendicularly, with nothing but cracks or slightly projecting edges in which or on which a foot could find hold. High up on one of these precipitous walls of rock he saw some tufts of flowers, and knew them at once for the same that he had found between the leaves of his Virgil. Not there, surely! no woman would have clung against that steep, rough parapet to gather an idle blossom. And yet the master looked round everywhere, and even up the side of that rock, to see if there were no signs of a woman's footstep. He peered about curiously, as if his eye might fall on some of those fragments of dress which women leave after them whenever they run against each other or against anything else,—in crowded ball-rooms, in the brushwood after picnics, on the fences after rambles, scattered round over every place which has witnessed an act of violence, where rude hands have been laid upon them. Nothing. Stop, though, one moment. That stone is smooth and polished, as if it had been somewhat worn by the pressure of human feet. There is one twig broken among the stems of that

clump of shrubs. He put his foot upon the stone and took hold of the close-clinging shrub. In this way he turned a sharp angle of the rock and found himself on a natural platform, which lay in front of one of the wider fissures,—whether the mouth of a cavern or not he could not yet tell. A flat stone made an easy seat, upon which he sat down, as he was very glad to do, and looked mechanically about him. A small fragment splintered from the rock was at his feet. He took it and threw it down the declivity a little below where he sat. He looked about for a stem or a straw of some kind to bite upon,—a country instinct, relic no doubt of the old vegetable-feeding habits of Eden. Is that a stem or a straw? He picked it up. It was a hair-pin.

To say that Mr. Langdon had a strange sort of thrill shoot through him at the sight of this harmless little implement would be a statement not at variance with the fact of the case. That smooth stone had been often trodden, and by what foot he could not doubt. He rose up from his seat to look round for other signs of a woman's visits. What if there is a cavern here, where she has a retreat, fitted up perhaps as anchorites fitted their cells, —nay, it may be, carpeted and mirrored, and with one of those tiger-skins for a couch, such as they say the girl loves to lie on? Let us look, at any rate.

Mr. Bernard walked to the mouth of the cavern or fissure and looked into it. His look was met by the glitter of two diamond eyes,—small, sharp, cold, shining out of the darkness, but gliding with a smooth, steady motion towards the light and himself. He stood fixed, struck dumb, staring back into them with dilating pupils and sudden numbness of fear that cannot move, as in the terror of dreams. The two sparks of light came forward until they grew to circles of flame, and all at once lifted themselves up as if in angry surprise. Then for the first time thrilled in Mr. Bernard's ears the dreadful sound that nothing which breathes, be it man or brute, can hear unmoved,—the long, loud, stinging whirr, as the huge, thick-bodied reptile shook his many-jointed rattle and adjusted his loops for the fatal stroke. His eyes were drawn as with magnets toward the circles of flame. His ears rung as in the overture to the swooning dream of chloroform. Nature was before man with her anæsthetics: the cat's first shake stupefies the mouse; the lion's first shake deadens the man's fear and feeling; and the *crotalus* paralyzes before he strikes. He waited as in a trance,—waited as one that longs to have the

blow fall, and all over, as the man who shall be in two pieces in a second waits for the axe to drop. But while he looked straight into the flaming eyes, it seemed to him that they were losing their light and terror, that they were growing tame and dull; the charm was dissolving, the numbness was passing away, he could move once more. He heard a light breathing close to his ear, and half turning saw the face of Elsie Venner, looking motionless into the reptile's eyes, which had shrunk and faded under the stronger enchantment of her own.

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

From 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table'

(*A Parenthesis*)

I CAN'T say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

— I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.— Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think after a while one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of them.— Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy.— She who

nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman put on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle and more than middle aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. "Oh, that is the maternal grandfather," said a wise old friend to me: "he was a boor."—Better too few words from the woman we love than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself.—Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men, therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

—Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not,—whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon,—whether I cribbed them from Balzac,—whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom,—or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs),—I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things—and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

—You are a stranger to me, ma'am. I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress. I shan't do it;—I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in these pages. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

—My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front yards or borders: Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences: one in Myrtle Street, or at the back of it; here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts

in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head (as I said in my poem the other day), and look as if they were whispering, "May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!"—and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower-beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday-school boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything.—I hold any man cheap, he said, of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans. —How is that, Professor? said I: I should have set you down for one of that sort.—Sir, said he, I am proud to say that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from moldy

roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, "Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, "Wait awhile!" By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants — the smaller tribes always in front — saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

— Let us cry! —

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it, — but she goes into all the corners and attends to the leaves as much as to the covers. — Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that, — that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit,—to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards,—to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing-sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant which passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

—I never addressed one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was perhaps a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but somehow I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it "the long path," and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly, said the schoolmistress; with much pleasure.—Think, I said, before you answer: if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree.—Pray, sit down, I said.—No, no, she answered softly: I will walk the *long path* with you!

—The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking arm-in-arm about the middle of the long path, and said very charmingly, "Good-morning, my dears!"

THE LARK ON SALISBURY PLAIN

From 'Our Hundred Days in Europe'

One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, "Look! Look! See the lark rising!" I looked up with the rest. There was the bright blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish. Again, one called out, "Hark! Hark! Hear him singing!" I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? *Those that look out at the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low.* Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate, unless,—unless,—if our mild humanized theology promises truly, I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me? For in whatever world I may find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home, which some kind angel

may point out to me as a gilded globule swimming in the sunlight far away. After walking the streets of pure gold in the New Jerusalem, might not one like a short vacation, to visit the well-remembered green fields and flowery meadows? I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasing life entertainment was unstringing its instruments, and the lights were being extinguished,—that the show was almost over. All this I kept to myself, of course, except so far as I whispered it to the unseen presence which we all feel is in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my eyes, and through them into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who for the first time gently presses back the longing lips of her as yet unweaned infant.

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HERMANN EDUARD VON HOLST

(1841–)

HERMANN EDUARD VON HOLST, the historian, was born at Fellin, Livonia, June 19th, 1841, and was educated at Heidelberg and Dorpat. While traveling in Germany he published a pamphlet which was offensive to the Russian authorities, and was forbidden to return to the land of his birth. Soon afterwards he came to the United States, where he occupied himself in literary work for several years. In 1872 he was appointed to a professorship in the University of Strassburg, and two years later became professor of modern history at Freiburg, retaining that chair till 1892, when he was called to Chicago University. His chief work is his 'Constitutional and Political History of the United States' (1876–85), translated from the German by J. J. Lalor and A. B. Mason. Besides this he has written lives of John C. Calhoun and John Brown, 'The Constitutional Law of the United States of America' (1887), and 'The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career' (1894).

HERMANN VON HOLST

Von Holst had unusual advantages as a student of American politics and history. His foreign birth and education might well have served to give to his work such a character of impartiality as it would have been more difficult for the native historian to secure. The great Civil War which was going on when he came to the United States appealed powerfully to his sympathies, and determined him to search for its historical causes. Unfortunately for his repute as a historian, he saw these causes with the eye of a partisan of the North, and he traversed the past like a belated Nemesis dealing out to our departed statesmen the retribution which he thought their sins deserved. To his mind the slavery question assumed proportions so enormous that the entire history of the country was nothing but a record of the struggle between freedom and the "slavocracy," and the latter's insidious purposes are discernible everywhere. In spite of this, it is safe to say that no historian since the war has exerted a wider influence than Von Holst.

If his conclusions are not wholly accepted, his zeal, his vigor, his picturesque manner, and his sincerity have stimulated others to good work. Few recent historical books have been more widely read, and that despite a certain roughness of style and confusion of metaphor which make many of his passages hard reading. In the matter of style, however, the translators of his 'Constitutional History' are in part at fault, and his lives of Brown and Calhoun are more concise and readable. For many years his history was regarded as the standard American work on the period since the adoption of the Constitution, and was constantly used by teachers, in Northern colleges at least, as a book of reference. Of late, special treatises on portions of the period covered have superseded it to a certain extent.

Dr. Von Holst's power of picturesque and dramatic presentation is seen to good advantage in the volume on the French Revolution from which the selections are made. The story is centred around its most striking personality, and after the manner of Carlyle, that personality is made vital and hence explicable. History writing, even upon this most fascinating of themes, is seldom made so attractive. This gift of making his subject-matter interesting also comes out in Dr. Von Holst as a lecturer: he is a very stimulating man with whom to come into the relation of auditor or pupil.

MIRABEAU

From 'The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career.' Copyright 1894, by Callaghan & Co.

"Don't be frightened!" It is said that on March 9th, 1749, these ill-omened words announced to Victor Riquetti, Marquis Mirabeau, that the longed-for son and heir was born to him. The warning was to prepare him to see a twisted foot and an over-sized head of uncommon ugliness, rendered the more impressive by two premature teeth. If a prophet's hand had lifted for him the curtain concealing the future, he would have seen that there were other and infinitely graver reasons to frighten him. With that ill-shaped baby Providence had committed to his hands a trust of incalculable import to France, and thereby to the world. He knew it no more than the child knew that the very first thing it did in life was to cause deep vexation to its irritable father by its unsightliness. If he had known it, he might have understood his duty towards the child somewhat differently, and some of history's most awful pages might possibly have a somewhat different tale to tell.

In his last years Mirabeau rather prided himself upon his ugliness. He declared it no mean element in his extraordinary power over men, and there was in fact a strange fascination in its forceful impressiveness. The father, however, was proof against its charm. If I read the character of the eccentric man correctly, the baby acted most unwisely in furnishing good cause for that horrified exclamation. Any father's child is to be pitied that is bid such a welcome upon its entrance into the world; and if there was a father whose feelings could not with impunity be trifled with, it was the famous author of the 'Friend of Men.' Forsooth a proud title. A brighter diadem than a crown, if it had been conferred by others. Bestowed by himself it savored of presumption. Still it was by no means a false, mendacious pretension. A great and warm heart beat with an uncommonly strong pulse in the rugged chest. But when this heart set to reasoning, as it was fearfully prone to do whenever it was hurt, it always did so with the sledge-hammer's logic. And as to this baby it at once began to reason, because it was deeply wounded in a most tender spot by its extravagant ugliness. From the first dismayed look the father took at his offspring, it was certain that unless the son proved a paragon of all virtues according to the father's conceptions, fair weather would be the exception rather than the rule in their relations. Ere the child is fairly out of the nursery they begin to take a tragical turn. When Gabriel Honoré is still a lithe-limbed boy, a veritable tragedy is well under way. The beard does not yet sprout on the chin of the youth, and bitter wrangling degenerates into a fierce feud. The same blood flows in their veins, but as to each other every drop of it seems to turn into corrosive poison. No diseased imagination of a sensational novelist has ever invented a wilder romance and used more glaring colors in painting characters and scenes. It is indescribably revolting, but at the same time of overwhelming, heart-rending pathos; not only because it is life and not fiction, but principally because both, father and son, are infinitely more to be pitied than to be blamed, though the guilt of both is great. As to this there can be no difference of opinion. But for more than a century it has been a much-controverted question whether the father or the son was the more culpable. I shall give no doubtful answer to the question as to what I think on this head. By far the greater stress, however, I lay on the assertion that the principal culprit was the *ancien régime*. If

this be not made the basal line in examining the case, it is impossible to do full justice to either of the parties; and in my opinion all the historians of the portentous family tragedy have thus far more or less failed to see, or at least to do, this.

Unless Marquis Victor could exempt himself from the law that causes have effects, his being constantly in hot water in regard to his family affairs was inevitable. The hot sun of the Provence tells upon the temperature of the blood, and with the Mirabeaus it seemed to rise a degree or two with every generation. In this respect nothing was changed by the fact that any ordinary man would have died if he had lost half the quantity of blood that flowed in the wars of Louis XIV. from the wounds of Jean Antoine, Victor's father. He deemed it his due always to be sent where death was sure to reap the richest harvest, and he was not possessed of any charm rendering him steel-and-bullet-proof. Of one of the battles he used to speak as "the day on which I died." The soldiers said of him: "He is a Mirabeau: they are all devils." . . .

It was an uncommonly ugly baby,—that is all I have thus far said of him who was to render the name Mirabeau immortal; and yet I have said already enough to decide the mooted question, whether the father or the son was more to blame that the story of their relations was written with gall and venom, and the latter's name became a stench in the nostrils of all decent people. I have said enough to decide this question, unless one is prepared to contend that not parents have to educate their children, but children their parents, and to deny that example is one of the most essential elements in education.

Surely the children of the marquis would have needed a treble set of guardian angels, to come out of the atmosphere of this household uncontaminated. As to Honoré, a whole battalion of them would have been of no avail, for against them father and son were from the first the closest allies. All that was out of joint and awry in the father's way of feeling, thinking, and acting, was brought to bear upon the hapless child systematically, with dogged persistency and the utmost force. Not enough that he was born so ugly that the most mealy-hearted father, intending to make his son the head of one of the great families of France, would have felt justly aggrieved. As if he wanted to try just how much the father's patience would stand, he became still more disfigured by small-pox. The *bailli* was informed that

his nephew vied in ugliness "with the Devil's nephew." Starting from this basis, the marquis soon commenced to discover that he resembled this disreputable personage in many other respects also. Small wonder! The precocious child was a most genuine twig of the old tree, and most people judge those defects of character with the greatest severity which characterize themselves. Upon the hot-tempered father, afflicted with the infallibility delusion and the duty craze, the faithful reproduction of his own unconfessed faults in his son necessarily had the effect that a red cloth has upon the turkey-cock; and the logical consequence was a pedagogical policy necessarily producing results diametrically opposed to those it was intended to have. Dismay grew into chronic anger, baffled anger into provoking passion, thwarted passion into obdurate rigor and obstinacy, defied rigor into systematic injustice and cruelty, breeding revengeful spite and more and more weakening and wrenching out of shape all the springs of moral volition.

The brain in the oversized head of the boy worked with unnatural intensity, and molten iron instead of blood seemed to flow in his veins. What he needed above all was therefore a steady hand to guide him. The hand, however, cannot possibly be steady if the judgment is constantly whirling around like a weathercock. Now the father sees in him "a lofty heart under the jacket of a babe, with a strange but noble instinct of pride"; and only four days later he has changed into "a type of unutterably deep baseness, of absolute platitude, and the quality of an uncouth and dirty caterpillar which will not undergo a transformation." Then again: "An intelligence, a memory, a capacity, which overpower, exciting astonishment, nay, fright." And not quite four weeks later: "A nothing, embellished with trivialities that will throw dust into the eyes of chatterboxes, but never be anything but a quarter of a man, if peradventure he should ever be anything at all."

Unquestionably it was no easy task properly to educate this boy, for there was a great deal of solid foundation for every one of the father's contradictory judgments: the boy was like the father, as "changeable as the sea." Still, by conforming the education, with untiring, loving patience, to the strongly pronounced individuality of the child, a good pedagogue would have been sure to achieve excellent results. The application of any cut-and-dried system based upon preconceived notions was certain

to work incalculable mischief. This the marquis failed to see, and his system was in all its parts as adapted to the intellectual and moral peculiarities of the boy as a blacksmith's hammer to the repairing of a chronometer.

Many years later, the Baron von Gleichen wrote to the father: "I told you often that you would make a great rascal of the boy, while he was of a stuff to make a great man of him. He has become both." So it was; and that he became a rascal was to a great extent due to the treatment he received at his father's hands, while he became a great man in spite of it. Appeals to reason, pride, honor, noble ambition, and above all affection, always awakened a strong responsive echo in his bosom; the father, however, whenever he was provoked,—and the high-spirited unruly boy constantly provoked him,—had only sternness, stinging sarcasm, sharp rebuke, and severe punishment for him. Instead of educating him by methodically developing his better qualities, he persists in trying to subdue him by fear, although he cannot help confessing that the word fear is not to be found in the boy's vocabulary. Contradicting himself, he then again proudly asserts that while Honoré is afraid of no one else, he fears him. That was a delusion. He knew that from the father he had to expect nothing but punishment, and that he tried to elude by hook and by crook; having, in spite of his fearlessness, no more a liking for it than any other boy. The father accused him, now and ever afterwards, of being by nature a liar. It was he who had caused the germ of untruthfulness, which is liable to be pretty strong with most very vivacious children, to sprout so vigorously and to cast such deep roots, by systematically watering it every day. From his early childhood to the day of his death, Mirabeau was possessed of a secret charm that in spite of everything, opened him the hearts of almost all people with whom he came into close contact. Even the father was by no means, as he pretended to be, wholly proof against it. But as he was extraordinarily skillful in deceiving himself on this head, he also admirably succeeded in concealing it from the son. The boy learned more and more to look upon his father as his one natural enemy, whom it was a matter of course to oppose by all available means, fair and foul. He did his best to make himself a terror to his son, and he not only deadened natural affection, but also undermined filial respect. To reimpose the punishments remitted by the teacher, to make everybody, from the father confessor down to the comrades,

a spy and informant, purposely and confessedly to exaggerate to instructors and superiors his moral shortcomings,—that was a policy to drive an angel to revolt. It would have been nothing less than a miracle if it had not goaded into viciousness an unusually bright and hot-tempered boy, with a superabundance of human nature in his every fibre. There is no surer way utterly to ruin a full-blooded colt than madly to tear and jerk the bridle, while brutally belaboring him with spur and whip.

Honoré was still a child, and the marquis already persuaded himself that he was in the strict sense of the word a criminal. He not only said so, but he also treated him as such, though he admitted that in truth, thus far only boyish pranks could be laid to his charge. As a last attempt to save him from perdition, he was at the age of fifteen years intrusted to the Abbé Choquard. The marquis himself applies to the institution the harsh name "reformatory school." It was not so bad as that. Among Honoré's comrades were even some English boys "of family," who were not at all suspected of being candidates for the hangman's kind attentions. Not by putting him into this institution did the marquis disgrace his son, but he did brand him by depriving him of his name. As Pierre Buffière he was entered in the lists. Loménie—*facile princeps* among Mirabeau's biographers—makes light of this. He is even strongly inclined to suppose that as Buffière was the name of a large estate forming part of the prospective inheritance of his wife, the marquis was largely induced by the desire to gratify his pride to impose this name on the son. A strange way of distributing light and shadow in painting this family tragedy! The marquis states in the plainest words that he intends to burn a mark upon the forehead of the son. . . .

Here again Mirabeau soon gained the vivid affection, not only of his comrades, but also of his teachers. A touching demonstration of the former induced his father to refrain from carrying out the intention of punishing him for the crime of accepting some money presents from his mother, by taking him out of the school and casting him adrift on the sea of life in a way which would have burned an indelible mark on his, the father's, forehead.

In 1767 Pierre Buffière was put into the army. From this time the feud between father and son rapidly sinks into darker and darker depths. The son now comes in for a steadily and fast increasing share of real guilt; but his guilt is always outrun by his father's unreasonable, unjust, and despotic paternalism. . . .

Debts, contracted at the gambling-table and in all sorts of other indulgences of a more or less reprehensible character, and an indiscreet and impure love affair, caused his father to resume the idea I just alluded to. He thought of sending the son to the Dutch colonies, *because* their mephitic climate would render it rather more than likely that he would never return from them. Many a year later Mirabeau wrote from his terrible dungeon in Vincennes to his father: — "You have confessed to me in one of your letters, that from the time of my imprisonment on the Isle of Rhé you have been on the point of sending me to the Dutch colonies. The word has made a deep impression upon me, and influenced in a high degree my after life. . . . What had I done at the age of eighteen years, that you could conceive such an idea, which makes me tremble even now, when I am buried alive? . . . I had made love." Why do Loménie and Stern not quote this letter? It seems to me that it *must* be quoted, if one is to judge fairly.

The project was abandoned in favor of a milder means, which the *ancien régime* offered to persons of high standing and influence to rid themselves of people who were in their way,—the so-called *lettres de cachet*. The person whose name a complacent minister entered upon the formulary was arrested in the name of the king, and disappeared without trial or judgment in some State prison, for as long a time as his persecutor chose to keep him caged. By this handy means the marquis now began to drag his son from prison to prison, in his "quality of natural tribunal," as he said.

Loménie lays considerable stress upon the fact that once or twice Mirabeau seems to have been rather satisfied with thus being taken care of, because he was thereby protected from his creditors. The marquis however gains but little by that. As to his son, he appears in regard to this particular instance in a better light than before this fact was unearthed, but from the other side a new shadow falls upon him. Where did this fanatic of duty find the moral justification to prevent the creditors from getting their due, by thus putting their debtor "under the hand of the king," as the phrase ran? It certainly could not be derived from any paragraph in his catechism. It is a most genuine piece of the code of the *ancien régime*.

For a number of years Mirabeau's debts constituted his principal wrong. He was one of those men who would somehow

manage to get into debt even on a desert island, and with Robinson's lump of gold for a pillow. But he would have had no opportunity to run up in the briefest time an account of over 200,000 francs, if he had not closely followed the father's bad example in choosing a wife. Miss Marignane was also an heiress, but — though bearing no resemblance to the *née* Miss Vassan — in almost every other respect pretty much the reverse of what a sensible man must wish his wife to be. Mirabeau would certainly never have thought of offering her his hand, if she had not been an heiress. His main reasons for wooing her seem, however, to have been the longing to become more independent of his father, and a freak of petty vanity: he was tickled by the sensation it would cause, that in spite of his ugliness the much-coveted prize was carried off by him. He did not even scruple to force the hand of the girl by gravely compromising her. But when she was his wife, he was only too gallant a knight. She was one of those women whose whole existence is comprised in sipping the cup of pleasure. She is, so to speak, all outside without any inside at all. If you want to get at her intellectual life, you must listen to her merry laugh about nothing at the picnic parties, and the animated recitation of her part on the amateur stage, on which she is quite a star; and to find her heart, you must go to the milliner's and jeweler's shop. To them and to the caterers Mirabeau carried the bulk of the money he borrowed from the usurers. She had eaten up with her frivolities most of the money, for the squandering of which he had to pine his youth away in prison. And that was not all she had to answer for. She too had enjoyed all the advantages of good example, and she profited as much by it as Mirabeau. Her grandmother and her mother were separated from their husbands, and very soon she gave Mirabeau the right to bid her leave his house forever. He forgave her the adultery, of which she stood convicted by her own confession; and he never told any one of her shame, until he thought that by revealing his magnanimity he could induce the courts to compel her to rejoin him. She thanked him for his generosity by telling him that he was a fool, when he implored and commanded her to join him in his place of detention, in order to stand between him and the temptation which threatened to close the gulf over him by pushing him from guilt into crime. Aye, Mirabeau sinned much, but he was infinitely more sinned against.

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HÖLTY

(1748–1776)

HÖLTY, one of the best of the German lyric poets of the eighteenth century, was born in Mariensee, near Hannover. The son of a country minister, he was excellently grounded by his father in the classics and modern languages. Though incessantly, even as a boy, poring over his studies, and thereby weakening his constitution, he yet escaped being a bookworm; for, growing up in the country, he early developed that passion for nature and for solitude which colored all his poetry. In 1769 he went to Göttingen to study theology. Here, falling in with Bürger, Voss, the Stolbergs, and other poets of kindred tastes, he became one of the founders of the Göttingen "Hainbund." This league of young enthusiasts was aflame for Klopstock, then considered the greatest German poet, for patriotism and for friendship, detested Wieland's sensual poems and his Frenchified manner, read the classics together, and wrote poetry in friendly emulation. Hölty's constitutional melancholy deepened when the girl whom he had celebrated under the name of "Laura" married. His health was further undermined by the shock of the death of his father, to whom he was fondly attached. The year after, on September 1st, 1776, he died of consumption, not quite twenty-eight years of age.

HÖLTY

Hölty is an engaging figure. His poems reveal a lovable personality. The strain of sentimentality that runs through all his work is not affectation, as it was with so many of the younger poets of that age in which Rousseau had made sentimentality fashionable, but was the true expression of Hölty's nature. He chose by preference themes in which the thought of death was in some shape present, and he was most effective where this thought served as the shadow in the bright picture of fleeting joys. A presentiment of his own early death hovered constantly about him; but it neither marred his enjoyment of the present, nor did it diminish his delight in the beauties of nature, or prevent his outbursts of youthful frolic. His range was

small; but within its limits his work was perfect, and many of his songs have become the common property of the people. His wide knowledge of ancient and modern poetry made him familiar with many verse forms; his own poems are marked by harmony of form and matter, and by great technical skill in the handling of subjects both gay and grave. They show on the one hand a deep feeling for nature and solitude, and again an innocent gayety in treating of the simple social relations. He combined in a curious degree a capacity for enjoyment of the passing moment with a profound melancholy and longing for death. The influence of the English poets with whom Hölty was well acquainted is easily traceable, and in his verse one hears the mournful echo of Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

COUNTRY LIFE

HAPPY the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
Each verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down;
The nightingale rewakes him, fluting sweet,
When shines the lovely red
Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!
In the ascending pomp of dawning day,—
Thee in thy glorious sun,
The worm, the budding branch;

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass
Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests:
Inhales the breath of prime,
The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-decked thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
Than golden halls of state
Or beds of down afford.

To him the plumy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death;
And in the village church-yard by the graves
Sits, and beholds the cross,
Death's waving garland there,

The stone beneath the elders, where a text
Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die,
And with his scythe stands Death,
An angel too with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town:
Him did an angel bless when he was born,
The cradle of the boy
With flowers celestial strewed.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SPRING SONG

THE snow melts fast,
May comes at last,
Now shoots each spray
Forth blossoms gay,
The warbling bird
Around is heard.

Come, twine a wreath,
And on the heath
The dance prepare
Ye maidens fair!
Come, twine a wreath,
Dance on the heath!

Who can foretell
The tolling bell,
When we with May
No more shall play?
Canst thou foretell
The coming knell?

Rejoice, rejoice!
To speak his voice
Who gave us birth
For joy on earth.
God gives us time,—
Enjoy its prime.

Translation of A. Baskerville.

HARVEST SONG

Sickles sound;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall;
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it:
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet,
From one dish they eat;
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
Whet the sickle,
Piping merrily.
Now they mow; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,
And the kisses!
Now the wit doth flow
Till the beer is out;
Then, with song and shout,
Home they go, yo ho!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

WINTER SONG

SUMMER joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE

SHE is no more, who bade the May month hail;
Alas! no more!
The songstress who enlivened all the vale,—
Her songs are o'er;
She whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,
Rang through my breast,
When, by the brook that murmured 'mong the flowers,
I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep full throat
The silvery lay,
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,
Far, far away!
Then was the hour when village pipe and song
Sent up their sound,
And dancing maidens lightly tripped along
The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hillside,
Far down the grove,
While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride
In speechless love.
Their hands were locked oft as thy silvery strain
Rang through the vale;
They heeded not the merry dancing train,
Sweet nightingale!

They listened thee till village bells from far
Chimed on the ear,
And like a golden fleece, the evening star
Beamed bright and clear.
Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,
Homeward they stole,
Full of sweet thoughts, breathed by thy tender lay
Through the deep soul.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE OLD FARMER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

My son, be honest truth thy guide,
And to thy dying day
Turn not a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
Then shall thy pilgrim pathway lie
Through meadows sunny-green;
Then shalt thou look on death with eye
Unshrinking and serene:

Then shall the pathway to thy tomb
By frequent feet be trod,
And summer flowers of sweet perfume
Spring from the moistened sod;
For oft shall children's children, led
By fond affection's care,
At evening seek thy grave, and shed
The tear of sorrow there.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

CALL TO JOY

AWAY with pouting and with pining,
So long as youth and springtime bloom!
Why, when life's morning sun is shining,
Why should the brow be clothed in gloom?

On every road the Pleasures greet us,
As through life's pilgrimage we roam;
With wreaths of flowers they come to meet us,
And lead us onward to our home.

The rivulet purls and plays as lightly
As when it danced to Eden's breeze;
The lovely moon still beams as brightly
As when she shone through Adam's trees.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE DREAM-IMAGE

WHERE art thou, image guarding me,
There in the garden dreaming,
That bound my hair with rosemary,
Which round my couch was teeming?
Where art thou, image guarding me,
And in my spirit peering,
While my warm cheek all tenderly
Thou prest with touch endearing?

I seek for thee, with sorrow moved,
By linden-shaded river,
Or in the town, idea beloved,
And find thee nowhere, never.
I wander 'neath the sun's sharp heat,
If raining or if snowing,
And look into each face I meet
Along my pathway going.

Thus am I doomed still to and fro
With sighs and tears to wander,
And Sundays at the church doors view
The maidens here and yonder.
Toward every window do I look,
Where but a veil doth hover,

And in no house or street or nook
Can I my love discover.

Come back, sweet image of the night,
With thy angelic bearing,
Clad in the shepherd garments light
Which marked thy first appearing;
And with thee bring the swan-white hand
Which stole my heart completely,
The purple-scarlet bosom-band,
The nosegay scented sweetly;

The pair of great and glad blue eyes,
From whence looked out an angel;
The forehead, in such kindly guise,
Amenity's evangel;
The mouth, love's paradise abode;
The dimples laughing clearest,
Where Heaven's bright portal open stood,—
Bring all with thee, my dearest!

HOMAGE

O ye beauties,
All my duties
Pay I till my death,
Song-strains while upraising;
Ever till my death
All your virtues praising.

Ye, O good ones,
Joy-imbued ones,
Give life its sweet guise,
Man an angel making,
And a paradise
Of a world law-breaking.

Who the blisses
Of true kisses
Never tasted hath,
Wanders like one fleeing
O'er life's beaten path,—
Is an unborn being.

Who the blisses
Of true kisses
Fully tasted hath,
Glows with Heaven's brightness,
And along his path
Rose-groves spring in lightness.

TO A VIOLET

After Zappi

O VIOLET, hide within thy calyx blue
The tears of anguish till my sweetheart true
This spring shall visit. If she thee shall take
From here, adornment for her breast to make,
Cling close then to her heart, and tell her true
That these pearl drops within thy calyx blue
From soul of truest youth on earth were brought,
Who wept his soul away, and then death sought.

ELEGY AT THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER

BLEST are they who slumber in the Lord;
Thou, too, O my father, thou art blest:
Angels came to crown thee; at their word,
Thou hast gone to share the heavenly rest.

Roaming through the boundless, starry sky,
What is now to thee this earthly clod?
At a glance ten thousand suns sweep by,
While thou gazest on the face of God.

In thy sight the eternal record lies;
Thou dost drink from life's immortal wells;
Midnight's mazy mist before thee flies,
And in heavenly day thy spirit dwells.

Yet beneath thy dazzling victor's crown,
Thou dost send a father's look to me;
At Jehovah's throne thou fallest down,
And Jehovah, hearing, answereth thee.

Father, oh when life's last drops are wasting,—
Those dear drops which God's own urn hath given,—

When my soul the pangs of death is tasting,
To my dying bed come down from heaven!

Let thy cooling palm wave freshly o'er me,
Sinking to the dark and silent tomb;
Let the awful vales be bright before me,
Where the flowers of resurrection bloom.

Then with thine my soul shall soar through heaven,
With the same unfading glory blest;
For a home one star to us be given,—
In the Father's bosom we shall rest.

Then bloom on, gay tufts of scented roses;
O'er his grave your sweetest fragrance shed!
And while here his sacred dust reposes,
Silence reign around his lowly bed!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

THE modern poets, in their search for epic material, have laid under tribute the history of the world and the mythologies of all races. Yet the limited number of really epic subjects thus discovered testifies either to the weakness of literary invention or to the narrow bounds of heroic possibilities. A few old themes, already used in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, have served again for most of the ambitious narrative compositions of the nineteenth. Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, and Swinburne, in English, and Richard Wagner in German, have been the chief narrative poets of our time, and their work has very largely been to infuse modern poetical sentiment and modern philosophy into mediæval stories. Except Browning, who is a son of the Renaissance, these poets have all found a great part of their epic material in the early traditions of the Celtic and Germanic races.

The most heroic of these traditions celebrate the gods and heroes of the ancient Northern religion—Wodin, Thor, Freya, Balder, Loki, Siegfried, Brunhild,—the terrible and beautiful figures which have grown out of the Edda, through the Nibelungen-Lied, into Wagner's stupendous tetralogy. The most romantic are the tales of Arthur and the Round Table; British in origin, and appropriate in character to the soft Celtic race and to the gentle modern poet who has popularized them again in 'The Idylls of the King.' The most spiritual are the stories of Perceval and the search for a sacred emblem, which are known collectively as the Legend of the Holy Grail.

The best known of the many modern embodiments of this legend are Tennyson's 'Holy Grail' and the text of Wagner's musical drama 'Parsifal.' In the Middle Ages it found wider and more varied expression, being the substance of narratives in prose as well as verse, and in no less than six languages,—French, Welsh, English, German, Icelandic, and Flemish. During the latter half of the twelfth century and the first quarter of the thirteenth, eight or ten different authors wrote the romances which, for lack of the more ancient works upon which they were based, we must call the original Grail cycle. The popularity of the legend was wide-spread. Its influence was profound, and showed itself especially in spiritualizing the Arthurian narratives, which had previously been of a worldly and even

sensual character. Caxton no sooner set up his press in England than he wrote: "Many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm came and demanded many and often times wherefore I have not made and emprynted the noble history of the San Graal;" and in 1485 he did "emprynt" Malory's 'Morte Darthur,' which is saturated with the mysticism of the Grail idea.

In a mass of poetical work extending over many years, in various lands, and produced by informing old borrowed stories with new imaginative meaning, it is not easy to determine the distinguishing features. There are, however, two principal lines of narration which lie prominent to the view amid all the confusion of the Grail stories, and to which the rest is subordinate. These are the tale of Perceval, and the account of a miracle-working object connected with Christ's passion. The former is in substance as follows:—

A banished queen, widow of a king slain in combat, lives in the wild-wood with her little son. To guard him from the dangers of court life, she brings him up in ignorance of his royal origin and of all warlike arts. His childhood is spent in companionship with the birds of the forest. He loves them, and understands their language. One day he encounters several knights in a green glade, and is fascinated by the splendor of their arms and what they tell of their wandering life. Following their example, he sets forth to conquer the world,—to win the love of women and perform deeds of valor. Ignorance, foolhardiness, and awkwardness are but the outward appearance of his true innocence, courage, simplicity, and chastity. After many adventures he reaches an enchanted castle, upon which some dreadful woe seems to have fallen. A wounded man, called the "Fisher King," lies there speechless and supplicating relief; and at regular intervals there are borne before this sufferer a bleeding spear and a sacred vessel, at sight of which the King and his attendant knights look expectantly at the simple Perceval. He has been taught, however, never to ask questions, and so leaves the castle without inquiring concerning its mysteries. Had he but asked, the Fisher King would have been healed; for, as all the inmates of the castle knew, this cannot be until a pure man makes question of the holy relics. Perceval goes forth unto many more adventures, but is ever haunted by pity for the King and regret of his own forbearance. At length he learns from a hermit that the vessel was the Grail, and devotes himself henceforth to searching for the castle, in hopes of repairing his fault. After many years he finds it again, but now the spell is not so easily unbound. He must first weld together the parts of a broken sword. When this is done, the Fisher King recovers, and hails Perceval as his deliverer and the chief defender of the Grail. Upon the Fisher King's death, Perceval rules in his stead.

The history of the Grail is given in most romances substantially as follows: In a bowl which had served at the Last Supper, Joseph of Arimathea caught some of the blood which flowed from Christ's wounds as he hung upon the cross. Being miraculously conveyed to England to escape persecution, he carried the precious vessel with him. Throughout his life it furnished him with food and drink, and with spiritual sustenance as well; and at his death he charged his successor to guard it faithfully. It was handed down from generation to generation, the Fisher King being a descendant of Joseph. This vessel is the Grail. According to other versions, the Grail chooses its own knights. It possesses miraculous properties, and at times is instinct with divine life. To discover its abiding-place and become one of its guardians is the ambition of good and valiant men, but only the pure in heart may find it.

Any student of folk-lore will instantly perceive in the Perceval narration an ancient heathen core, related to the tales of Siegfried in early Germanic literature and more closely still to Celtic mythology. Some investigators have tried to prove that the idea of a sacred spear and vessel, endowed with wonder-working powers and guarded by an order of knights, is also of Celtic and heathen origin. This is a much-vexed question, and one of the most difficult in the whole field of literary history. The advocates of this theory have at times of late seemed tantalizingly near to untangling the mysterious knot, and they may do it yet. But in the present state of knowledge it still is safer to say that the account of a sacred spear and bowl, as given in the Grail romances, appears to be mainly of Christian legendary origin, and to be based upon the lives of saints and certain apocryphal books of the New Testament, principally the Gospel of Nicodemus. It is probable that the Perceval story was familiar, in one or more of its many different forms, to the people of western Britain, before their conversion to Christianity. When the French romancers of the twelfth century began to develop the Grail idea,— the idea of a sacramental symbol, dwelling among men but discoverable only by the brave and pure,— they wove into their narrations all the tales of chivalry, all the mysterious adventures, all the recondite folk-lore, they remembered or could find in books. Points of resemblance between Perceval's breaking the spell at the Fisher King's castle and the religious legend of a quest for the Grail must have caught the attention of these poets, half inventors, half compilers, and been eagerly accepted. Chrestien de Troyes, who was possibly the first writer from whom a Grail romance has come down to us, was evidently intending to fuse these two elements in the latter part of his poem, but evidently also hesitating over so bold and difficult a task. He began his work about 1189, but died before

finishing it or even reaching the point where the blending was to begin in earnest.

Mediæval poets felt no scruple about mingling Biblical stories and the lives of saints with the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or of Scandinavia, Germany, and Britain. They obeyed also a tendency to materialize religion; a tendency almost universal, which has had much to do with the attaching of undue importance to church rites and sacraments. More controversy and bloodshed have been occasioned by differences of opinion about baptism and the eucharist than by divergence of conduct in following the moral law of Christianity. This natural inclination to attribute deep spiritual significance to physical objects and actions — to symbolize, in a word — was what caused the Grail idea to develop so rapidly and gave it such a grasp upon the imagination of men. And the Christian legendary element in the Grail romances, while of later origin than the heathen element, is the central and unifying principle, and has drawn to itself and sublimated all those weird and strangely beautiful pagan stories of which Perceval is the hero, and which awaken in our hearts a faint reminiscence of the mysterious childhood of our race.

There have been many widely divergent opinions concerning the meaning and origin of the word Grail,— or Graal, or Gréal, or Gral, as it is variously spelt. An early and most natural conjecture was that San Gréal was a mistaken way of writing *sang réal*, the royal blood. But there is now scarcely any doubt that the early form Graal was derived from the Low Latin *gradale*, and this in turn from *cratella*, a bowl.

As to the order in which the members of the early cycle were composed, there is much difference of opinion. Three, however, seem older than the others, at least in the material they employ. They are Chrestien's unfinished poem, the 'Conte du Graal,' in Old French; the Welsh mabinogi, or prose romance, 'Peredur ab Evrawc,' probably written later than the former, though based not upon it but upon very ancient matter, for it is simpler and shorter and makes no mention of the Grail, being chiefly a life of Perceval (Peredur); and the Early English metrical romance, 'Sir Perceval of Galles,' in which no talismanic or miracle-working objects are mentioned at all. These three compositions may have derived their Perceval elements from a common source, opened to the mediæval world during the reign of Henry II. by some Norman-English compiler interested in Welsh poetry. Chrestien's poem was taken up by several other French writers after his death. An introduction was fitted to it, in which a violent attempt was made to reconcile the Christian and heathen elements. Many thousands of lines were also added, by various hands, in the early years of the thirteenth century. Meanwhile,

probably before the end of the twelfth century, Robert de Borron had written, in Old French verse, a trilogy, 'Joseph,' 'Merlin,' 'Perceval,' of which the 'Joseph' and part of the 'Merlin' have been preserved. It was he especially who gave to all the material a Christian character. There are also later prose adaptations of his work. Great difficulty is occasioned by our ignorance of where to place the French prose romance, the 'Queste del Saint Graal,' generally attributed to Walter Map, and another, the 'Grand Saint Graal,' often accredited to Borron. In these the Christian symbolizing tendency is strong, and the story of Perceval is buried under many complicated tales of knight-errantry. They were, however, probably written before 1204.

There are several other members of the early cycle of Grail romances, but only one is of great importance,—the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach. He was a South-German poet, who lived at least as early as 1170 and as late as 1220. The 'Parzival' is his *magnum opus*. It is also the finest narrative poem of which the authorship is known, between the era of classical antiquity and the 'Divine Comedy' of Dante. Furthermore, it is the most complete, and virtually the final, mediæval handling of the two great themes which are involved in the Legend of the Holy Grail, and which Wolfram more thoroughly blends than any other poet. He accomplishes this by reinstating and beautifying the Perceval element, and eliminating most of the confused monkish legendary matter concerning the transference of the Grail from Palestine to Western Europe. He professes to base his romance upon Chrestien's 'Conte du Graal' and upon a work by "Kiot the Provençal," now lost without other trace than this assertion. Material about Perceval was evidently more plentiful and clearer than information as to the Grail, for Wolfram does not know it as a bowl, but as a stone.

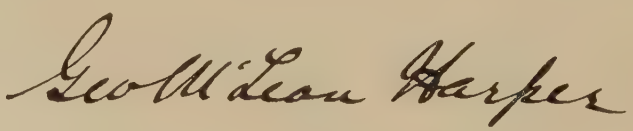
In this noble work there lives a spirit of reverence and moral earnestness in marked contrast with the aimless and often frivolous character of the other romances. The best qualities of the German mind—its hospitality to tender sentiment, its love of truth, its individuality in religion—are here abundantly present. The Grail is not regarded merely as a talisman, but as a visible manifestation of the ever-living Christ,

> "a light to guide, a rod
> To check the erring, and reprove,"

a reminder of spiritual needs and privileges. But what will keep the 'Parzival' ever fresh and attractive is the breath of morning blowing through it, as from the greenwood where the world was young, where man was innocent and held converse with the sweet birds, where moral evil came not, and moral good was taught by a

mother's lips. The celebrated passage in which Wolfram relates the boyhood of Perceval is by far the choicest portion of his long poem. His selection and development of this theme have guaranteed to him, more surely than to the other authors of early Grail romances, a substantial and enduring fame.

During the next two hundred and fifty years it was the mission of the Legend of the Holy Grail to be the spiritualizing tributary of a broader stream of literature, the bright full current of Arthurian romance. To this brimming river it gave purity and light. It gave direction as well; and for a time at least, the generations who sailed upon the bosom of these waters moved as honor and true religion might approve. Then the Renaissance, which was springtime to many fields of thought, fell like a polar night on these shining floods of fair mediæval story. The Legend of the Holy Grail, which had leaped down in tiny rivulets from the high antiquity of so many races, and had cleansed and beautified the literatures of so many tongues, and served so long as the highway of communication between widely separated nations,—this purifying and unifying stream lay frozen throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Suddenly, in our own time, it has been irradiated and warmed to life again and to the old genial motion. Modern English and German poets in reviving the Legend of the Holy Grail have been impelled by the same moral earnestness as Wolfram von Eschenbach, and by the same desire to show the way to seekers after the spiritual life.



THE BOY PERCEVAL

From the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach. Translation of George McLean Harper

WHEN doubt a human conscience gnaws,
Peace from that breast her light withdraws.
Beauty and ugliness we find
Even in the bravest heart combined,
If taint be in him, great or slight,
As in the magpie black and white.
Yet ofttimes may he savèd be,
For both share in his destiny—

High heaven and the abyss of hell.
But when the man is infidel,
Of midnight blackness is his soul,
His course is towards yon pitchy hole;
While he of steady mind pursues
The shining road the righteous choose.
A knight-at-arms am I by birth;
In me sleep warlike strength and worth;
She who might love me for my song
Would show a judgment sadly wrong.
For if I seek a lady's grace,
And may not go before her face
With honors won by shield and sword,
I will not woo her, by my word!
No other game can have my praise
When Love's the stake and Knighthood plays.
I find the usage much to blame
Which makes no difference in the name
Of women false and women true.
Clear-voiced are all, but not a few
Quickly to evil courses run,
While others every folly shun.
So goes the world; but still 'tis shame
The bad ones share that honored name.
Loyal and fair is womanhood,
When once the name is understood.
Many there are who cannot see
Anything good in poverty.
But he who bears its trials well
May save his faithful soul from hell!
These trials once a woman bore
And gained thereby of grace a store.
Not many in their youth resign
Riches in life for wealth divine.
I know not one in all the earth,
Whate'er the sex or age or birth;
For mortals all in this agree.
But Herzeloide the rich ladie
From her three lands afar did go—
She bore such heavy weight of woe.
In her was no unfaithfulness,
As every witness did confess.
All dark to her was now the sun;
The world's delights she fain would shun.

Alike to her were night and day,
For sorrow followed her alway.

Now went the mourning lady good
Forth from her realm into a wood
In Soltanè the wilderness;
Not for flowers, as you might guess;
Her heart with sorrow was so full
She had no mind sweet flowers to pull,
Red though they were and bright, or pale.
She brought with her to that safe vale
Great Gahmuret's her lord's young child.
Her servants, with them there exiled,
Tilled the scant glebe with hoe and plow.
To run with them she'd oft allow
Her son. And e'er his mind awoke
She summoned all this vassal folk,
And on them singly, woman and man,
She laid this strange and solemn ban:
Never of knights to utter word,—
"For if of them my darling heard,
And knightly life and knightly fare,
'Twould be a grief to me, and care.
Now guard your speech and hark to me,
And tell him naught of chivalrie."

With troubled mien they all withdrew;
And so concealed, the young boy grew
Soltanè's greenwood far within.
No royal sports he might begin
Save one,—to draw the bow
And bring the birds above him low
With arrows cut by his own hand,
All in that forest land.

But when one day a singing bird
He shot, and now no longer heard
Its thrilling note, he wept aloud,
This boy so innocent yet proud,
And beat his breast and tore his hair,
This boy so wild yet wondrous fair.

At the spring in the glade
He every day his toilet made.
Free had he been from sorrow
Till now, when he must borrow
Sweet pain from birds.

Into his heart their music pressed
And swelled it with a strange unrest.
Straight to the queen he then did run;
She said, "Who hurt thee, pretty son?"
But naught could he in answer say—
'Tis so with children in our day.

Long mused the queen what this might be,
Till once beneath a greenwood tree
She saw him gazing and sighing still,
Then knew 'twas a bird's song did fill
Her darling's breast with yearning pain
And haunting mystery.

Queen Herzeloide's anger burned
Against the birds, she knew not why;
Her serving-folk she on them turned
And bade to quench their hated cry,
And chase and beat and kill
In every brake, on every hill.
Few were the birds that flew away
And saved their lives in that fierce fray;
Yet some escaped to live and sing
Joyous, and make the forest ring.

Unto the queen then spoke the boy,
"Why do you rob them of their joy?"
Such intercession then he made,
His mother kissed him while she said,
"Why should I break God's law, and rob
The birds of innocent delight?"
Then to his mother spoke the boy,
"O mother, what is God?"

"My son, in solemn truth I say
He is far brighter than the day,
Though once his countenance did change
Into the face of man.
O son of mine, give wisely heed,
And call on him in time of need,
Whose faithfulness has never failed
Since first the world began.
And one there is, the lord of hell,
Black and unfaithful, as I tell:
Bear thou towards him a courage stout,
And wander not in paths of doubt."

His mother taught him to discern
Darkness and light; he quick did learn.

The lesson done, away he'd spring
To practice with the dart and sling.
Full many an antlered stag he shot
And home to his lady mother brought;
Through snow or floods, it was the same,
Still harried he the game.
Now hear the tale of wonder:
When he had brought a great stag low,
Burden a mule might stagger under,
He'd shoulder it and homeward go!
Now it fell out upon a day
He wandered down a long wood-way,
And plucked a leaf and whistled shrill,
Near by a road that crossed a hill.
And thence he heard sharp hoof-strokes ring,
And quick his javelin did swing;
Then cried: "Now what is this I hear?
What if the Devil now appear,
With anger hot, and grim?
But certain I will not flee him!
Such fearful things my mother told—
I ween her heart is none too bold."
All ready thus for strife he stood,
When lo! there galloped through the wood
Three riders, shining in the light,
From head to foot in armor dight.
The boy all innocently thought
Each one a god, as he was taught.
No longer upright then stood he,
But in the path he bent his knee.
Aloud he called, and clear and brave,
"Save, God, for thou alone canst save!"
The foremost rider spoke in wrath
Because the boy lay in the path:
"This clumsy Welsh boy
Hinders our rapid course."
A name we Bavarians wear
Must the Welsh also bear:
They are clumsier even than we,
But good fighters too, you'll agree.
A graceful man within the round
Of these two lands is rarely found.
That moment came a knight
In battle-gear bedight.

Galloping hard and grim
Over the mountain's rim.
The rest had ridden on before,
Pursuing two false knights, who bore
A lady from his land.
That touched him near at hand;
The maid he pitied sore,
Who sadly rode before.
After his men he held his course,
Upon a fine Castilian horse.
His shield bore marks of many a lance;
His name — Karnacharnanz,
Le comte Ulterlec.
Quoth he, "Who dares to block our way?"
And forth he strode to see the youth,
Who thought him now a god in sooth,
For that he was a shining one:
His dewy armor caught the sun,
And with small golden bells were hung
The stirrup straps, that blithely swung
Before his greavèd thighs
And from his feet likewise.
Bells on his right arm tinkled soft
Did he but raise his hand aloft.
Bright gleamed that arm from many a stroke,
Warded since first to fame he woke.
Thus rode the princely knight,
In wondrous armor dight.
That flower of manly grace and joy,
Karnacharnanz, now asked the boy:
"My lad, hast seen pass by this way
Two knights that grossly disobey
The rules of all knight-errantry?
For with a helpless maid they flee,
Whom all unwilling they have stolen,
To honor lost, with mischief swollen."
The boy still thought, despite his speech,
That this was God; for so did teach
His mother Herzeloide, the queen —
To know him by his dazzling sheen.
He cried in all humility,
"Help, God, for all help comes from thee!"
And fell in louder suppliance yet
Le fils du roi Gahmuret.

"I am not God," the prince replied,
"Though in his law I would abide.
Four knights we are, couldst thou but see
What things before thine eyen be."
At this the boy his words did stay:
"Thou namest knights, but what are they?
And if thou hast not power divine,
Tell me, who gives, then, knighthood's sign?"
"King Arthur, lad, it is;
And goest thou to him, I wis
That if he gives thee knighthood's name
Thou'lt have in that no cause for shame.
Thou hast indeed a knightly mien."
The chevalier had quickly seen
How God's good favor on him lay.
The legend telleth what I say,
And further doth confirm the boast
That he in beauty was the first
Of men since Adam's time: this praise
Was his from womankind always.
Then asked he in his innocence,
Whereon they laughed at his expense:
"Ay, good sir knight, what mayst thou be,
That hast these many rings I see
Upon thy body closely bound
And reaching downward to the ground?"
With that he touched the rings of steel
Which clothed the knight from head to heel,
And viewed his harness curiously.
"My mother's maids," commented he,
"Wear rings, but have them strung on cords,
And not so many as my lord's."
Again he asked, so bold his heart:
"And what's the use of every part?
What good do all these iron things?
I cannot break these little rings."
The prince then showed his battle blade:
"Now look ye, with this good sword's aid,
I can defend my life from danger
If overfallen by a stranger,
And for his thrust and for his blow
I wrap myself in harness, so."
Quick spoke the boy his hidden thought:
"'Tis well the forest stags bear not

Such coats of mail, for then my spear
Would never slay so many deer."
By this the other knights were vexed
Their lord should talk with a fool perplexed.
The prince ended: "God guard thee well,
And would that I had thy beauty's spell!
And hadst thou wit, then were thy dower
The richest one in heaven's power.
May God's grace ever with thee stay."
Whereat they all four rode away,
Until they came to a field
In the dark forest concealed.
There found the prince some peasant-folk
Of Herzeloide with plow and yoke.
Their lot had never been so hard,
Driving the oxen yard by yard,
For they must toil to reap the fruit
Which first was seed and then was root.
The prince bade them good-day,
And asked if there had passed that way
A maiden in distressful plight.
They could not help but answer right,
And this is what the peasants said:
"Two horsemen and a maid
We saw pass by this morning;
The lady, full of scorning,
Rode near a knight who spurred her horse
With iron heel and language coarse."
That was Meliakanz;
After him rode Karnacharnanz.
By force he wrested the maid from him;
She trembled with joy in every limb.
Her name, Imaine
Of Bellefontaine.
The peasant folk were sore afraid
Because this quest the heroes made;
They cried: "What evil day for us!
For has young master seen them thus
In iron clad from top to toe,
The fault is ours, ours too the woe!
And the queen's anger sure will fall
With perfect justice on us all,
Because the boy, while she was sleeping,
Came out this morning in our keeping."

The boy, untroubled by such fear,
Was shooting wild stags far and near;
Home to his mother he ran at length
And told his story; and all strength
Fled from her limbs, and down she sank,
And the world to her senses was a blank.
When now the queen
Opened her eyelids' screen,
Though great had been her dread,
She asked: "Son, tell me who has fed
Thy fancy with these stories
Of knighthood's empty glories?"
"Mother, I saw four men so bright
That God himself gives not more light;
Of courtly life they spoke to me,
And told how Arthur's chivalry
Doth teach all knighthood's office
To every willing novice."
Again the queen's heart 'gan to beat.
His wayward purpose to defeat,
She thought her of a plan
To keep at home the little man.
The noble boy, in simplest course,
Begged his mother for a horse.
Her secret woe broke out anew;
She said, "Albeit I shall rue
This gift, I can deny him naught.
Yet there are men," she sudden thought,
"Whose laughter is right hard to bear;
And if fool's dress my son should wear
On his beautiful shining limbs,
Their scorn will scatter all these whims,
And he'll return without delay."
This trick she used, alack the day!
A piece of coarse sackcloth she chose
And cut thereout doublet and hose,
From his neck to his white knees,
And all from one great piece,
With a cap to cover head and ears;
For such was a fool's dress in those years.
Then instead of stockings she bound
Two calfskin strips his legs around.
None would have said he was the same,
And all who saw him wept for shame.

The queen, with pity, bade him stay
Until the dawn of a new day;
"Thou must not leave me yet," beseeching,
"Till I have given thee all my teaching:
On unknown roads thou must not try
To ford a stream if it be high.
But if it's shallow and clear,
Pass over without fear.
Be careful every one to greet
Whom on thy travels thou mayst meet;
And if any gray-bearded man
Will teach thee manners, as such men can,
Be sure to follow him, word an deed;
Despise him not, as I thee reed.
One special counsel, son, is mine:
Wherever thou, for favor's sign,
Canst win a good woman's ring or smile,
Take them, thy sorrows to beguile.
Canst kiss her too, by any art,
And hold her beauty to thy heart,
'Twill bring thee luck and lofty mood,
If she chaste is, and good.
Lachelein, the proud and bold,
Won from thy princes of old—
I'd have thee know, O son of mine—
Two lands that should be fiefs of thine,
Waleis and Norgals.
One of thy princes, Turkentals,
Received his death from this foe's hands;
And on thy people he threw bands."
"Mother, for that I'll vengeance wreak:
My javelin his heart shall seek."
Next morning at first break of day
The proud young warrior rode away.
The thought of Arthur filled his mind.
Herzeloide kissed him and ran behind.
The world's worst woe did then befall.
When no more she saw young Parzival
(He rode away. Whom bettered be?)
The queen from every falseness free
Fell to the earth, where anguish soon
Gave her Death's bitter boon.
Her loyal death
Saves her from hell's hot breath.

'Twas well she had known motherhood!
Thus sailed this root of every good,
Whose flower was humility,
Across that rich-rewarding sea.
Alas for us, that of her race
Till the twelfth age she left no trace!
Hence see we so much falsehood thrive.
Yet every loyal woman alive
For this boy's life and peace should pray,
As he leaves his mother and rides away.

THE MYSTIC DAMSEL ANNOUNCES THE VISIT OF THE GRAIL TO ARTHUR'S HALL: AND THE VOW IS MADE

From Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur'

THEREWITH the king and all espied where came riding down the river a lady on a white palfrey toward them. Then she saluted the king and the queen, and asked if that Sir Launcelot was there? And then he answered himself, I am here, fair lady. Then she said, all with weeping, How your great doing is changed sith this day in the morn. Damsel, why say ye so? said Launcelot. I say you sooth, said the damsel, for ye were this day the best knight of the world; but who should say so now should be a liar, for there is now one better than ye. And well it is proved by the adventures of the sword whereto ye durst not set your hand, and that is the change and leaving of your name; wherefore I make unto you a remembrance, that ye shall not ween from henceforth that ye be the best knight of the world. As touching unto that, said Launcelot, I know well I was never the best. Yes, said the damsel, that were ye, and are yet of any sinful man of the world. And sir king, Nacien the hermet sendeth thee word that thee shall befall the greatest worship that ever befell king in Britain; and I say you wherefore, for this day the Sancgreal shall appear in thy house, and feed thee and all thy fellowship of the Round Table. So she departed and went that same way that she came. . . .

And so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam

more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the holy Graile covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall full filled with good odors, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world; and when the holy Graile had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became. Then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings unto God of his good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the king, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly, for that he hath shewed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost. Now, said Sir Gawaine, we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on, but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the holy Graile, it was so preciously covered: wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding, I shall labor in the quest of the Sancgreal, that I shall hold me out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not speed, I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ. When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most party, and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made.

Anon as King Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well that they might not againsay their avows. Alas! said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made. For through you ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world. For when they depart from hence, I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the quest. And so it forethinketh me a little, for I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it shall grieve me right sore the departition of this fellowship.

SIR LAUNCELOT FAILS OF THE QUEST

From Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur'

THEN Sir Launcelot enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened, and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said, Joy and honor be to the Father of Heaven! Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber. Then said he, Fair sweet Father Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased the Lord, for thy pity have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that thou shew me something of that I seek! And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him, Flee, Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it: and if thou enter thou shalt forthink it. Then he withdrew him aback right heavy. Then looked he up in the midst of the chamber and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest, and it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands there were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands, and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to shew so to the people. And then Launcelot marveled not a little, for him thought that the priest was so greatly charged of the figure, that him seemed that he should fall to the earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said, Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man, which hath great need of help. Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath that him thought it intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it burnt his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his saying. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him

up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there seeming dead to all people. So upon the morrow, when it was fair day, they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marveled how that he came in. And so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse, to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might neither stand, nor stir no member that he had; and so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk; and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said nay. In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all, and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

THE GRAIL IS ACHIEVED BY SIR GALAHAD

From Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur'

THEN rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle, King Pelles knew them. Then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sancgreal. Then Eliazar, King Pelles's son, brought afore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if he might have soldered it again, but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he. Now have ye it again, said Percivale to Galahad, for and it be ever achieved by one bodily man, ye must do it. And then took he the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was achieved, then they gave the sword to Bors; for it might not be better set, for he was a good knight and a worthy man. And a little afore even the sword arose great and marvelous, and was full of great heat, that many men fell for dread. And anon alight a voice among them, and said, They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very knights be fed. So they went thence all save King Pelles and Eliazar his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece.

And so these three fellows and they three were there; no more. Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad, Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table, where the holy meat shall be parted. Then said he, Ye be welcome: but of whence be ye? So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sat thus, there came out of a bed of tree of a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought, and in the bed lay a good man sick, and a crown of gold upon his head; and there in the midst of the place they set him down, and went again their way. Then he lift up his head and said, Galahad, knight, ye be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, for in such pain and in such anguish I have been long. But now I trust to God the term is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall pass out of this world, so as it was promised me long ago. Therewith a voice said, There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sancgreal, and therefore depart ye.

Then King Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal beseemed them that there came a man and four angels from heaven, clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand, and these four angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver whereupon the Sancgreal was, and it seemed that he had in midst of his forehead letters that said, See ye here Joseph the first bishop of Christendom, the same which our Lord succored in the City of Sarras, in the Spiritual Place. Then the knights marveled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred year tofore. O knights, said he, marvel not, for I was sometime an earthly man. With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels, and two bare candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvelously, that three drops fell within a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblant as though he would have gone to the sacring of the mass. And then he took an ubbly,* which was made in likeness of bread; and at the lifting up there came a

* Oblate — unconsecrated loaf.

figure in likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it, that the bread was formed of a fleshly man, and then he put it into the holy vessel again. And then he did that longed to a priest to do to a mass. And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bad him go and kiss his fellows, and so he did anon. Now, said he, servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweet meats, that never knights tasted. And when he had said, he vanished away; and they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers.

Then looked they, and saw a man come out of the holy vessel that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said, My knights and my servants and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hid things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired. Then took he himself the holy vessel and came to Galahad, and he kneeled down and there he received his Savior, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvelous to tell. Then said he to Galahad, Son, wotest thou what I hold betwixt my hands? Nay, said he, but if ye will tell me. This is, said he, the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sherthursday. And now hast thou seen that thou most desiredst to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the City of Sarras, in the Spiritual Place. Therefore thou must go hence, and bear with thee this holy vessel, for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here; and wotest thou wherefore? for he is not served nor worshiped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living; therefore I shall disherit them of the honor which I have done them. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take the sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spear, for to anoint the maimed king, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health. Sir, said Galahad, why shall not these other fellows go with us? — For this cause, for right as I departed mine apostles, one here and another there, so I will that ye depart. And two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come

again, and tell tidings. Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away.

And Galahad went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fingers, and came after to the maimed king, and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him anon, and start upon his feet out of his bed as a whole man, and thanked our Lord that he had healed him. And that was not the world-ward, for anon he yield him to a place of religion of white monks, and was a full holy man. That same night about midnight came a voice among them, which said, My sons and not my chieftains, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence, where ye hope best to do, and as I bade you.—Ah! thanked be thou, Lord, that thou wilt vouchsafe to call us thy sinners. Now may we well prove that we have not lost our pains.

And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed. But the three knights of Gaul, one of them hight Claudine, King Claudas's son, and the other two were great gentlemen. Then prayed Galahad to every each of them, that if they come to King Arthur's court, that they should salute my lord Sir Launcelot my father, and of them of the Round Table, and prayed them if that they came on that part that they should not forget it. Right so departed Galahad, Percivale, and Bors with him. And so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of tofore. And when they came to the board, they found in the midst the table of silver which they had left with the maimed king, and the Sancgreal, which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship, and so they entered, and made great reverence thereto, and Galahad fell in his prayer long time to our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world: so much he prayed, till a voice said to him, Galahad, thou shalt have thy request, and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul. Percivale heard this, and prayed him of fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things. That shall I tell you, said Galahad: The other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sancgreal, I was in such a joy of heart that I trow never man was that was earthly, and therefore I wot well when my body is dead my soul

shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the majesty of our Lord Jesu Christ. So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad, Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the Scripture. And so he laid him down and slept a great while. And when he awaked he looked afore him, and saw the City of Sarras. And as they would have landed, they saw the ship wherein Percivale had put his sister in. Truly, said Percivale, in the name of God, well hath my sister holden us covenant. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors to go tofore, and Galahad came behind, and right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him, and bad him help to bear this heavy thing. Truly, said the old man, it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches. Care thou not, said Galahad, and arise up and shew thy good will. And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then ran to the table, and took one part against Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvelous that entered into the city. Then anon after, the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Percivale's sister, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be. And when the king of the city, which was cleped Estorause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sancgreal, and the power which that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

But as soon as they were there, our Lord sent them the Sancgreal, through whose grace they were always fulfilled while that they were in prison. So at the year's end it befell that this King Estorause lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him, and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly, and he died anon. When the king was dead, all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel, there came a voice among them, and bad them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king, for he shall well maintain you and all yours. So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the whole city, and else

they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land, he let make about the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones that covered the holy vessel, and every day early the three fellows would come afore it and make their prayers. Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early, and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the holy vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees, in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ himself. And then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him, Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see. And then he began to tremble right hard, when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things. Then he held up his hands toward heaven, and said, Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord. And therewith the good man took our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. Now, wotest thou what I am? said the good man. Nay, said Galahad.—I am Joseph of Arimathie, which our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship. And wotest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things, in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sancgreal, and in that thou hast been a clean maiden, as I have been and am. And when he had said these words, Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commanded him to God. And so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commanded him to God, and said, Fair lord, salute me to my lord Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him bid him remember of this unstable world. And therewith he kneeled down tofore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body; and then it came right to the vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sancgreal.

KING ARTHUR ADDRESSES THE GRAIL-SEEKERS

From 'The Quest of the Sangreal,' by Robert Stephen Hawker

THERE stood the knights! stately, and stern, and tall:
Tristan; and Perceval; Sir Galahad;
And he, the sad Sir Lancelot of the lay:
Ah me! that logan of the rocky hills,
Pillared in storm, calm in the rush of war,
Shook at the light touch of his lady's hand!
See where they move, a battle-shouldering kind!
Massive in mold, but graceful; thorough men;
Built in the mystic measure of the Cross:
Their lifted arms the transome; and their bulk
The Tree where Jesu stately stood to die!
Thence came their mastery in the field of war:
Ha! one might drive battalions — one alone!
See now, they pause; for in their midst, the King!
Arthur, the Son of Uter and the Night.
Helmed with Pendragon; with the crested crown;
And belted with the sheathed Excalibur,
That gnashed his iron teeth and yearned for war!
Stern was that look — high natures seldom smile;
And in those pulses beat a thousand kings.
A glance! and they were hushed; a lifted hand,
And his eye ruled them like a throne of light!
Then, with a voice that rang along the moor,—
Like the Archangel's trumpet for the dead,—
He spake, while Tamar sounded to the sea:—
"Comrades in arms! mates of the Table Round!
Fair Sirs, my fellows in the bannered ring,—
Ours is a lofty tryst! this day we meet,
Not under shield, with scarf and knightly gage,
To quench our thirst of love in ladies' eyes;
We shall not mount to-day that goodly throne,
The conscious steed, with thunder in his loins,
To launch along the field the arrowy spear:
Nay, but a holier theme, a mightier quest,—
'Ho! for the Sangraal, vanished vase of God!'
"Ye know that in old days, that yellow Jew,
Accursèd Herod; and the earth-wide judge,
Pilate the Roman, doomster for all lands,—
Or else the Judgment had not been for all,—
Bound Jesu-Master to the world's tall tree,
Slowly to die. . . .

"Ha! Sirs, had we been there,
They durst not have assayed their felon deed,—
Excalibur had cleft them to the spine!
Slowly He died, a world in every pang,
Until the hard centurion's cruel spear
Smote His high heart; and from that severed side
Rushed the red stream that quenched the wrath of Heaven!

"Then came Sir Joseph, hight of Arimethée,
Bearing that awful vase, the Sangraal!
The vessel of the Pasch, Shere Thursday night;
The selfsame Cup, wherein the faithful Wine
Heard God, and was obedient unto Blood!
Therewith he knelt and gathered blessèd drops
From his dear Master's Side that sadly fell,
The ruddy dews from the great tree of life:
Sweet Lord! what treasures! like the priceless gems
Hid in the tawny casket of a king,—
A ransom for an army, one by one!
That wealth he cherished long; his very soul
Around his ark; bent as before a shrine!

"He dwelt in Orient Syria: God's own land;
The ladder foot of heaven — where shadowy shapes
In white apparel glided up and down!
His home was like a garner, full of corn
And wine and oil; a granary of God!
Young men, that no one knew, went in and out,
With a far look in their eternal eyes!
All things were strange and rare: the Sangraal,
As though it clung to some ethereal chain,
Brought down high Heaven to earth at Arimethée!

"He lived long centuries! and prophesied.
A girded pilgrim ever and anon;
Cross-staff in hand, and folded at his side
The mystic marvel of the feast of blood!
Once, in old time, he stood in this dear land,
Enthralled: for lo! a sign! his grounded staff
Took root, and branched, and bloomed, like Aaron's rod;
Thence came the shrine, the cell; therefore he dwelt,
The vassal of the vase, at Avalon!

"This could not last, for evil days came on,
And evil men: the garbage of their sin
Tainted this land, and all things holy fled.
The Sangraal was not: on a summer eve,
The silence of the sky brake up in sound!

The tree of Joseph glowed with ruddy light:
A harmless fire, curved like a molten vase,
Around the bush, and from the midst a voice,
Thus hewn by Merlin on a runic stone:—

[Cabalistic sentence.]

"Then said the shuddering seer—he heard and knew
The unutterable words that glide in Heaven,
Without a breath or tongue, from soul to soul:—
"'The land is lonely now; Anathema:
The link that bound it to the silent grasp
Of thrilling worlds is gathered up and gone;
The glory is departed; and the disk
So full of radiance from the touch of God—
This orb is darkened to the distant watch
Of Saturn and his reapers, when they pause,
Amid their sheaves, to count the nightly stars.
"'All gone! but not forever: on a day
There shall arise a king from Keltic loins,
Of mystic birth and name, tender and true;
His vassals shall be noble, to a man:
Knights strong in battle till the war is won;
Then while the land is hushed on Tamar side,
So that the warder upon Carradon
Shall hear at once the river and the sea,
That king shall call a Quest; a kindling cry:—
"Ho! for the Sangraal! vanished vase of God!"
"'Yea! and it shall be won! a chosen knight,
The ninth from Joseph in the line of blood,
Clean as a maid from guile and fleshly sin—
He with the shield of Sarras; and the lance,
Ruddy and moistened with a freshening stain,
As from a severed wound of yesterday—
He shall achieve the Graal: he alone!'
"Thus wrote Bard Merlin on the runic hide
Of a slain deer; rolled in an aumery chest.
"And now, fair Sirs, your voices: who will gird
His belt for travel in the perilous ways?
This thing must be fulfilled: in vain our land
Of noble name, high deed, and famous men,
Vain the proud homage of our thrall the sea,
If we be shorn of God;—ah! loathsome shame!
To hurl in battle for the pride of arms;
To ride in native tourney, foreign war;
To count the stars; to ponder pictured runes,

And grasp great knowledge, as the demons do,—
If we be shorn of God;—we must assay
The myth and meaning of this marvelous bowl;
It shall be sought and found."
Thus said the King.

SIR PERCIVALE'S TALE TO AMBROSIUS

From Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'

"THE sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out
Among us in the jousts, while women watch
Who wins, who falls; and waste the spiritual strength
Within us, better offered up to Heaven."
To whom the monk:—"The Holy Grail!—I trust
We are green in Heaven's eyes; but here too much
We molder,—as to things without, I mean:
Yet one of your own knights, a guest of ours,
Told us of this in our refectory,
But spake with such a sadness and so low
We heard not half of what he said. What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes and goes?"
"Nay, monk! what phantom?" answered Percivale.
"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven and disappeared."
To whom the monk: "From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
And there the heathen Prince Arviragus
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A little lonely church in days of yore;
For so they say, these books of ours but seem

Mute of this miracle, far as I have read.
But who first saw the holy thing to-day?»
«A woman,» answered Percivale, «a nun,
And one no further off in blood from me
Than sister: and if ever holy maid
With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid; tho' never maiden glowed,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which being rudely blunted, glanced and shot
Only to holy things; to prayer and praise
She gave herself, to fast and alms. And yet,
Nun as she was, the scandal of the court,
Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Across the iron grating of her cell
Beat, and she prayed and fasted all the more. . . .
And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun
Shone, and the wind blew thro' her, and I thought
She might have risen and floated when I saw her.
«For on a day she sent to speak with me.
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness.
And 'O my brother Percivale,' she said,
'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:
For waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought, «It is not Arthur's use
To hunt by moonlight;» and the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew
Coming upon me — oh never harp nor horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came; and then
Streamed thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colors leaping on the wall;
And then the music faded, and the Grail
Past, and the beam decayed, and from the walls
The rosy quiverings died into the night.
So now the Holy Thing is here again

Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray,
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,
That so perchance the vision may be seen
By thee and those, and all the world be healed.'

"Then leaving the pale nun, I spake of this
To all men; and myself fasted and prayed
Always, and many among us many a week
Fasted and prayed even to the uttermost,
Expectant of the wonder that would be. . . .

"Then on a summer night it came to pass,
While the great banquet lay along the hall,
That Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair.

"And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending! and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day;
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
All over covered with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it past.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And staring each at other like dumb men
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

"I sware a vow before them all, that I,
Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
Until I found and saw it, as the nun
My sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,
And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,
And Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,
And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest."

SIR LANCELOT'S TALE

From Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'

"'THOU too, my Lancelot,' asked the King, 'my friend,
Our mightiest, hath this Quest availed for thee?'

"'Our mightiest!' answered Lancelot, with a groan;
'O King!'—and when he paused, methought I spied
A dying fire of madness in his eyes—

'O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
Happier are those that welter in their sin,
Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together, each as each,
Not to be plucked asunder; and when thy knights
Sware, I sware with them only in the hope
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail
They might be plucked asunder. Then I spake
To one most holy saint, who wept and said
That save they could be plucked asunder, all
My quest were but in vain; to whom I vowed
That I would work according as he willed.
And forth I went, and while I yearned and strove
To tear the twain asunder in my heart,
My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far away;
There was I beaten down by little men,
Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword
And shadow of my spear had been enow
To scare them from me once; and then I came
All in my folly to the naked shore,
Wide flats, where nothing but coarse grasses grew;
But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the sound.
And blackening in the sea-foam swayed a boat,
Half-swallowed in it, anchored with a chain;
And in my madness to myself I said,
"I will embark and I will lose myself,
And in the great sea wash away my sin."
I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat.
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
And with me drove the moon and all the stars;
And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,

Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker! there was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright like a man;
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;
And when I would have smitten them, heard a voice,
'Doubt not, go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts
Will tear thee piecemeal.' Then with violence
The sword was dashed from out my hand, and fell.
And up into the sounding hall I past:
But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,
No bench nor table, painting on the wall
Or shield of knight; only the rounded moon
Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
But always in the quiet house I heard,
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
To the eastward; up I climbed a thousand steps
With pain; as in a dream I seemed to climb
For ever: at the last I reached a door;
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
'Glory and joy and honor to our Lord
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.'
Then in my madness I essayed the door;
It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
As from a seven times heated furnace, I,
Blasted and burnt and blinded as I was,
With such a fierceness that I swooned away—
Oh yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
All palled in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
And but for all my madness and my sin,
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
That which I saw: but what I saw was veiled
And covered; and this Quest was not for me."
So speaking, and here ceasing, Lancelot left
The hall long silent.

SIR GALAHAD ACHIEVES THE GRAIL-QUEST

From Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'

"When the hermit made an end,
In silver armor suddenly Galahad shone
Before us, and against the chapel door
Laid lance, and entered, and we knelt in prayer.
And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst,
And at the sacring of the mass I saw
The holy elements alone; but he—
'Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine,
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went;
And hither am I come; and never yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,
This Holy Thing, failed from my side, nor come
Covered, but moving with me night and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red, and sliding down the blackened marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clashed with pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,
And hence I go; and one will crown me king
Far in the spiritual city; and come thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

"While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
One with him, to believe as he believed.
Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

"There rose a hill that none but man could climb,
Scarred with a hundred wintry water-courses—
Storm at the top, and when we gained it, storm
Round us and death: for every moment glanced
His silver arms and gloomed; so quick and thick
The lightnings here and there to left and right
Struck, till the dry old trunks about us, dead,
Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,

Sprang into fire: and at the base we found
On either hand, as far as eye could see,
A great black swamp and of an evil smell,
Part black, part whitened with the bones of men,
Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
Had built a way, where, linked with many a bridge,
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.
And Galahad fled along them bridge by bridge,
And every bridge as quickly as he crost
Sprang into fire and vanished, tho' I yearned
To follow; and thrice above him all the heavens
Opened and blazed with thunder such as seemed
Shoutings of all the sons of God: and first
At once I saw him far on the great Sea,
In silver-shining armor starry-clear;
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.
And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,
If boat it were — I saw not whence it came.
And when the heavens opened and blazed again
Roaring, I saw him like a silver star —
And had he set the sail, or had the boat
Become a living creature clad with wings?
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
Then in a moment when they blazed again
Opening, I saw the least of little stars
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl —
No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints —
Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
Which never eyes on earth again shall see.
Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep.
And how my feet recrost the deathful ridge
No memory in me lives: but that I touched
The chapel doors at dawn I know; and thence,
Taking my war-horse from the holy man,
Glad that no phantom vext me more, returned
To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars.»

THE KNIGHT LOHENGRIN'S NARRATIVE OF THE GRAIL

From Richard Wagner's Poem for his Opera of 'Lohengrin'

In a far land to which your steps attain not,
A castle lies which Monsalvat is named;
A shining Temple standeth in its circuit,
So costly built that earth naught like it knows:
Therein's a Cup, of wonder-doing virtue,
All guarded as 'twere Holiness itself—
Its care and service mortals' highest duty—
Thither to us by host angelic brought;
Each several year a dove from Heaven descendeth,
Once more new strength imparting to its charm.
The Grail 'tis called; and Faith most pure, most blessed,
Its presence on our Fellowship bestows.
Whoever to its service shall be summoned,
With superhuman power is armed straightway.
On him falls useless every spell of Evil,
Before him flees the dark of Death itself.
He whom this Grail shall send to lands full distant,
For Right's defense a warrior to strive,
Not even from him its power divine is wanting
If all unknown he as its champion bides;
So high and holy is its latent blessing
That it unveiled must shun the eye profane.
But of its Knight beware a doubt to cherish;—
Once known to you, he straightway must depart.
Hark ye then, how your question I shall answer:
I by the Holy Grail to you was summoned;
My father, Parsifal, his crown is wearing,—
His knight am I, and Lohengrin my name.

[The following twenty lines of text completing Lohengrin's story were set to music by the composer; but are omitted from the usual printed text-books and scores, and are rarely met.]

And now how came I hither, further listen:
Appeal lamenting on the air was borne;
In the Grail-Temple forthwith understood we
That far away, distressful was a maid.
While we the Grail its counsel were imploring
Whereto a champion should from us be sped,
Lo, on the stream a floating swan beheld we,
And to us waiting did he bring a skiff.

My father, he who knew that swan's true nature,
Grail-counseled, to our service it received
(Since who shall serve the Grail a single twelvemonth,
From such must needs depart dark magic's curse);
And next, it forth should tranquilly convey me
Whither the call for help afar had come.
Since through the Grail to combat was I chosen,
Thus filled with courage did I say farewell.
Through wandering streams and surging waves of ocean
The faithful swan has brought me toward my goal,
Until among ye, on the shore, he drew me
Where in the sight of God ye saw me land.

Literal version in the metre of the original, translated by E. Irenæus Stevenson for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature'

HOMER.

HOMER

(Ninth Century B. C.?)

BY THOMAS D. SEYMOUR

The Homeric Poems are the earliest literary product of the world which has survived to our day, and they lie at the fountain-head of all the later literature of Europe. No literary epic poem has been composed since Homer's day without reference to the Iliad and the Odyssey as the standard. Apollonius of Rhodes followed and imitated Homer; Virgil imitated Homer and Apollonius; Dante took Virgil as his master; John Milton followed in the footsteps of Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Plato called Homer the father of tragedy, as well as of the epic. To the ancient Greek mind, the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer formed a sort of Bible, to which reference was made as to an ultimate authority. Even in an age when epic poetry was out of fashion, one of the most honored of Athenian generals, Nicias, had his son Niceratus commit to memory all of the two great Homeric poems, of which the shorter is a third longer than Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' About the same time (in the fifth century B. C.) audiences of twenty thousand people gathered to listen to public recitals of these poems. A Homeric quotation was always in order, to illustrate and clinch an argument, or to give poetic flavor to a discussion.

When and where Homer lived, no one knows. Many stories about him were invented and told, but all are without support.

> «Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.»

A guild of singers on the island of Chios (Scio) asserted themselves to be his descendants and rightful successors, but no evidence was offered of his family or home. Scholars no longer ask where Homer was born, but where Greek epic poetry had its rise. The muses were Pierian muses, and thus associated with the southern part of Macedonia; they dwelt with the gods on Mount Olympus, and the abode of Achilles, the chief hero of the Iliad, was close at hand in Thessaly. These are pretty distinct indications that the early home of Greek poetry was near Mount Olympus. Later this art was carried by the

Greeks to their colonies on the western shore of Asia Minor, and there was accepted and perfected.

Homer is represented in ancient works of art as blind, but the greater Homeric poems offer no indication of his blindness. Quite the contrary, he seems to have taken an active part in the doings of men. His interest in the battles which he describes is lively. His description of wounds inflicted shows such exact acquaintance with battles and anatomy that some German critics have been disposed to think he must have been a sort of army surgeon.

While the Homeric poems are the earliest works of Greek literature which have come down to us, they certainly were not the earliest poems of the Greeks. Brief lyric songs of love, grief, feasting, or war are ordinary precursors of epic,—*i. e.*, of narrative lays. And short epics must have been well known to the people before any poet thought of composing a long epic. The growth of a poem like the Iliad is gradual. The art of writing was known in Greece at an early age, quite certainly by 1000 B. C., but not until much later was it applied to literary compositions; it was used mainly for business memoranda and public records until the fifth century B. C., and even then the Greeks could hardly be called a reading people. But they were patient listeners. When the Greek drama was at its best, great audiences of fifteen to twenty thousand Athenians would sit in the open air, in March, from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, to hear and see three or four tragedies in succession. A century or centuries before this, audiences listened in throngs to continuous epic recitations. But in general each separate lay seems to have contained not more than five or six hundred lines. Probably the recitation of such a lay was followed by an intermission, and the connection between successive lays was not made with rigid precision. The outlines of the story, and often the details, were familiar to the hearers. When a long poem was formed by the union of several lays or by a process of gradual development, a singer would select on each occasion what seemed best suited to his audience. Some parts of the Homeric poems are well adapted to be sung at feasts, others on the return from a long journey, others at a funeral, many others after or before a battle.

These poems were *sung*, we say. Perhaps *intoned* or *chanted* would be a more exact expression. The instrumental accompaniment was very slight,—that of a cithara of four strings (and thus only four notes), with a sounding-board formed by a tortoise shell. We cannot assume much melody in the recitation, and probably the cithara served chiefly to give the keynote, and to sound a few simple chords as a prelude or interludes. The cithara was used not only by the professional bards at the courts of kings, but also by the warriors:

at least Achilles, while «sulking in his tent,» cheered his heart by singing of the glorious deeds of men, holding a cithara which he had taken from the spoils of a sacked city.

Our poet was a national poet. He gives no special honor to any part of Greece, though the little country was broken up into many principalities. His songs might have been sung in any hamlet without arousing either envy or ill-will. He is impartial, too, between Greeks and Trojans, and excites our sympathy for the Trojan Hector and Andromache as well as for the Achæan Achilles and Patroclus.

The Homeric poet was fortunate not only in the body of myths which descended to him, and which formed the groundwork for his poems, but in his further inheritance from former generations,— his language and his verse. The language was the most graceful and flexible which the world has ever known. The verse itself (the so-called dactylic hexameter) would indicate that epic poetry had been cultivated in Greece long before Homer's day. Its laws are fully fixed,— its favorite and its forbidden pauses; the places where a light and those where a heavy movement is preferred. No verse known to man is so well suited to a long Greek narrative poem. No other verse has less monotony or more dignity and stateliness. It was nobly «described and exemplified» by Coleridge's lines:—

> «Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows;
> Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.»

The Roman poet Virgil adopted this verse, but had a much more ponderous language, which was not well fitted for the Greek metres. The verse has been made familiar to us all by Clough's 'Bothie,' and especially by Longfellow's 'Evangeline' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish'; but the line is rather too long for most modern languages, and has not been used for any long English poem or any great English translation of Homer. Matthew Arnold tried it for the last verses of the eighth book of the Iliad, as follows:—

> «So shone forth, in front of Troy, by the bed of the Xanthus,
> Between that and the ships, the Trojans' numerous fires.
> In the plain there were kindled a thousand fires; by each one
> There sat fifty men in the ruddy light of the fire;
> By their chariots stood their steeds and champed the white barley,
> While their masters sat by the fire and waited for morning.»

With this may be compared Tennyson's translation of the same lines (with a few more) in English heroic verse:—

> «As when in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out, and jutting peak,
> And valley, and the immeasurable heavens

Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And champing golden grain the horses stood
Hard by their chariots waiting for the dawn.»

The essential characteristics of Homer's poetry are enumerated thus by Matthew Arnold: «Homer is rapid in his movement, Homer is plain in his words and style, Homer is simple in his ideas, Homer is noble in his manner.» Mr. Arnold goes on to say that «Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and in his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas.» Each age has desired its own translation of the Homeric poems. Chapman's, Pope's, and Cowper's translations are now read rather as the works of those English poets than as faithful renderings of the Homeric poems. But we owe to Chapman's translation Keats's splendid sonnet, «On First Looking into Chapman's Homer»:—

«Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly States and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.»

The dramatic nature of the Homeric poems deserves remark. About half of the verses are in speeches, although epic poetry is narrative poetry. In long passages the verses between the speeches have almost the quality of «stage directions,» and we see with what justice Plato and Aristotle called Homer the father of the drama. The poet reserves for his own telling only what is necessary. The one passage in the poems (Odyssey, vii. 112-131) which resembles a modern description, is on this very ground strongly suspected of not being truly Homeric. «When Homer» (says Lessing) «wishes

to tell us how Agamemnon was dressed, he makes the king put on every article of raiment in our presence: the soft tunic, the great mantle, the beautiful sandals, and the sword. When he is thus fully equipped he grasps his sceptre. We see the clothes while the poet is describing the act of dressing. An inferior writer would have described the clothes down to the minutest fringe, and of the action we should have seen nothing.»

Of few epochs in any country have we clearer and more animated pictures than Homer has painted of the early Greeks. Of no other great nation in its childhood have we such a view. Tacitus indeed gave a masterly sketch of the Germans, about one hundred years after Christ: but he was an outsider at best, and seems to have drawn largely from the accounts of others; scholars are not agreed that he himself ever sojourned in Germany. Of the early Jews, the children of Israel, the story is far less full than of the early Greeks. Our poet does not claim to have lived at the time of the Trojan War, but rather is conscious that he is in a degenerate age. Hector, Ajax, and Æneas each do «what two men could not do, such as now live upon the earth.» The poet never speaks as if he himself were present at the conflicts, nor does he claim to have heard the story from others. He appeals to the Muse for inspiration. She was present, and knows all things; he is but her mouthpiece. Whether the customs described in the poems were those of Homer's day, or those of an earlier age of which the poet knew only by tradition, is a question which scholars still discuss. In general his manner is distinctly that of familiarity with every detail which he mentions; and his style is too naïve, too far removed from that of studied care, for us to believe that he was anxious to secure historical accuracy of background in painting the picture of an earlier age. In the matters of dress, food, and every-day life in general, he seems as free as the early illustrators of the Bible story, who introduced mediæval Dutch, German, or Italian dress and scenery into their pictures of early events in Palestine. But changes of custom were not frequent nor rapid in Greece a thousand years before Christ, and the manner of life which Homer knew was doubtless not very different from that of his heroes. In a few matters only does he seem conscious of a change: he does not represent his warriors as riding on horseback (except as a boy rides bareback from pasture), or using boiled meat, or employing a trumpet in war, yet the poet himself refers to these things as well known.

Life in the Homeric age was primitive and rude in many respects, but still had much wealth and splendor. It is not unlike that of the Children of Israel in the same period. The same customs seem to have prevailed not only throughout all Greece, but even in Troy. Nowhere does the poet indicate a difference of language or manner

of life between the Achæans and the Trojans;—unless it is found in the facts that King Priam of Troy is the only polygamist of the poems, and that the Trojans are noisier (and hence, says an old commentator, less civilized) as they go into battle. The tribes are ruled by kings, or as we should style them, petty chiefs. The freedom with which the titles king and prince are bestowed is illustrated by the large number of princes on Ithaca in the Homeric age; an island which at the last census (according to Baedeker) had about 12,500 inhabitants, and probably had no more in Homer's time. The lives of princes were much like those of peasants. They built their own ships and their own houses, and tended their herds and flocks. So princesses went to the town spring for water, and washed the family raiment. The unwritten constitutions of the kingdoms were very simple: custom ruled, not law. For the most part each man was obliged to vindicate his own rights; even murder was a personal offense against the friends of the slain man, and these (not the government) were bound to avenge his death. Murder and theft in themselves were no mortal sins against the gods. Fidelity to oaths, honor to parents, and hospitality to strangers and suppliants, were cardinal virtues. No moral quality inhered in the terms usually translated by *good, bad, blameless, excellent.* The existence of the soul after death was supposed to be as shadowy as a dream. Ghosts and dreams behaved in exactly the same way, and the land of dreams immediately adjoined that of the dead. The dead met no judgment on "the deeds done here in the body," but all alike followed the shadowy likeness of their former occupations: the shade of the mighty hunter Orion chased in Hades the shades of the wild beasts which he had killed while on earth. Coined money was unknown; all commerce was by way of barter. The standard of value was cattle, one woman slave was estimated to be worth four cattle, another twenty; a suit of bronze armor was worth nine cattle; a tripod to stand over the fire was valued at twelve cattle. Much of the land was still held in common for the use of the people's flocks and herds. Horses were never put to menial toil: the plowing was done with oxen and mules. The milk of cows was not used for food, but the milk and milk products of goats and sheep were of great importance. The olive berry and its oil were not yet used for the relish of food, but olive oil (sometimes scented with roses) was used as an unguent. The warriors were hearty eaters, but their feasts were simple; they ate little but bread and roast meat, and they were moderate drinkers, enjoying wine, but always diluting it with water. The Homeric Greeks were not bold mariners. They shrunk from the dangers of the sea, and preferred to go a long way around rather than to trust themselves in their craft far from a safe harbor. Their geographical

world was limited. Even the island which the later Greeks identified with Corfu was in fairy-land.

Both the great Homeric poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, have to do with the Trojan War,—the siege of Troy by the Greeks, ending with the sack of the city, and the return to their homes of the besiegers with various fortunes. Troy stood on a hill of no imposing dimensions in the northwest corner of Asia Minor, about five miles from the Hellespont. Until within the last score of years, scholars have been inclined to look upon this city as no more real than that of the Liliputians, or Utopia itself, and authorities were divided as to the site which the poet had in mind. Dr. Schliemann, however, a German by birth but a citizen of the United States by "naturalization," who had gained wealth in Russia and chosen Greece to be his home,—a true cosmopolite,—in ardent admiration for Homer and with implicit belief in the literal accuracy of the Homeric story began in a small way excavations on the site of Hissarlik, the traditional successor of the ancient city. There he found in several layers, one upon another, the ruins of more cities than he knew what to do with! But he assigned to the Homeric city the remains which indicated the greatest power and wealth. In subsequent years he dug on Homeric sites in Greece,—at Mycenæ and Tiryns in Argolis,—and there too laid bare abundant evidence of wealth and culture, though manifestly a different culture from that which he had discovered on the banks of the Hellespont. Continued excavations at Hissarlik, however, under the direction of Dr. Dörpfeld, the distinguished head of the German Archæological Institute in Athens, to whom we owe a large portion of the archæological discoveries in Greece during recent years, brought to light what Schliemann's eyes had longed to see,—the remains of a city of like culture, and apparently of the same age, as the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns. Schliemann's Homeric Troy may have flourished three thousand years before Christ. The later Trojan city (found by Dörpfeld) and Mycenæ seem to have been in their glory at just about the time set by tradition for the sack of Troy, 1184 B. C. This date is not historical, but it will serve as well as another. The assignment of these ruins to the close of the second millennium before Christ gives plausibility to the belief that Homeric poetry flourished as early as the ninth century B. C. The "father of history," Herodotus, thought that Homer lived four hundred years before him, or 850 B. C. By that time the myths are likely to have been fully developed. Clearly the existence of the massive ruined walls would stimulate the imagination of story-tellers and poets.

According to the story which our poet follows, Paris, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, had been hospitably received as a guest at the palace of Menelaus, son of Atreus, King of Sparta, and had

violated the most sacred bond of hospitality by carrying away to his own home Menelaus's wife Helen, the most beautiful woman of the world. The brother of Menelaus, Agamemnon, was King of Mycenæ, and the most powerful prince of Greece. Allies were invited from all parts of the country. Odysseus (Ulysses) from Ithaca, one of the Ionian islands not far from Corfu, and Nestor the oldest and wisest in counsel of the Greeks, who had known three generations of men, enlisted the services of the young warriors of Greece: Achilles from Thessaly, Diomedes from Argos, Ajax from Salamis, and others. A fleet of twelve hundred ships gathered at Aulis, on the strait north of Athens.

The expedition against Troy thus became a great national Hellenic undertaking. This was regarded by Herodotus as the historical beginning of the conflicts between Greece and Asia, of which the culmination appeared in the great expedition of Xerxes against Greece (this too with twelve hundred, but much larger, ships) early in the fifth century before Christ, and that of Alexander the Great from Greece into Asia a century and a half later. The strife is not ended indeed even yet, while Turkey holds Greeks in subjection, and Greece is burning with desire for the possession not only of Crete but of Constantinople.

The ships sent against Troy were not ships of war: they were for transport only, and the warriors were their own sailors. The largest of these ships carried one hundred and twenty men, and the total number of fighting Greeks before Troy was reckoned at about one hundred thousand. But in this we may see a certain amount of poetic exaggeration. The ships might fairly be called *boats*, since they had no deck except a little at bow and at stern, and their oars were more important than their sails, though they were always glad to avail themselves of a favoring breeze. The setting out of a small fleet of such boats has been compared, not inaptly, with an expedition of war canoes from one island against another in the South Seas: in each case the fighting men managed the boat; and this was not intended like our ships to be a floating dwelling, but merely a sort of ferry-boat. Each separate voyage would be only the distance which they could sail or row in a single day. The islands of the Ægean formed convenient "stepping-stones" and resting-places on their way. Nowhere were they out of sight of land in fair weather, such as Greece enjoys during the summer. On reaching their destination, the boats were drawn up on shore, and the barracks for the camp were built by their side; so the "ships of the Achæans" became a synonym for the "camp of the Greeks."

Menelaus, the injured husband of Helen, accompanied by Odysseus, the shifty orator "of many devices," went to Troy with a formal

demand for the return of Helen. But though some of the older Trojans favored peace, the party of Paris prevailed, and the ambassadors and their cause were treated with despite.

The war continues for ten years, and ends with the sack of the city. The siege was not close. The ancient Greeks (like the North-American Indians before these learned the lesson from the whites) in general shrank from warfare by night. At evening the Greek forces which had been fighting by the gates of Troy retired to their own camp. Consequently the Trojans, though they were not able to cultivate their fields, were able to supply their city with all necessaries and maintain unbroken relations with their friends abroad, though the city which had been called «rich in gold and rich in bronze» was obliged to part gradually with all its treasures in order to buy food and to reward its allies. The Greeks, on the other hand, who had come without stores of provisions, or other material of war except their personal arms, naturally turned to foraging expeditions, first in the immediate neighborhood of Troy, and then at a greater distance. In these forays they destroyed towns and killed many of the inhabitants. The male captives were sent to distant islands to be sold as slaves; the women were ransomed or kept as slaves in the camp. Obviously, when the Greeks went forth to battle they could not with safety have left in their camp a large body of male slaves whom they had reduced to servitude. Their chief danger would have been in their rear.

In the tenth year of the war, one of these female captives — the beautiful daughter of a priest of Apollo, the fair-cheeked Chryseis — was allotted as prize of honor to Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the expedition. The Iliad opens with the visit of her father to the Greek camp. The action of the Iliad occupies only seven weeks: from the visit of the old priest to the Greek camp, to the burial of Hector. And these weeks are neither at the beginning nor at the close of the war; yet no reader is left in ignorance of facts necessary for an understanding of the story. Few readers feel that the poem is in any way incomplete, though Goethe thought the sack of Troy ought to have been included. The so-called Cyclic poets — Arctinus, Stasinus, Lesches, and others — continued the tale, amplifying the story and supplying details. But their poems, though the action extended over twice as many years as that of the Iliad and Odyssey covered weeks, yet were all together not so long as the Odyssey. The unity of these «Cyclic» poems, according to Aristotle, was far from being so complete as that of the Homeric poems. They had much influence on later literature and art, suggesting themes and scenes to painters and poets, and we regret their loss; but we cannot suppose them to have had the grace, force, and life which attract us

in the Iliad and the Odyssey. The preservation of these rather than those was not wholly a matter of chance. Here too we have a "survival of the fittest."

According to the Cyclic poets, the queen of the Amazons, Penthesilea, is slain by Achilles, who after her death bemoans her fate. Further reinforcement for the Trojan army comes from the Æthiopians under the command of Memnon, the beautiful son of the Dawn. Achilles is slain by Paris and Apollo. Paris himself falls. Achilles's young son Neoptolemus is brought to the war; and Philoctetes, who had been left behind on the island Lemnos on the voyage to Troy (being bitten by a water-snake), is fetched and brings with him the bow of Heracles. But even after a ten-years' siege, Troy is not taken by storm, nor does it surrender. The goddess Athena suggested to Odysseus the successful device. Making a great hollow wooden horse, a small company of chieftains took their places within this hollow place of ambush, while the rest of the Greeks set fire to their camp and sailed away. The wooden horse is drawn by the Trojans to their citadel, as an offering to the gods. At night, when the city is still, and the people are sleeping free from anxiety for the first time in ten years, the Greek ships return; their chieftains leap out of the wooden horse, open the city gates to admit their comrades, and set fire to the town.

As the Greeks set out to return to their homes, a storm arises. Menelaus and his newly recovered Helen are driven to Egypt; a large part of his fleet is wrecked, and they wander for eight years before they see Greece again. Agamemnon escapes the dangers of the storm, but on his return is slain by his cousin Ægisthus, the paramour of his faithless wife Clytæmnestra.

But Odysseus suffers the hardest lot; the entire Odyssey recounts his long and eventful homeward journeying, and the recovery of his throne and wife.

The Odyssey ends only six weeks after its action began. The poet condenses into this brief period the action which would seem naturally to cover many years, by putting the story of Odysseus's wanderings and experiences from the time that he left Troy until he reached Calypso's island, into the mouth of the hero himself. This device was copied by Virgil, who makes his hero Æneas tell Dido of the destruction of Troy and of his wanderings; and later by Milton in his 'Paradise Lost,' where the archangel Raphael tells Adam of the conflict in heaven, and Michael foretells the history of the human race.

The story from the close of the Odyssey was continued in a more fanciful fashion by a later poet: Odysseus being finally killed by his own son by Circe; this son of Circe then marries Penelope, while

Telemachus, his son by Penelope, weds Circe,—an arrangement by which each of the young men becomes the stepfather-in-law of his own mother! Homeric women are ageless, but the poet of Helen or Nausicaa would hardly have invented seriously so complicated a marriage connection.

Thomas D. Seymour

NOTE.—Editions and translations of Homer are far too numerous to be enumerated here. The best edition of the entire Iliad with English notes is that of Walter Leaf; the best of the entire Odyssey with English notes is that of Henry Hayman. The best English prose translation of the Iliad is that of Leaf, Lang, and Myers; the best English prose translations of the Odyssey are those of G. H. Palmer and of Butcher and Lang. 'Homer: An Introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey,' by Professor Jebb, is an excellent and convenient small work, treating of (*a*) the general literary characteristics of the poems, (*b*) the Homeric world, (*c*) Homer in antiquity, (*d*) the Homeric question. T. D. S.

CITATIONS FROM HOMER

THE Iliad does not lend itself easily for dissection or citation in brief passages. Nearly all the effective scenes are so linked to each other and into the general plot that they only whet our eagerness to hear the entire story told. The attempt has been made here merely to offer fair specimens of the various metrical experiments tried by a series of translators from Chapman onward.

From the Odyssey it was easier to detach an episode: and while continuing the series of varied rhythms, we have also endeavored to offer in English, with sufficient completeness, the fifth book, containing the pleasantest among Odysseus's many adventures upon his homeward voyages, and presenting also the eternally youthful figure of the innocent girl-princess Nausicaa. The latter has been made the text of a little sermon on 'Simplicity' by Mr. Warner in his recent volume. See also Mr. Lawton's 'Art and Humanity in Homer,' pages 193–242. The most important translations not represented here are Cowper's in blank verse and Way's in accentual hexameters.

THE TROJAN ELDERS AND HELEN

From the Iliad, iii. 149–160

THESE elders sate beside the gate, where passed that wondrous fair.
Them hoary eld had loosed from fight, but their voice was clear and strong,
With mellow wisdom's word of might, to sway the Trojan throng;
Like the blithe cricket on the tree, that stirs the leafy bower
With tremulous floods of whirring glee, in the bright and sunny hour,
Close by the gate these elders sate, and looked down from the tower.
And when they saw the lovely Helen tread the path below,
They from their breast forth sent the winged words, and whispered so:
Soothly nor Trojan men nor Greeks should reap great crop of blame,
That they did suffer sorrow and teen so long for such a dame,
Who like a goddess walks — not one from mortal womb who came.
Nathless we wish her gentle speed, across the briny waters,
That she no more may mischief breed, to our blameless sons and daughters.

Translation of John Stuart Blackie.

PARIS, HECTOR, AND HELEN

From the Iliad, vi. 332–362

THEN, in reply to his brother, thus spake Alexander the godlike:
"Hector, indeed you reproach me with justice, no more than I merit.
Therefore to you will I speak, and do you give attention and hearken.
Not out of rage at the Trojans so much, nor yet in resentment
Here in my chamber I sate, but I wished to give way to my sorrow.
Yet even now my wife, with gentle entreaty consoling,
Bade me go forth to the fray, and I too think it is better.
Victory comes unto this one in turn, and again to another.
Tarry a moment, I pray, till I don mine armor for battle;
Or do you go, and I will pursue, and I think overtake you."
So did he speak; and to him bright-helmeted Hector replied not.
Helen, however, with gentlest accents spoke and addressed him:—
"Brother of mine,—of a wretch, of a worker of evil, a horror!
Would that the selfsame day whereon my mother had borne me,
I had been seized and swept by the furious breath of the storm-wind
Into the mountains, or else to the sea with its thundering billows.

There had I met my doom, ere yet these deeds were accomplished!
Or, as the gods had appointed for me this destiny wretched,
Truly I wish I had been with a man more valorous wedded,
Who would have heeded the scorn of the folk and their bitter resentment.
Never a steadfast spirit in this man abides, nor will it
Ever hereafter be found; and methinks his reward will be ready!—
Nay, but I pray you to enter, and here on a chair to be seated,
Brother, for on your heart most heavily laid is the burden
Wrought by my own base deeds, and the sinful madness of Paris.
Evil the destiny surely that Zeus for us twain has appointed,
Doomed to be subjects of song among men of a far generation."
Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
"Helena, bid me not sit,—nor will you, tho' gracious, persuade me.
Eagerly yearns my spirit to fight in defense of the Trojans,
While among them there is longing already for me in my absence."

Translation of William C. Lawton.

HECTOR TO HIS WIFE

From the Iliad, vi. 441–455

"I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches
Both of the Trojan youths and the long-robed maidens of Troja,
If like a cowardly churl I should keep me aloof from the combat:
Nor would my spirit permit; for well I have learnt to be valiant,
Fighting aye 'mong the first of the Trojans marshaled in battle,
Striving to keep the renown of my sire and my own unattainted.
Well, too well, do I know,—both my mind and my spirit agreeing,—
That there will be a day when sacred Troja shall perish.
Priam will perish too, and the people of Priam, the spear-armed.
Still, I have not such care for the Trojans doomed to destruction,
No, nor for Hecuba's self, nor for Priam, the monarch, my father,
Nor for my brothers' fate, who though they be many and valiant,
All in the dust may lie low by the hostile spears of Achaia,
As for thee, when some youth of the brazen-mailèd Achæans
Weeping shall bear thee away, and bereave thee for ever of freedom.

Translation of E. C. Hawtrey.

FATHER AND SON

From the Iliad, vi. 466–497

THUS having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With sacred pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:—
"O thou whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame;'
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:—
"Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle and direct the loom:

Me glory summons to the martial scene,—
The field of combat is the sphere for men;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh;
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That streamed at every look; then moving slow,
Sought her own palace and indulged her woe.

Pope's Translation.

ACHILLES REFUSES TO AID THE GREEKS

From the Iliad, ix. 307–347

Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot:—
"Heaven-born Ulysses, sage in council, son
Of great Laertes, I must frankly speak
My mind at once, my fixed resolve declare:
That from henceforth I may not by the Greeks,
By this man and by that, be importuned.
Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors,
Whose outward words his inmost thoughts conceal.
Hear then what seems to me the wisest course.
On me nor Agamemnon, Atreus's son,
Nor others shall prevail, since naught is gained
By toil unceasing in the battle-field.
Who nobly fight, but share with those who skulk;
Like honors gain the coward and the brave;
Alike the idlers and the active die:
And naught it profits me, though day by day
In constant toil I set my life at stake;
But as a bird, though ill she fare herself,
Brings to her callow brood the food she takes,
So I through many a sleepless night have lain,
And many a bloody day have labored through,
Engaged in battle on your wives' behalf.
Twelve cities have I taken with my ships:
Eleven more by land on Trojan soil.
From all of these abundant stores of wealth
I took, and all to Agamemnon gave;
He, safe on board his ships, my spoils received,
A few divided, but the most retained.

To other chiefs and kings he meted out
Their sev'ral portions, and they hold them still;
From me, from me alone of all the Greeks,
He bore away, and keeps, my cherished wife.
But say then, why do Greeks with Trojans fight?
Why hath Atrides brought this mighty host
To Troy, if not in fair-haired Helen's cause?
Of mortals are there none that love their wives,
Save Atreus's sons alone? or do not all,
Who boast the praise of sense and virtue, love
And cherish each his own? as her I loved
Ev'n from my soul, though captive of my spear.
Now, since he once hath robbed me, and deceived,
Let him not seek my aid; I know him now,
And am not to be won; let him devise,
With thee, Ulysses, and the other kings,
How best from hostile fires to save his ships."

Translation of Edward, Earl of Derby.

HECTOR PURSUED BY ACHILLES AROUND TROY

From the Iliad, xxii. 136–185

HECTOR beheld and trembled: naught he dared
To wait, but left the gates, and shuddering flew.
Achilleus with swift feet behind him fared.
As mountain hawk, most fleet of feathered crew,
A trembling dove doth easily pursue;
Swerving she flutters; he, intent to seize,
With savage scream close hounds her through the blue;—
So keenly he swept onward; Hector flees
Beneath his own Troy wall, and plies his limber knees.

All past the watch-tower and the fig-tree tall
Along the chariot road at speed they fare,
Still swerving outward from the city's wall;
Then reach the two fair-flowing streamlets, where
Scamander's twofold source breaks forth to air.
One flows in a warm tide, and steam doth go
Up from it, as a blazing fire were there;
But the other runs in summer's midmost glow
Cold as the frozen hail, or ice, or chilly snow.

Thereby great troughs and meet for washing stand,
Beautiful, stony, where their robes of pride

Troy's wives and daughters washed, ere to the land
The foeman came, in happy peaceful tide.
Flying and following, these they ran beside,
He good that flies, he better that pursues;
For no fat victim 'twas, nor bullock's hide,
Such meed as men for conquering runners choose,
But Hector's life the prize they ran to win or lose.

Look how prize-bearing horses, hard of hoof,
Circle about the goal with eager bound,
And a great guerdon stands, not far aloof,
Tripod or woman, at the funeral mound
Of some dead chief; so thrice they circled round
King Priam's town, their swift feet winged for flight:
While all the gods Olympus's summit crowned,
Looking from high to see the wondrous sight;
And thus the almighty Sire their counsel did invite:—

"Alas! I see a loved one with mine eyes
Chased round the city: and my heart doth bleed
For Hector, for that many an ox's thighs
He burnt, where Ida overlooks the mead,
Or in the topmost tower; now with fell speed
Achilleus hunts him round King Priam's town.
But come, ye gods, take counsel and arede,
Or shall we save him now, or strike him down
Under Achilleus's spear, despite his fair renown."

To him stern-eyed Athene answered so:—
"Dread Thunderer in dark cloud, what words are these?
What, a mere mortal, fated long ago,
Wouldst thou set free from death's severe decrees?
Do it; but us gods thy doing shall not please."
And cloud-compelling Zeus in turn rejoined:—
"Take heart, dear child, and set thy soul at ease;
I meant it not, but would to thee be kind:
Now do it, nor delay, whate'er is in thy mind."

Translation of John Conington.

HECTOR'S FUNERAL RITES

Close of the Iliad — xxiv. 777–804

THESE words made even the commons mourn, to whom the king said: — "Friends,
Now fetch wood for our funeral fire, nor fear the foe intends
Ambush, or any violence: Achilles gave his word,
At my dismission, that twelve days he would keep sheathed his sword,
And all men's else." Thus oxen, mules, in chariots straight they put,
Went forth, and an unmeasured pile of sylvan matter cut,
Nine days employed in carriage, but when the tenth morn shined
On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit-to-be-divined
Forth to be burned. Troy swum in tears. Upon the pile's most height
They laid the person, and gave fire. All day it burned, all night.
But when the eleventh morn let on earth her rosy fingers shine,
The people flocked about the pile, and first with blackish wine
Quenched all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the snowy bones
Gathered into an urn of gold, still pouring on their moans.
Then wrapt they in soft purple veils the rich urn, digged a pit,
Graved it, rammed up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it
A sepulchre. But while that work and all the funeral rites
Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, days and nights,
For fear of false surprise before they had imposed the crown
To these solemnities. The tomb advanced once, all the town
In Jove-nursed Priam's court partook a passing sumptuous feast:
And so horse-taming Hector's rites gave up his soul to rest.

Translation of George Chapman.

THE EPISODE OF NAUSICAA

FROM THE ODYSSEY

I. — Book vi., 1–84. Translation of George H. Palmer. Copyright 1884, by G. H. Palmer. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

THUS long-tried royal Odysseus slumbered here, heavy with sleep and toil; but Athene went to the land and town of the Phæacians. This people once in ancient times lived in the open highlands, near that rude folk the Cyclops, who often

plundered them, being in strength more powerful than they. Moving them thence, godlike Nausithous, their leader, established them at Scheria, far from toiling men. He ran a wall around the town, built houses there, made temples for the gods, and laid out farms; but Nausithous had met his doom and gone to the house of Hades, and Alcinous now was reigning, trained in wisdom by the gods. To this man's dwelling came the goddess, clear-eyed Athene, planning a safe return for brave Odysseus. She hastened to a chamber, richly wrought, in which a maid was sleeping, of form and beauty like the immortals, Nausicaa, daughter of generous Alcinous. Near by, two damsels, dowered with beauty by the Graces, slept by the threshold, one on either hand. The shining doors were shut; but Athene, like a breath of air, moved to the maid's couch, stood by her head, and thus addressed her,—taking the likeness of the daughter of Dymas, the famous seaman, a maiden just Nausicaa's age, dear to her heart. Taking her guise, thus spoke clear-eyed Athene:—

"Nausicaa, how did your mother bear a child so heedless? Your gay clothes lie uncared for, though the wedding-time is near, when you must wear fine clothes yourself and furnish them to those that may attend you. From things like these a good repute arises, and father and honored mother are made glad. Then let us go a-washing at the dawn of day, and I will go to help, that you may soon be ready; for really not much longer will you be a maid. Already you have for suitors the chief ones of the land throughout Phæacia, where you too were born. Come, then, beg your good father early in the morning to harness the mules and cart, so as to carry the men's clothes, gowns, and bright-hued rugs. Yes, and for you yourself it is more decent so than setting forth on foot: the pools are far from the town."

Saying this, clear-eyed Athene passed away, off to Olympus, where they say the dwelling of the gods stands fast forever. Never with winds is it disturbed, nor by the rain made wet, nor does the snow come near; but everywhere the upper air spreads cloudless, and a bright radiance plays over all: and there the blessed gods are happy all their days. Thither now came the clear-eyed one, when she had spoken with the maid.

Soon bright-throned morning came, and waked fair-robed Nausicaa. She marveled at the dream, and hastened through the house to tell it to her parents, her dear father and her mother. She

found them still indoors: her mother sat by the hearth among the waiting-women, spinning sea-purple yarn; she met her father at the door, just going forth to join the famous princes at the council, to which the high Phæacians summoned him. So, standing close beside him, she said to her dear father:—

"Papa dear, could you not have the wagon harnessed for me,—the high one, with good wheels,—to take my nice clothes to the river to be washed, which now are lying dirty? Surely for you yourself it is but proper, when you are with the first men holding councils, that you should wear clean clothing. Five good sons too are here at home,—two married, and three merry young men still,—and they are always wanting to go to the dance wearing fresh clothes. And this is all a trouble on my mind."

Such were her words, for she was shy of naming the glad marriage to her father; but he understood it all, and answered thus:—

"I do not grudge the mules, my child, nor anything beside. Go! Quickly shall the servant harness the wagon for you,—the high one, with good wheels, fitted with rack above."

Saying this he called to the servants, who gave heed. Out in the court they made the easy mule cart ready; they brought the mules, and yoked them to the wagon. The maid took from her room her pretty clothing, and stowed it in the polished wagon; her mother put in a chest, food the maid liked, of every kind, put dainties in, and poured some wine into a goatskin bottle,—the maid, meanwhile, had got into the wagon,—and gave her in a golden flask some liquid oil, that she might bathe and anoint herself, she and the waiting-women. Nausicaa took the whip and the bright reins, and cracked the whip to start. There was a clatter of the mules, and steadily they pulled, drawing the clothing and the maid,—yet not alone; beside her went the waiting-women too.

II.—Book vi., 85–197. Translation of Butcher and Lang

Now WHEN they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their

hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Artemis the archer moveth down the mountain, either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the wild wood-nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, and Leto is glad at heart, while high over all she rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known,—but all are fair; even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking the mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then gray-eyed Athene turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see the lovely maiden who should be his guide to the city of the Phæacian men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company; she missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit:—

"Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are they froward and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river springs, and the grassy water meadows. It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to; I myself will make trial and see."

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice, having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his nakedness withal. And forth he sallied like a lion of the hills, trusting in his strength, who fares out under wind and rain, and his eyes are all on fire. And he goes amid the kine or the sheep or in the track of the wild deer; yea, his belly bids him to make

assay upon the flocks, even within a close-penned fold. Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh to the fair-dressed maidens, all naked as he was, such need had come upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, all marred as he was with the salt foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden, and so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and beseech her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town and give him raiment. And as he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees; so straightway he spoke a sweet and cunning word: "I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art some goddess or a mortal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heaven, to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and thy lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their hearts ever glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes upon me as I look on thee. Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm-tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and much people with me, on that path where my sore troubles were to be. Yea, and when I looked thereupon, long time, I marveled in spirit,—for never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from ground,—even in such wise as I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonied and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bore me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, and here too, methinks, some evil may betide me: for I trow not that evil will cease; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for

after many trials and sore, to thee first of all I come; and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay, show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give — a good gift; for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish — and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in anywise endure it; — and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phæacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phæacians depend."

III.— Book vi., 198–254. Translation of William Cullen Bryant. Copyright 1871, by James R. Osgood. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

So SPAKE the damsel, and commanded thus
Her fair-haired maids: "Stay! whither do ye flee,
My handmaids, when a man appears in sight?
Ye think, perhaps, he is some enemy.
Nay, there is no man living now, nor yet
Will live, to enter, bringing war, the land
Of the Phæacians. Very dear are they
To the great gods. We dwell apart, afar
Within the unmeasured deep, amid its waves
The most remote of men; no other race
Hath commerce with us. This man comes to us
A wanderer and unhappy, and to him
Our cares are due. The stranger and the poor
Are sent by Jove, and slight regards to them
Are grateful. Maidens, give the stranger food
And drink, and take him to the river-side
To bathe where there is shelter from the wind."

So spake the mistress; and they stayed their flight
And bade each other stand, and led the chief
Under a shelter as the royal maid,
Daughter of stout Alcinous, gave command,
And laid a cloak and tunic near the spot
To be his raiment, and a golden cruse
Of limpid oil. Then, as they bade him bathe
In the fresh stream, the noble chieftain said:—
"Withdraw, ye maidens, hence, while I prepare
To cleanse my shoulders from the bitter brine,
And to anoint them; long have these my limbs
Been unfreshed by oil. I will not bathe
Before you. I should be ashamed to stand
Unclothed in presence of these bright-haired maids."
He spake; they hearkened and withdrew, and told
The damsel what he said. Ulysses then
Washed the salt spray of ocean from his back
And his broad shoulders in the flowing stream,
And wiped away the sea froth from his brows.
And when the bath was over, and his limbs
Had been anointed, and he had put on
The garments sent him by the spotless maid,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, caused him to appear
Of statelier size and more majestic mien,
And bade the locks that crowned his head flow down,
Curling like blossoms of the hyacinth.
As when some skillful workman trained and taught
By Vulcan and Minerva in his art
Binds the bright silver with a verge of gold,
And graceful in his handiwork, such grace
Did Pallas shed upon the hero's brow
And shoulders, as he passed along the beach,
And, glorious in his beauty and the pride
Of noble bearing, sat aloof. The maid
Admired, and to her bright-haired women spake:—
"Listen to me, my maidens, while I speak.
This man comes not among the godlike sons
Of the Phæacian stock against the will
Of all the gods of heaven. I thought him late
Of an unseemly aspect; now he bears
A likeness to the immortal ones whose home
Is the broad heaven. I would that I might call
A man like him my husband, dwelling here,
And here content to dwell. Now hasten, maids,
And set before the stranger food and wine."

She spake; they heard and cheerfully obeyed,
And set before Ulysses food and wine.
The patient chief Ulysses ate and drank
Full eagerly, for he had fasted long.
White-armed Nausicaa then had other cares.
She placed the smoothly folded robes within
The sumptuous chariot, yoked the firm-hoofed mules,
And mounted to her place, and from the seat
Spake kindly, counseling Ulysses thus:—

IV.—Book vi., 255–331. Translation of Philip Worsley

"STRANGER, bestir thyself to seek the town,
That to my father's mansion I may lead
Thee following, there to meet the flower and crown
Of the Phæacian people. But take heed
(Not senseless dost thou seem in word or deed),
While 'mid the fields and works of men we go,
After the mules, in the wain's track, to speed,
Girt with this virgin company, and lo!
I will myself drive first, and all the road will show.

"When we the city reach—a castled crown
Of wall encircles it from end to end,
And a fair haven, on each side the town,
Framed with fine entrance, doth our barks defend,
Which, where the terrace by the shore doth wend,
Line the long coast; to all and each large space,
Docks, and deep shelter, doth that haven lend;
There, paved with marble, our great market-place
Doth with its arms Poseidon's beauteous fane embrace.

"All instruments marine they fashion there,
Cordage and canvas and the tapering oar;
Since not for bow nor quiver do they care,
But masts and well-poised ships and naval store,
Wherewith the foam-white ocean they explore
Rejoicing. There I fear for my good name,
For in the land dwell babblers evermore,
Proud, supercilious, who might work me shame
Hereafter with sharp tongues of cavil and quick blame.

"Haply would ask some losel, meeting me,
'Where did she find this stranger tall and brave
Who is it? He then will her husband be—
Perchance some far-off foreigner—whom the wave
(For none dwell near us) on our island drave.

Or have her long prayers made a god come down,
Whom all her life she shall for husband have?
Wisely she sought him, for she spurns our town,
Though wooed by many a chief of high worth and renown.'

"So will they speak this slander to my shame;
Yea, if another made the like display,
Her I myself should be the first to blame,
If in the public streets she should essay
To mix with men before her marriage day,
Against her father's and her mother's will.
Now, stranger, well remember what I say,
So mayst thou haply in good haste fulfill
Thy journey, with safe-conduct, by my father's will:—

"Hard by the roadside an illustrious grove,
Athene's, all of poplar, thou shalt find.
Through it a streaming rivulet doth rove,
And the rich meadow-lands around it wind.
There the estate lies to my sire assigned,
There his fat vineyards — from the town so far
As a man's shout may travel. There reclined
Tarry such while, and thy approach debar,
Till we belike within my father's mansion are.

"Then to the town Phæacian, and inquire
(Plain is the house, a child might be thy guide)
Where dwells Alcinous my large-hearted sire.
Not like the houses reared on every side
Stands that wherein Alcinous doth abide,
But easy to be known. But when the wall
And court inclose thee, with an eager stride
Move through the noble spaces of the hall,
And with firm eye seek out my mother first of all.

"She in the firelight near the hearth doth twine,
Sitting, the purpled yarn; her maids are seen
Behind her; there my sire, enthroned, his wine
Quaffs like a god; both on the pillar lean.
Him passing urge thy supplication keen,
My mother's knees enclasping. If but she
Think kindness in her heart, good hope, I ween,
Remains, however far thy bourne may be,
That country, friends, and home thou yet shalt live to see."

She ended, and the mules with glittering lash
Plied, who soon leave the river in their rear.
Onward continuously their swift feet flash.
She like an understanding charioteer
Scourged them with judgment, and their course did steer
So to precede Odysseus and the rest.
And the sun fell and they the grove came near.
There on the earth sat down with anxious breast
Odysseus, and in prayer the child of Zeus addressed: —

« Virgin, whose eyelids slumber not nor sleep,
Hear, child of Zeus! who in the time forepast
Heardest me not, when in the ruinous deep
Poseidon whirled me with his angry blast.
Let me find pity in this land at last! »
So prayed he, and Athene heard: but she
Not yet revealed herself in form; so vast
Loomed in her eyes her uncle's fierce decree
Against divine Odysseus, ere his land he see.

There the much-toiled divine Odysseus prayed.
She onward passed to the Phæacian town,
Drawn by the mules. But when the royal maid
Came to her father's halls of high renown,
She by the porch drew rein. Thither came down
Her brothers, circling her, a lucid ring;
They of Phæacian youth the flower and crown,
Like gods to look at. Soon unharnessing
The mules, into the house the raiment clean they bring.

V. — Book vii., 1–13. Same Translation

She to her chamber straight ascended. There
Eurymedusa old, the chamber dame,
Kindled the fire — who o'er the ocean mere
Borne in swift ships from land Apeira came,
Thenceforth assigned by right of regal claim
To King Alcinous, like a god revered
In his own land, the first in name and fame.
She in the halls white-armed Nausicaa reared,
And now the fire lit well, and sweet repast prepared.

[A final glimpse of Nausicaa is accorded to Odysseus, and to us, at nightfall of the following day.]

VI.— Book viii., 454–468. Same Translation

Him then the maidens bathe and rub with oil,
And in rich robe and tunic clothe with care.
He from the bath, cleansed from the dust of toil,
Passed to the drinkers; and Nausicaa there
Stood, molded by the gods exceeding fair.
She, on the roof-tree pillar leaning, heard
Odysseus; turning she beheld him near.
Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
And in a low sweet voice she spake this wingèd word:—

"Hail, stranger guest! when fatherland and wife
Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
Since to me first thou owest the price of life."
And to the royal virgin answered he:—
"Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
That I my home and dear return yet see,
There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
There worship thee, dear maid, my savior from dark death."

THE HOMERIC HYMNS

JUST as «Æsop» was credited with almost any popular fable which ascribed human reasoning to animals, even so nearly every archaic or mock-archaic hexameter poem floating about unclaimed was assigned by the Greeks of historical times to «Homer.» As to the ignoble riddles and bits of autobiographical invention, they may be at once relegated to a late date, and to an obscure corner of the anthology. The fragmentary 'Strife of Frogs and Mice' (Batrachomyomachia) is a rather spirited Homeric parody. The names of the chief combatants, in particular, with their sires', are comically appropriate on the one hand, and on the other amusingly like Homer's «Achilles, offspring of Peleus,» or «the son of knightly Tydeus, Diomedes.» That the origin of the skit is relatively late, need hardly be added. Farther back than the fifth century B. C. its defenders rarely attempt to set it.

The didactic epic of Hesiod's school may be regarded as also Homeric; that is, as an offshoot inspired by the great Ionic epics. In metre, in dialect, and even by open mention of Homer's name, the early philosophers who use the dactylic metre betray the same filial relation. Empedocles here offers the best illustration. Aside from the learned revival of the Homeric dialect and style in Alexandrian epic by Apollonius Rhodius and his school, there are still two important masses of verse best discussed as «Homeric.»

Of the Cyclic epics, indeed, very little remains. These were, in part at least, written expressly to piece out the story which the Iliad and Odyssey left half told. They were probably not based upon any well-settled folk legend current among the Greeks. Rather we get the impression that each poet draws some hints from Homer, and more from his own ingenious fancy.

Perhaps the most famous of all the lost epics is the 'Cypria,' or lay of Aphrodite, planned to give a statelier approach and adequate explanation leading up to the Trojan tragedy. To this poet, rather than to the author of the Iliad, we probably owe the tale of the strife over the prize of beauty, the judgment of Paris, etc. The opening lines of this epic are preserved:—

> «Once on a time was Earth by the races of men made weary,
> Who were wandering numberless over the breadth of her bosom.

Zeus with pity beheld it, and took in his wise heart counsel
How to relieve of her burden the Earth, life-giver to all things,
Fanning to flame that terrible struggle, the war upon Troia.
So should the burden by death be removed;—and they in the Troad
Perished: the heroes: the counsel of Zeus was brought to fulfillment.»

Many famous legends—for instance, Iphigenia's sacrifice, Philoctetes's desertion in Lemnos, etc.—seem to have been first told in the 'Cypria,' and thence borrowed by later dramatist, lyric poet, and chronicler. It is perhaps from the same source that the Catalogue of Ships was transferred to our Iliad. The poem was said to have been Homer's wedding gift to his son-in-law Stasinus of Cyprus, who was evidently to sing it as his own; a tale which looks like an awkward compromise between two theories of authorship.

Again, there were continuations of the Iliad, one of which was so widely accepted that the quiet closing verse of the elder poem was mutilated to prepare the way for it. Instead of

«So they made ready the grave for Hector the tamer of horses,»

some read

«So they made ready the grave for Hector: the Amazon straightway
Came, who was daughter to Ares, the haughty destroyer of heroes.»

Similarly in works of art, the mourning Andromache, Hector's widow, with her funeral urn, stands in the group which welcomes the arrival of the Amazon queen. To this feeling that the Iliad is incomplete we also owe the finest book, the second, of Virgil's Æneid, Goethe's fragmentary 'Achilleis,' and perhaps many an Attic tragedy, as well as more recent poems like Lang's 'Helen of Troy.' It is remarkable how much more near and familiar this old Greek myth has become to ourselves, than any legend of Northern heroism or of Teutonic divinities. These Cyclic epics probably took shape in the ninth and eighth centuries B. C. A prose summary of their contents, and a few score of verses in brief extracts, alone survive.

The Homeric Hymns are really akin in dialect and metre to the Ionic epic. Some are of venerable age. Thucydides (400 B. C.) quotes the hymn to Delian Apollo unquestioningly as Homeric. Some are as late as the Attic period, if not far more recent. They have little relation to the tale of Iliad or Odyssey. Nearly all have the form of preludes, in which the rhapsode greets the divinity at whose shrine or festival he is about to recite from the heroic epics. In some cases the invocation may have been composed to suit the character of the following recitation. Most of these poems are extremely brief, and formal in tone. Others contain a single mythical allusion, or short

tale, perhaps sufficient to justify the independent existence of the poem. The most notable in this group is the Hymn to Dionysus, given in full below. As the whole development of drama in Athens sprang up about the Dionysus cult, such tales as this about the wine god probably formed the earliest plots for the mimic scene. Moreover, the transformation of the pirates into dolphins is represented on the frieze of the only surviving monument which was set up as the memorial of a victory gained in the Dionysiac theatre,—"the choragic monument of Lysicrates."

There are five or six of these Hymns, finally, each several hundred lines in length, which can hardly have been used as mere preludes at all. The hymns to Apollo and to Hermes are composite in character; and in their present (perhaps interpolated) form, each looks like a corpus of the chief early myths concerning the divinity in question. The Aphrodite hymn, like that to Demeter, details with epic breadth one notable adventure of the goddess. These poems borrow lines and half-lines very freely from "Homer" and from each other. The text has many gaps and corruptions. Still, these hymns are the earliest source for many, if not most, of the notable legends concerning the Greek gods. It is most surprising, therefore, that they are passed over in the two best brief popular treatises on Greek poetry, those by Professor Jebb and the late J. A. Symonds. Professor Mahaffy gives them moderate space in his larger history of Hellenic literature. There is a tolerable prose version in the Bohn Library, by Buckley, bound with the Odyssey; and a far better one, little known, published by Thynne in Edinburgh. Some of Shelley's delightful paraphrases in rhymed verse are given below. George Chapman rendered all save the hymn to Demeter. Upon the whole, however, these hymns have not received adequate attention. Paley's edition of the Greek text with English notes is entirely inferior to Göttling's, annotated in Latin. Göttling includes also the numerous fragments from lost Hesiodic works.

ORIGIN OF THE LYRE

From the 'Hymn to Mercury'

THE babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds;—the fourth day of the moon
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
He found a tortoise, and cried out—"A treasure!"
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing.)
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eyeing him laught, and laughing thus begun:—

"A useful godsend are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast,
Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,—
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honor you.

"Better to be at home than out of door;—
So come with me, and though it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast—
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts thro' the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

And thro' the tortoise's hard stony skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space and fixt the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretcht o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet

Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton — such you may
Hear among revelers on a holiday.

Paraphrase by Shelley.

POWER OF APHRODITE

Hymn to Venus

Muse, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,
Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight
Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings
Of Heaven, and men, and all the living things
That fleet along the air, or whom the sea,
Or earth with her maternal ministry,
Nourish innumerable; thy delight
All seek. O crownèd Aphrodite!
Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell.
Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well
Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame
Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame.
Diana, [clear-voiced] golden-shafted queen,
Is tamed not by thy smiles; the shadows green
Of the wild woods, the bow, the . . . [lyre and
dance],
And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit
Of beasts among waste mountains, — such delight
Is hers, and men who know and do the right.
Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste,
Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last,
Such was the will of ægis-bearing Jove;
But sternly she refused the ills of Love,
And by her mighty father's head she swore
An oath not unperformed, that evermore
A virgin she would live 'mid deities
Divine: her father, for such gentle ties
Renounced, gave glorious gifts; thus in his hall
She sits and feeds luxuriously. O'er all
In every fane, her honors first arise
From men — the eldest of Divinities.

These spirits she persuades not, nor deceives,
But none beside escape, so well she weaves
Her unseen toils; nor mortal men, nor gods
Who live secure in their unseen abodes.

Paraphrase by Shelley.

DIONYSUS AND THE PIRATES

Reprinted by permission, from 'Three Dramas of Euripides,' by William C. Lawton: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889.

Glorious Semele's child I will summon to mind, Dionysus;
How he appeared on the brink of the sea forever-unresting,
On a projecting crag, assuming the guise of a stripling
Blooming in youth; and in beauty his dark hair floated about him.
Purple the cloak he was wearing across his vigorous shoulders;
Presently hove in sight a band of Tyrrhenian pirates,
Borne in a well-rowed vessel along the wine-colored waters.
Hither their evil destiny guided them! When they beheld him,
Unto each other they nodded: then forth they darted, and straightway
Seized him and haled him aboard their vessel, exultant in spirit,
Since they thought him a child of kings who of Zeus are supported.
Then were they eager to bind him in fetters that could not be sundered.
Yet he was held not with bonds, for off and afar did the osiers
Fall from his hands and feet, and left him sitting and smiling
Out of his dusky eyes! But when their pilot beheld it,
Straightway uplifting his voice he shouted aloud to his comrades:—
"Madmen! Who is this god ye would seize and control with your fetters?
Mighty is he! Our well-rowed ship is unable to hold him.
Verily this is Zeus, or else the archer Apollo,
Or, it may be, Poseidon: — for nowise perishing mortals
Does he resemble, but gods who make their home on Olympus!
Bring him, I pray you, again to the darksome shore, and release him
Straightway! Lay not a finger upon him, lest in his anger
He may arouse the impetuous gusts and the furious storm-wind."
Thus he spoke, but the captain in words of anger assailed him:—
"Fellow, look to the wind, and draw at the sail of the vessel,
Holding the cordage in hand; we men will care for the captive.
He shall come, as I think, to Egypt, or may be to Cyprus,
Or to the Hyperboreans, or farther, and surely shall tell us
Finally who are his friends, and reveal to us all his possessions,
Name us his brethren too: for a god unto us has betrayed him."

So had he spoken, and raised his mast and the sail of his vessel.
Fairly upon their sail was blowing a breeze, and the cordage
Tightened; and presently then most wondrous chances befell them!
First of all things, wine through the black impetuous vessel,
Fragrant and sweet to the taste, was trickling: the odor ambrosial
Rose in the air; and terror possessed them all to behold it.
Presently near to the top of the sail a vine had extended,
Winding hither and thither, with many a cluster dependent.
Round about their mast an ivy was duskily twining,
Rich in its blossoms, and fair was the fruit that had risen upon it.
Every rowlock a garland wore.
And when they beheld this,
Instantly then to the pilot they shouted to hurry the vessel
Near to the land: but the god appeared as a lion among them,
Terrible, high on the bow, and loudly he roared; and amidships
Made he appear to their eyes a shaggy-necked bear as a portent.
Eagerly rose she erect, and high on the prow was the lion
Eying them grimly askance. To the stern they darted in terror.
There about their pilot, the man of wiser perception,
Dazed and affrighted they stood; and suddenly leaping upon them,
On their captain he seized. They, fleeing from utter destruction,
Into the sacred water plunged, as they saw it, together,
Turning to dolphins. The god, for the pilot having compassion,
Held him back, and gave him happiness, speaking as follows:—
"Have no fear, O innocent supplicant, dear to my spirit.
Semele's offspring am I, Dionysus the leader in revels,
Born of the daughter of Cadmos, to Zeus in wedlock united."
Greeting, O child of the fair-faced Semele! Never the minstrel
Who is forgetful of thee may fashion a song that is pleasing!

CLOSE OF THE HYMN TO DELIAN APOLLO

Dear all outlooks are unto thee, and the lofty mountains'
Topmost peaks, and the rivers that down to the sea are descending.
More than all, O Phœbus, thy heart is in Delos delighted,
Where in their trailing robes unto thee the Ionians gather,
They themselves and their modest wives as well, and the children.
There they do honor to thee with boxing, dancing, and singing.
So they take their delight, whenever the games are appointed.
One would believe them to be immortal and ageless forever,
Whoso met them, when the Ionians gather together.
Then he the charms of them all would behold, and delight in their spirit,

Seeing the men of the race, and the women gracefully girdled.
Fleet are the vessels they bring as well, and many the treasures.
This is a marvel, too, whose glory never may perish,—
Even the Delian maids, attendant on archer Apollo.
When they first have uttered in hymns their praise of Apollo,
Next is Leto's turn, and Artemis, hurler of arrows.
Then they remember the heroes of ancient days, and the women,
Singing their hymn; and the tribes of mortal men are enchanted.
Speech of all mankind, and even their castanets' rattle,
They can mimic, and every man would say that he heard them
Speak his speech; so fairly and well is their minstrelsy fitted.
Come, O Apollo, be thou, together with Artemis, gracious.
Greeting unto you all; and be ye of me hereafter
Mindful, when some other of men that on earth have abiding
Hither may come, an outworn stranger, and ask you the question,
"O ye maidens, and who for you is the sweetest of minstrels,
Whoso hither doth come, in whom ye most are delighted?"
Then do ye all, I pray, with one voice answer and tell him,
"Blind is the man, and in Chios abounding in crags is his dwelling;
He it is whose songs shall all be supreme in the future."
Yet will I not cease from hymning the archer Apollo,
Lord of the silvern bow, who is offspring of fair-tressed Leto.

Translation of William C. Lawton.

HYMN TO DEMETER

First Demeter I sing, that fair-tressed reverend goddess,
Her, and her daughter the slender-ankled, whom once Aïdoneus
Stole,—for wide-eyed Zeus, who is lord of the thunder, permitted.
Quite unaware was the mother, Fruitgiver, the Bringer of Springtime.
She, Persephone, played with Oceanos's deep-bosomed daughters,
Plucking the blossoms,—the beautiful violets, roses, and crocus,
Iris, and hyacinth too, that grew in the flowery meadow.
Earth, by command of Zeus, and to please All-welcoming Pluto,
Caused narcissus to grow, as a lure for the lily-faced maiden.
Wonderful was it in beauty. Amazement on all who beheld it
Fell, both mortal men and gods whose life is eternal.
Out of a single root it had grown with clusters an hundred.
All wide Heaven above was filled with delight at the fragrance;
Earth was laughing as well, and the briny swell of the waters.
She, in her wonder, to pluck that beautiful plaything extended
Both her hands;—but that moment the wide-wayed earth underneath her

Yawned, in the Nysian plain; and the monarch, Receiver of all men,
Many-named son of Kronos, arose, with his horses immortal,—
Seized her against her will, and upon his chariot golden
Bore her lamenting away;—and the hills re-echoed her outcry.
Kronos's son she invoked, most mighty and noble, her father.
None among mortal men, nor the gods whose life is eternal,
Heard her voice,—not even the fruitful Nymphs of the marshland.
Only Perses's daughter, the tender-hearted, had heard her,
Hecatè, she of the gleaming coronet, out of her cavern;
Heard her on Kronides calling, her father: he from immortals
Far was sitting aloof, in a fane where many petitions
Came to him, mingled with sacrifices abundant of mortals.
So, at the bidding of Zeus was reluctant Persephone stolen,
Forced by her father's brother, the Many-named, offspring of Kronos,
Lord and Receiver of all mankind,—with his horses immortal.
While Persephone yet could look upon star-studded heaven,
Gaze on the earth underneath, and the swarming waters unresting,
Seeing the light, so long she had hope that her glorious mother
Yet would descry her,—or some from the race of the gods ever-living.
So long hope consoled her courageous spirit in trouble.
Loudly the crests of the mountains and depths of the water resounded
Unto her deathless voice; and her royal mother did hear her.
Keen was the pain at Demeter's heart, and about her ambrosial
Tresses her tender hands were rending her beautiful wimple.
Dusky the garment was that she cast upon both her shoulders.
Like to a bird she darted, and over the lands and the waters
Sped as if frenzied: but yet there was no one willing to tell her
Truthfully, neither of gods nor of human folk who are mortal;
None of the birds would come unto her as a messenger faithful.
So throughout nine days over earth imperial Deo,
Holding in both her hands her flaming torches, was roaming.
Never ambrosia, nor ever delightsome nectar she tasted;
Never she bathed with water her body,—so bitter her sorrow.
Yet when upon her there came for the tenth time glimmering morning,
Hecatè met her, a shining light in her hands, and addrest her,
Speaking unto her thus, and bringing her news of her daughter:—

«Royal Demeter, our Bountiful Lady, the Giver of Springtime,
Who among mortal men, or who of the gods ever-living,
Brought this grief to your heart by stealing Persephone from you?
Truly her voice did I hear, but yet with my eyes I beheld not
Who committed the deed. Thus all have I truthfully told you.»

So did Hecatè speak; and in words replied not the other,
Fair-tressed Rheia's daughter, but hastily with her she darted,
Hurrying forward, and still in her hands were the glimmering torches.
So they to Helios came, who is watcher of gods and of mortals.
Standing in front of his steeds, she, divine among goddesses, asked him:—

«Helios, you as a goddess should hold me in honor, if ever
Either by word or deed I have cheered your heart and your spirit.
I thro' boundless ether have heard the lament of a maiden,
Even of her that I bore, fair blossom, of glorious beauty;
Heard her cry of distress, tho' not with my eyes I beheld her.
Yet do you, who descry all earth and the billowy waters,
Out of the ether resplendent with keen glance watchfully downward
Gazing, report to me truly my child, if perchance you behold her.
Tell me who among men, or of gods, whose life is unending,
Seized, and away from her mother has carried, the maiden unwilling.»

So did she speak; and the son of Hyperion answered her saying:—
«Fair-tressed Rheia's daughter, our royal lady Demeter,
You shall know: for indeed I pity and greatly revere you,
Seeing you grieved for your child, for the graceful Persephone. No one
Else, save cloud-wrapt Zeus, is to blame among all the immortals.
He as a blooming bride has given your daughter to Hades,
Brother to him and to you; so down to the shadowy darkness
Hades, spite of her cries, has dragged her away with his horses.
Yet, O goddess, abate your grief: it befits you in no wise
Thus insatiate anger to cherish. Nor yet an unworthy
Husband among the immortals is Hades, monarch of all men,
Child of the selfsame father and mother with you; and his honors
Fell to his share, when first amid three was the universe parted.
Still amid those he reigns whose rule unto him was allotted.»
Speaking thus he aroused his steeds; and they at his bidding
Nimbly as long-winged birds with the rushing chariot hastened.
Over Demeter's heart grief fiercer and keener descended.
Then in her anger at Kronos's son, who is lord of the storm-cloud,
Leaving the gathering-place of the gods and spacious Olympus,
Unto the cities of men and the fertile fields she departed.

Translation of William C. Lawton.

THOMAS HOOD

(1799–1845)

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE

To Thomas Hood, more truly than to any other English poet, belongs the epithet that the Germans love to bestow on Richter, "the only one." As a humorist, as a master of grimace and extravagance, as a thinker, and as a poet, he was no man's imitator; and the title which he gave his comic miscellany, "Hood's Own," might have stood as a sort of trade-mark for the unforced production of his fine genius. Far too little of this astonishing production was unforced, however; for Hood, in wretched health, had wife and weans to feed and clothe. All his life he drove the pen as his immortal seamstress her needle. Yet even his perfunctory jests found prosperity in the ear of the public, while his least spontaneous poems showed care and conscience.

Thomas Hood

This patient, hopeful, undiscouraged poet of democracy was born in London in the last year of the eighteenth century. His father was an engraver, who, determined that the boy should have a stable and reputable lot, apprenticed him to a mercantile house. What sort of contented, inconspicuous citizen a thrifty, shopkeeping Hood might have turned out, was not to be known; for he broke down in health, was sent off to Scotland for a couple of years, and when he came back to London at the age of eighteen, tried his hand first at engraving, to which his strength was unequal, and then, almost accidentally, at writing. He soon became sub-editor of the London Magazine; a position poor in pay, but rich in experience and friendships. Charles Lamb, among other men, took a strong liking to him; discovering a mental kinship, perhaps, in the delicate, fun-loving, melancholy humor of this whimsical new-comer into journalistic literature.

From the London Magazine Hood went to the New Monthly; and one after another he edited the Comic Annual, Hood's Own, and

lastly Hood's Magazine, established not many months before his early death in 1845. Thus, for twenty-four years he was never out of harness; the four years that he spent on the Continent, to economize, being crowded with work for various periodicals. He had begun to write in the vein of the Elizabethans, with his 'Hero and Leander' after the manner of 'Venus and Adonis,' and his 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' after the 'Fairy Queen.' Before 1830 he had written also what Dobson calls "the galloping anapæsts" of 'Lycus the Centaur,' the perfect ballad of 'Fair Ines,' the 'Dream of Eugene Aram' with its ghastly fascination, many fine sonnets, and not a few of the most beloved of his lyrics, as 'I remember, I remember,' 'Farewell, Life,' 'Ruth,' and 'The Death-Bed.'

These poems, therefore, and others like them, may be taken as the expression of his true genius. But in the very beginning he had lavished his extraordinary and original comicalities on the London public, and these things that public would have, and no other,—or at least it would pay for no other. The fountain of his fun was really inexhaustible, since he drew from it without ceasing for a quarter of a century. But at intervals in later years the waters ran thin and flat, without sparkle or effervescence. Yet no humorist ever wrote so much with so large a remainder of excellence. His puns are not mere verbal sleight of hand, but brilliant verbal wit. Not even Charles Lamb has so mastered the subtlety and the imagery of the pun. Hood goes beyond the analogy of sound and catches the analogy of meaning. But leaving out of the question this inimitable control of words, his drollery is still unrivaled, because it is the whimsical expression, not of the trifler but of the thinker, even of the moralist, and always of the imaginative poet. In the whirl of his absurdities suddenly appears a glimpse of everlasting truth. The merry-andrew rattles his hoop and grins, but in his jests there is a hint of wholesome tears. Our most authoritative critic speaks of the "imaginative mirth" with which, for example, the poem of 'Miss Kilmansegg' is charged from beginning to end, making it, as a sustained piece of metrical humor, absolutely unique. The Moral, like the whole history indeed, is not more an example of the "curious felicity" which Horace himself might have found in Hood's workmanship, than of the moralist's turn for preaching:—

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mold;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousandfold!
How widely its agencies vary:
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess
And now of a Bloody Mary.»

'The Tale of the Trumpet,' also, another marvel of verbal wit, is filled with a solemn moral power; while even a poem like the 'Address to Mrs. Fry,' which is pure fun, has an admirable ethical conclusion.

So much was it a matter of course, however, to consider Hood a comic writer, that Thackeray, when he deplored the waste of that rare genius on joke-cracking, and declared his passion to be a quality much higher than his humor, found nobody to agree with him. But the world is gradually conceding that pathos is the crowning gift of the author of the 'Lay of the Laborer,' the 'Song of the Shirt,' and above all, of the 'Bridge of Sighs.' That achievement, said Thackeray, «was his Corunna, his Heights of Abraham: sickly, weak, wounded, he fell in the full blaze and fame of that great victory.» The 'Song of the Shirt' appeared anonymously in Punch for Christmas 1843. No poem ever written was so instantly «learned by heart» by a whole people. In palaces, princesses dropped over it ineffectual tears, and street singers chanted the bitter chorus in the darkest slums of East London. It has the dignity of tragedy, and it makes a single, commonplace, unheroic figure stand for the universal. The 'Bridge of Sighs' was written for Hood's Magazine but a little while before the poet's death. It is because to the tragedy of this is added an element of the sublime that it becomes the greater work.

Always ill, suffering, poor, in debt, anxious for those dependent on him, Hood was always cheerful, courageous, and manfully independent. In his family life he was happy, in friendships he was rich, and he treated sickness and poverty as mere accidents of time. There never lived a sweeter nature. Over his grave in Kensal Green Cemetery stands a monument raised by the eager contributions of his countrymen,— princes, gentlemen, scholars, statesmen, millionaires, artisans, laborers, seamstresses, dressmakers, shop-girls; and on it is inscribed the epitaph he himself chose — «He sang the Song of the Shirt.»

Lucia Gilbert Runkle

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

An Old Ballad

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's-maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head —
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone? and is he gone?"
She cried and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her:
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see:"

"The Tender-ship!" cried Sally Brown,—
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's Well,'
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned—and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

AN IRONIC REQUIEM

From 'A Lament for the Decline of Chivalry'

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,—
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclat!
Oh, Time has plucked the plumy brow!
And none engage at turneys now
But those that go to law! . . .

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans;
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate;
'Tis gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft. . . .

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *casque* is out!

No iron crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place;
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labor through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs soften;
To rise would only make you weep:
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
As in a safety coffin!

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin —
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth —
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny —
(Another tumble — that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk—
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south—
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;

Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas upblazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking grumble, "Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears — what faith is man's! — Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

RUTH

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell:

But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim
Made her tressy forehead dim:
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean:
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

FAIR INES

O, saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;

And gentle youth and maidens gay,
  And snowy plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream,
  —If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
  She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
  And shouting of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
  But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
  To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
  That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
  Nor danced so light before;
Alas for pleasure on the sea
  And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
  Has broken many more!

A SONG: FOR MUSIC

A LAKE, and a fairy boat
  To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown shall be snow-white silk,
  And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
  Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
  And diamonds should be thy dower;
But fairies have broken their wands,
  And wishing has lost its power!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

«Drowned! drowned!»—HAMLET

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care:
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing:
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly:
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?

Had she a sister?
    Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
    Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
    Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
    Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
    Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
    Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
    With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
    Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
    Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
    Or the black-flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
    Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
    Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
    The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it:
Picture it, think of it,
    Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
    Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care:
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,—
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt"!

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags;
A shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light;
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!—
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch — stitch — stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

ODE TO MELANCHOLY

COME, let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the inward thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief
That makes her accents so forlorn;
The world has many cruel points
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn:
True honor's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have watered since the world was born.

The world!—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me.
Come, let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats—
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more,
With her sad melody.
Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave:
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud;
Her cheek was cold and very pale:
And ever since I've looked on all
As creatures doomed to fail!
Why do buds ope, except to die?
Aye, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks;

And oh, how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to naught—
An age is but a thought!

Aye, let us think of him awhile
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat;
And for our table choose a tomb.
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume;
And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding-sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew-tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them—
The many human families
That sleep around its stem!
How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet!
Lo! here the best, the worst, the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurled;
And love and hate are calmly met,—
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is 't not enough to vex our souls
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And sometimes, at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret.
The roses bud and bloom again;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mold, in vain.

Oh clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this.

Forgive if somewhile I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss.
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Even so the dark and bright will kiss,
The sunniest things throw sternest shade;
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.
Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orbed moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright — but, with a cloud
Lapped all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad,
If but to think in other times
The same calm, quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad —
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile, degraded dust.
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust —
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

THE DEATH-BED

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday —
That tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,

And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

STANZAS

FAREWELL, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night.
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn.
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold!

PIETER CORNELISZOON HOOFT

(1581–1647)

PIETER CORNELISZOON HOOFT, who has been called "the father of Dutch poetry," was born March 16th, 1581, at Amsterdam, Holland, where his father was burgomaster. He received a liberal education at home, and traveled extensively in France, Italy, and Germany. Subsequently he studied literature and law at the University of Leyden. In 1609 he was appointed to the influential position of bailiff of Muiden, and from this time on for many years he spent the summer months at the castle of Muiden, a short distance from Amsterdam.

PIETER HOOFT

Hooft's position in the literary history of Holland is due not only to his own writings, but also to the unmistakable influence that he exerted upon the whole literary development of the time. As bailiff at Muiden, whither he brought his young wife the year after his appointment, he kept open house, and gathered about him the flower of Holland in politics, in art, literature, and learning, known since in Dutch history as the "Muiden circle," who were held together by Hooft's own attractive personality and social position as well as by his literary talents. Some of the most notable names of Holland are connected with Hooft at Muiden. Vondel and Coster were there together, and in the long list of other names are to be found Grotius, Brederoo, Vos, and Ansloo, Constantin Huygens, and before all, Anna and Maria Tesselschade, the daughters of Roemer Visscher. Hooft was twice married. For his life of Henry IV. of France, written in 1626, he was ennobled by the French king. He died on the 25th of May, 1647, at The Hague, whither he had gone to attend a royal funeral.

Hooft's literary career began early. In his sixteenth year he had joined, according to the custom of the day, one of the rhetorical "chambers," and wrote at this time several minor poems and the tragedy 'Achilles and Polyxena,' his first important literary work. His numerous lyrics, a series of dramas, and his historical works

show that his official duties did not seriously interfere with his literary pursuits. His plays, besides the one already noticed, are the tragedies 'Geraardt van Velzen,' 'Theseus and Ariadne,' and 'Baeto'; the pastoral 'Granida'; and the comedy 'Warenaer,' after the 'Aulularia' of Plautus.

Hooft's first historical work was the life of Henry IV., already mentioned. This and a translation of Tacitus consciously served, however, but as a preparation for his greatest work, the 'History of the Netherlands' (Nederlandsche Historien), which was written during the years 1628–38, and finally published in 1642. He expended on this work his very best powers. A vast deal of time was spent upon the careful collection and study of sources, and upon the purity of the vocabulary and the literary form, which received extraordinary praise from his contemporaries, and have made this work a classic in the literature of Holland. He had planned a continuation of the history, but died before it was completed.

Hooft's best poetical work was lyrical. His dramas are altogether lacking in originality, and not one of them has kept the stage. It is as a historian that his fame is most firmly founded.

ANACREONTIC

THREE long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness:
Sorrow be banished, for sorrow is dreary;
Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking;
I cannot resist its awaking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me,
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing lightly, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting;
Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes, then the beauties have bound them,
And scattered their shadows around them;

Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth, all the flowers spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel, then, if in its kisses
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses?

Oh how blest, how divine the employment!
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips and soft amorous glances,
Kindling and quenching and fanning sweet fancies,
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing,
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye!
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
Oh no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul — ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips — thy sweet lips — they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection:
And sure never triumph was purer;
And sure never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to;
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tightest.

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

THEODORE HOOK

(1788–1841)

T is impossible to draw the figure of Theodore Hook without his cap and bells. In London society he filled the place of the court jester; and the extraordinary vogue of his books in the London world of letters, art, and fashion was due doubtless to his personal agreeableness. He had a remarkable gift for improvising verse and music, and for throwing off farces, burlesques, and *jeux d'esprit*, which made him an invaluable guest, and gave him a famous name. Much of the volatile aroma of his literary work, the distillation of the hour, has now evaporated.

Theodore Edward Hook was born in London September 22d, 1788, the son of James Hook, a popular composer. The father, discovering his son's peculiar talent for making verses, took him from school and set him to turning rhymes for his own musical compositions. This delighted the indolent boy, who greatly preferred the praise of the cleverest actors, authors, and wits in London to the dull routine of Harrow. For this appreciative audience he played, sang, made puns, flashed epigrams, or laughed at dignitaries, and caricatured greatness. These private entertainments soon expanded into farces and comic operas, successfully presented on the stage before Hook reached the age of twenty. At thirty he founded and edited a Tory paper called John Bull, publishing in this 'The Ramsbotham Papers,' in which Mrs. Ramsbotham anticipated the ingenious Mrs. Partington in the fun which arises from the grotesque misapplication of words.

In 1824 Hook published his first series of 'Sayings and Doings,' tales that delighted his contemporaries. The jester lacked the constructive faculty, and therefore his novels may be called literary improvisations, conceived in the same happy-go-lucky spirit as his farces. In his own day they were much esteemed, and they still mirror faithfully the bygone fashions and manners and reigning follies of the London of George IV. and the Sailor King. One and all, they illustrate the theory of Sir Walter Scott that "every comic writer of fiction draws, and must draw, largely from his own circle." 'Gilbert Gurney' is autobiographic, and many of his own mad pranks as a practical joker are recorded in it. Thomas Moore appears in 'A Man of Sorrows' (afterwards recast as 'Merton'), as Mr. Minus, while other notable persons wear other disguises.

Of Hook's thirty-eight volumes all except 'Maxwell,' 'The Parson's Daughter,' 'Love and Pride,' 'Jack Brag,' and 'Births, Marriages, and Deaths,' now gather dust on the library shelves. The citation here given shows not only his cleverness in farcical writing, but that apprehension of the dangerous tendencies of popular education which in his time disturbed the comfortable Tory satisfaction with things as they were. Hook died at Fulham Bridge, near London, August 24th, 1841. The best account of his life was published in 1849 by his friend Barham, "Thomas Ingoldsby," like himself one of the still famous circle of London wits in the early decades of the century.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT

A Prophetic View of Socialism, from 'John Bull'

IT HAPPENED on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17 Liberality Place (the corner of Riego Street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements; and although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honorable distinctions; although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the Church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his Grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his Grace to the duchess.

"She is making the beds, duke," replied her Grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his Grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her Grace, "on a sketching tour with the manciple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his Grace, eying the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of

oak, without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half-cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice; the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and coffee having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

"I have rung several times," said the duchess, "and sent Lady Maria up-stairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things; but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them — I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His Grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favorite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his Grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her Ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger, or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his Grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he is gone to the House of Parliament" (there was but one at that time); "for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

"Ah," sighed the duke, "this comes of his having been elected for Westminster."

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

"What have you there, Willy?" said her Grace.

"My new breeches," said his lordship. "I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the academy or the gymnasium; however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home; but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me, 'There is a lord for you —look at my lord!' and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable."

At this moment (what in former times was called) a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room; as the duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things, but it was in fact to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape which he was in the course of painting.

"Dowbiggin," said his Grace in despair, "I wish you would take away these breakfast things."

"Indeed!" said Dowbiggin, looking at the duke with the most ineffable contempt—"you do!—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?"

"Why, Mr. Dowbiggin," said the duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way, "his Grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to—"

"Well, duchess," said Dowbiggin, "and what then? Let his Grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him: but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal lake—and what did he answer? He made a French pun, and said, '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin.*' Now, if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply; and secondly, to be required to work for a man who does not know as much

as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why, I'll do it: but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin: "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavor to harness the horses yourself," said the duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree: "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals, which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin: "now I'll go to work merrily; and duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

Dowbiggin disappeared; and the duke, who was anxious to get the parlor cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell reappeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his Lordship, "it's all over now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far: the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the duke, "has their liberality gone to this? Do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the duchess, "it is merely yea and nay; or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say that we had no right to keep him tied up in

that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out."

"My dear duchess," said the duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her Grace, "there is but one thing for us to do: let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they become too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who by extending with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves) the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favor of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

HORACE

(QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS)

(65 B. C.–8 B. C.)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

"TAKE care of Horace as you would of me" ("Horatii Flacci ut mei esto memor"). The words of the dying Mæcenas to the Emperor Augustus throw a singularly attractive light over the relations of the three famous men whose names they associate. They show the yearning human affection of the great patron of Roman letters for the man of genius whose best work he had made possible, and who had returned his bounty so nobly. They also disclose that redeeming quality in the not too delicate or scrupulous master of the world, which invited on the part of those whom he personally esteemed a homely and trustful familiarity. There is no reason to doubt that the last wish of Mæcenas would have been abundantly heeded; but as the event proved, there was little further occasion for the imperial patronage. Mæcenas passed away after a lingering illness in the summer of 746 (8 B. C.); Horace died suddenly on the 27th of November in the same year: and the affectionate vow not to linger long in life after his good genius had left it, which the poet had recorded in some of his most exquisite verses nearly seventeen years before, thus received a curious and touching fulfillment. The lines were these:—

"Why wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears—
Why, O Mæcenas, why?
Before thee lies a train of happy years;
Yea, nor the gods, nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust:
That art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on with deadened sense
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no—one day shall see thy death and mine!

Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath:
Yes, we shall go, shall go
Hand linked in hand whene'er thou leadest both
The last sad road below!» *

The outlines of the poet's rather uneventful history may be given briefly. Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born in the year of the city of Rome 689 (65 B. C.) at Venusia, now Venosa, a small hill town lying about a hundred miles from Naples, eastward toward the Adriatic. His father was a freedman who had acquired a modest competence; and the historic name of Horatius was merely that of the great Latin tribe or *gens* to which the master of the former slave had belonged. That the elder Horace was also a man of much force and dignity of character, we gather from many passages in the writings of the son: most of all from a peculiarly manly and loyal tribute in the sixth satire of the first book. He would give his only child no less than the best instruction possible in those days. He went with him to Rome, and watched carefully over the boy's manners and morals during his preliminary studies there; and afterward sent him, where only the sons of noblemen and wealthy knights went usually in those days, to finish his education at Athens. There, while nominally attending lectures in philosophy, Horace must have indulged his natural bent, and simply steeped himself in the lyric poetry of Greece: especially in the iambic satires of Archilochus of Paros, and the odes of Sappho, Alcæus, and Anacreon.

But this congenial and care-free life at Athens was doomed to receive a rude interruption. Horace had left Rome at about twenty, during the supremacy of Julius Cæsar. A year later, in 44 B. C., the dictator fell, and his assassins took refuge in Athens. The crowd of impressionable young Roman students immediately rallied round Brutus, espoused his cause with the utmost enthusiasm, enlisted in the army he was raising, and worshiped him as a republican hero. In return for their devotion, Brutus, when gathering his forces for the last struggle with Antony, distributed commands among these ardent neophytes, for which they were at best not fitted by previous active service. It was thus that Horace was made military tribune at twenty-two, commanded at the battle of Philippi what would correspond to a regiment in a modern army,—and retreated from that fatal field, leaving, as he afterward quaintly confessed, his buckler behind him, when the day and the cause were finally lost. (Odes, Book II., vii.)

He returned to Italy to find his good father dead, the little Venusian property confiscated as that of a rebel, and a prospect before

* Odes, Book II., xvii., Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

him which would have been dismal enough to any but one of his sunny and debonair disposition and happy facility in making friends. He presently secured a small place, as we should say, in the civil service; that of quæstor's clerk. Suetonius says that he purchased it, after making his submission to the authorities (*venia impetrata*); but I think we may take it for granted that there was no mean or untimely abjuration of his republican creed on the part of one whom in after years even imperial blandishments failed to shake in his quiet independence of thought and action.

It is plain, at all events, that the freedman's son never forfeited the place he had won in the best of the young Roman society. Within three years after his return from Greece, we find him upon friendly terms both with Virgil, who was five years his senior, and with the epic poet and tragedian Lucius Varius Rufus. By them he was introduced, at the age of twenty-six, to Mæcenas, the first citizen of Rome at that moment in social and political influence, and the acknowledged arbiter of literary destinies. The poet himself, in the same satire in which he commemorates the fine character and unselfish devotion of his father (Satires, I., vi.), has left us a diverting account of this first momentous interview with Mæcenas — which it pleases him to represent as a conspicuous fiasco. He himself, he says, behaved like an awkward child, while the great man — whom, by the way, he was then addressing — was very distant and awful. But after holding aloof, and considering for a number of months the works and ways of the new candidate for his favor, Mæcenas succumbed without reserve to the young man's personal fascination, opened wide both his house and his heart, and ended by becoming almost dotingly fond of him. We find Horace in the spring of the next year, 717 (37 B. C.), attached, along with Virgil, to the highly distinguished suite which accompanied Mæcenas on an embassy from Augustus to treat with Antony at Brindisi. About 720 — the exact date is nowhere recorded, but it must have been before the close of the civil war in 723 — Horace was made independent of the world, and even of any sordid obligation to literature, by the gift of that beautiful little estate among the Sabine Hills which is so closely associated with his name and fame; and where the pilgrim may yet go and pay his vows to that pleasant memory, as at a sweet undesecrated shrine. It was the fittest gift ever made by a liberal man of fortune to a needy man of parts, and both offered and received in the finest spirit. We flatter ourselves in these days that we have reduced charity as well as most other things to a science; but much of the anxious, arbitrary, and over-organized benevolence of modern times, with its disingenuous and dreary subtleties about profusion and pauperization, and its intrinsic selfishness, stands rebuked before the simple and noble

give-and-take of these two pagans, which inflicted no hurt upon the dignity of either, while it laid the generations that were to come under endless obligations.

During his brief period of storm and stress, Horace had already turned his nimble wits to account, and become known to some extent as a satirical poet. «When,» he says (Epistles, II., ii.),—«when I came back with clipped wings from Philippi, poor, insignificant, relieved even of the paternal home and farm, reckless poverty impelled me to verse-making. But now that I am in easy circumstances, you might take it as a symptom of raging fever in me if I could not sleep for the pressure of unwritten poetry!» It is easy to see how this laughing self-depreciation, this resolute refusal to take himself and his brilliant endowments over-seriously, of which across the centuries we can still feel the charm, must have helped to endear Horace to his friends in every grade of life. It was a part of the exquisite *savoir-faire* which always marked his bearing in the great world; of that innate good sense and invincible good breeding which were as much a gift of heaven to the freedman's son as his youthful good looks, and no more prejudiced by his rustic boyhood, and his early familiarity with such brave sons of the Italian soil as his father and their racy neighbor at Venusia, the yeoman Ofellus. (Satires, II., ii.)

His unaffected love of nature and a country life was in fact a main safeguard of the poet's mental health, and the best of all aids to his talent. It breathes in many of the Horatian lines and phrases which linger longest in the memory. Horace never expatiates on his love of natural beauty; rather, it escapes from his verses at intervals, like a hoarded but volatile perfume. Doubtless he was the more reserved, not to say shamefaced, about this deep sentiment of his own, because there was plainly a fashion in the Rome of his day for affecting a rapturous enjoyment of country scenes and pursuits, and affectation of every kind excited his cordial abhorrence. The most detailed and delightful description of rural pleasures which Horace anywhere gives us is to be found in the second Epode: but he has a laugh in the concluding verses at the reader's expense and his own; and we are bound to take the joke in as good part as the audience probably did when the poem was first read to a distinguished private company. «So spake the money-lender Alphius, all on fire to become a country gentleman; and having called in all the money which fell due upon the Ides, he immediately let it out again upon the Kalends!»

From the time when he became a landed proprietor, Horace himself passed a considerable part of every year in his country home. The land was more or less impoverished by neglect when he took possession, and the buildings dilapidated. He had the healthful and

inexhaustible amusement of repairing, planting, beautifying. Here, under his own vine and fig-tree, he could rest his nerves from city bores, and recuperate his digestion after city banquets. Here he could throw himself into the interests and tickle himself with the humors of his tenants and rustic neighbors, and easily practice the homely hospitality in which his own soul delighted. He by no means renounced the hospitalities of Mæcenas and the gay society of the capital, but he reveled in possessing a safe and convenient retreat from it all. The Sabine property was but thirty miles from Rome. Horace never affected the aristocratic litter, but went and came freely upon his own ambling mule, over one of the most beautiful roads in all the world: southward across the campagna, threading the hoary olives of the first ascent, and passing "many-fountained" Tivoli; then up beside the Anio into the higher hills, until he turned aside upon the left into the sunny silence of a yet more secluded valley,—that of the tributary Digentia, now Licenza.

The early satires of Horace are plainly an outcome of the studies of Archilochus which he had made at Athens; but he adopts the measure and professes himself rather the disciple of Lucilius, the rude forefather of the Latin satire. Of those first off-hand squibs and sketches,—which he intimates in a passage already quoted that he wrote for immediate pay,—it is uncertain how many he cared afterward to include in his collected writings. The seventh satire of the first book bears marks of having been written very early,—perhaps while he was still playing the soldier in Greece. The third, fourth, and tenth of the first book are in the main apologetic. They defend the satire as the readiest and most efficient weapon of the moralist, and as a wholesome check upon the follies and excesses of men. They also proclaim his own resolve never to abuse the censor's privilege; and to indulge in no personal criticisms inconsistent with the code of social honor of his age, and with a generally kindly and tolerant view of the infirmities of humankind. The first satire of the second book is one of the most dramatic and amusing of the whole series. It is in the form of a dialogue, with one Trebatius,—a rich and famous old lawyer, on the best of terms with the powers that then were, who good-humoredly advises the poet to give up altogether the ticklish trade of a satirist, and when he finds himself growing dangerously hot over the follies of the day, to reduce his temperature by a bath in the Tiber! Great interest attaches to the name of Horace's supposed interlocutor in this witty piece, for he is the selfsame Trebatius for whom Cicero twenty-five years before had procured a place on the staff of Cæsar in Gaul; who had loathed the hardships of that country, and adroitly avoided following the conqueror to Britain; and in whose beautiful villa at Reggio, Cicero

had found refuge ten years later, when he was himself a fugitive from Rome after the death of Cæsar. Trebatius was never the man to have lost his head through any romantic adhesion to a fallen cause; and it is positively startling to see how he preserves his identity across a complete gap of so many years in our knowledge of him.

All the eighteen satires of the two books, as well as most of the Epodes, were apparently given to the world under the patronage of Mæcenas, during the ten years or so which intervened between the poet's introduction to that dignitary and the close of the weary civil war by the victory of Actium. In them we find faithfully reflected the daily life of the Roman streets, as well as the fashion of the moment in what claimed to be the most exclusive circles of the capital. The earlier the composition, as a rule, the coarser the language and the more caustic the tone. We fancy that we can see the writer's expression becoming ever more suave and genial as his temper mellowed with his days of modest prosperity, and his easy and indulgent though never unmanly or ignoble philosophy of life took shape and became a consciously accepted creed. He was never, either in theory or practice, a very rigid moralist. He lashed men's follies lightly and forgave their lapses freely. Himself, as judged by the standards of the time, a clean and quiet liver, he was content to hold up to ridicule, rather than to stern reprobation, the vices of other men —

> «Telling a tale not too importunate
> To those who in the sleepy region stay,
> Lulled by the singer of an empty day.»

We have plenty of proof that there were moments when the gay and facile Horace felt, no less keenly than the pensive and clairvoyant Virgil habitually felt, the essential «emptiness,» for a Roman of that day, which followed the extinction of his civic personality. More and more, as the years of his outwardly successful and brilliant middle life slipped away, the patriotism of Horace became a resolutely smothered regret; while his loves, which can never have been very absorbing or impassioned, resolved themselves into the half amused, half wistful recollection of transient affairs with women who had had many lovers. It is only when he sings of friendship, of honor and gratitude, of faith and charity between man and man, that this convinced Epicurean strikes a deeper note. The brevity of life and the vacuity of death were ever present in the background of his thought; but all the more was he minded to enjoy, to the full, the sunshine of the passing day. Moderation in all things, content with the present, courage in view of an absolutely uncertain future,—these things, in

so far as Horace aspires to be didactic, constitute the sum and substance of his teaching.

It was inevitable that such a man, already fast bound by the warmest of private ties to the first minister of Cæsar Octavianus, should have accepted frankly the changed order of things when the latter returned to Rome in 725, after the battle of Actium and the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, to assume the sceptre of a pacified world. Liberty was past, and it behooved men to be thankful for peace, and poets to praise it; believing if they could that it implied the beginning of another age of gold. A good many of the more respectable and better disposed Romans of that period did probably believe this, after a fashion. The tragic note of covert warning discernible in the ode addressed by Horace (Odes, II., x.) to his ill-fated friend Licinius Murena, the brother-in-law of Mæcenas, who was condemned and executed a few years later for conspiring against the new government, shows how utterly wild and wanton that enterprise must have appeared at the time. Sixty or seventy years were to pass before the mystery of iniquity was ripe and all the vices inherent in the imperial system became fully apparent; before the next great Roman satirist, Persius, gave vent in mordant and melancholy verse to the smothered rage of the best of the patrician remnant, against the degrading «regiment» of their parvenu sovereigns.

Virtually, therefore, though not officially, Horace became the poet laureate of the court which formed itself about the ruler who presently assumed the name of Augustus. All the great odes of the four books belong to the next fifteen years; and of these, all the statelier and more impersonal were written under imperial inspiration, and some few, like the 'Carmen Sæculare,' and the fourth ode of the fourth book,—which celebrates the German victories of Drusus,—in response to direct imperial request. Yet Horace always managed to preserve his personal freedom, and to avoid even the suspicion of servility. He sang the triumphs of Augustus in golden numbers, but he declined with respectful thanks the post of his private secretary. Nor would he write an ode, to order, on the achievements of Agrippa; but politely, if a little ironically, excused himself on the ground that his light muse was unequal to so serious a theme (Odes, I., vi.).

The first book of the Epistles appeared about 731; probably between the second and third books of the Odes. The second, comprising the unfinished essay on the 'Art of Poetry,' was Horace's last work, produced after he was fifty years old. His health was no longer what it had been, and even the air of the dear valley overlooked by «pleasant Lucretilis» was becoming a trifle too brisk and bracing for his nerves. Tibur (Tivoli) he thought suited him better, and he prepared for himself a little installation there; but confesses in one

of his letters (Epistles, I., viii.) that he was restless as the wind:—"When I am in Rome I am in love with Tibur, and when at Tibur, with Rome." Sometimes he longed for yet softer skies; and the nook of earth which smiled upon him above all others—"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes Angulus ridet"—was sunny Tarentum, with its long spring and its gentle winter, which produced better honey than Hymettus, better olives than leafy Venafrum, and better grapes than Falernum itself (Odes, II., vi.). The end came when the poet lacked only a few days of having completed his fifty-seventh year; and by order of the Emperor he was laid beside Mæcenas, somewhere in the great gardens which the latter had planted upon the redeemed Esquiline hill.

It is in the Odes that the genius of Horace finds its most perfect expression, and through them he lives in the memory of mankind. In them he shows himself so consummate an artist in words that he can impart distinction even to the commonplaces of thought and sentiment through the mere perfection of their form. His diction is distilled to such crystalline clearness, he says what he has to say so unapproachably and incredibly well, that his thought would be wronged and obscured by the attempt to express it in any other words than his own. Hence, of all poets ancient or modern, Shakespeare alone excepted, he is perhaps most frequently quoted. The phrase "curious felicity," applied in the age succeeding the Augustan by Petronius to the style of Horace, is very apt; yet it seems to emphasize just a little too strongly the notion of *research*. For Horace's manner is after all so simple and seemingly spontaneous, and his matter of such universal interest, that he has the effect of addressing each reader confidentially, and making a special appeal to him. And this air of exquisite familiarity and naturalness is the more remarkable, because it pleased the accomplished singer of the Odes to discard for the most part the simple iambics and hexameters of his previous compositions, and to employ the most elaborate of Greek lyric measures; molding in a truly miraculous manner the stiff Latin syllables into harmony with the graces of an alien rhythm, and now and again simply paraphrasing from the Greek. The éclat of this feat has helped no doubt to render the adventure of translating Horace more enticing; but he has never been adequately translated, and it is safe to prophesy that he never will be. His qualities are combined in too rare and subtle proportions.

The first printed edition, with date, of the works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus appeared in Milan in 1474; and almost every year in the four hundred odd that have elapsed since then has added one more to the devoted critics and commentators of his text. The endless procession of his poetical translators comprises, in English only,

and within our own time, such names as those of Bulwer-Lytton, Conington, Gladstone, Sir Theodore Martin, and Sir Stephen de Vere; while the lively paraphrases of the brothers Field of Chicago, perhaps for the very reason that they deal with Horace so nearly in the spirit in which he dealt with his Grecian models, appear to come nearer, sometimes, than all the laborious efforts of more exact scholars to catching the tone of the inimitable original.

The subjoined English versions are nearly all selected from these more modern renderings, for the reason that they are upon the whole both the most scholarly and the most successful; and an effort has been made to present a fair idea of their comparative merits.

Harriet Waters Preston

TO LEUCONOË

O SEEK not thou—'tis not to know—what end to me, what end to thee
The gods have given, nor Babylonish numbers test, Leuconoë.
How better far it is to bear whatever lot for us be cast!
Or whether Jove more winters still, or whether gives he this the last,

Which now on pumice-crags opposing ever breaks th' Etruscan sea;
Be wise; strain out thy wines, and trim thine all too long expectancy
To life's brief span. Now while we speak, invidious time hath slipt away.
O thou, as little as may be the morrow trusting, snatch to-day!

Translation of Caskie Harrison.

TO THALIARCHUS

A SPECTRAL form Soracte stands, snow-crowned,
His shrouded pines beneath their burden bending;
Not now, his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound.

Heap high the logs! Pour forth with lavish hand,
O Thaliarchus, draughts of long-stored wine,
Blood of the Sabine vine!
To-day be ours: the rest the gods command.

While storms lie quelled at their rebuke, no more
Shall the old ash her shattered foliage shed,

The cypress bow her head,
The bursting billow whiten on the shore.

Scan not the future: count as gain each day
That Fortune gives thee; and despise not, boy,
Or love, or dance, or joy
Of martial games, ere yet thy locks be gray.

Thine be the twilight vow from faltering tongue;
The joyous laugh that self-betraying guides
To where the maiden hides;
The ring from finger half resisting wrung.

Translation of Sir Stephen de Vere.

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

From W. E. Gladstone's 'Odes of Horace.' Copyright 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons

O SHIP! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout!
Seest not thy mast
How rent by stiff southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn!
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom, yet once, thy need might aid require.
O Pontic pine,
The first of woodland stock is thine,

Yet race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware!

Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That gird those glittering Cyclades.

TO CHLOE

Paraphrase out of 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field. Copyright 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

CHLOE, you shun me like a hind
That, seeking vainly for her mother,
Hears danger in each breath of wind,
And wildly darts this way and t'other;

Whether the breezes sway the wood
Or lizards scuttle through the brambles,
She starts; and off as though pursued
The foolish frightened creature scrambles.

But, Chloe, you're no infant thing
That should esteem a man an ogre:
Let go your mother's apron-string
And pin your faith upon a toga!

TO VIRGIL

WHY should we stem the tears that needs must flow?
Why blush that they should freely flow and long
To think of that dear head in death laid low?
Do thou inspire my melancholy song,
Melpomene, in whom the Muses' sire
Joined with a liquid voice the mastery of the lyre!

And hath the sleep that knows no waking morn
Closed o'er Quinctilius,—our Quinctilius dear?
Where shall be found the man of woman born
That in desert might be esteemed his peer—
So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,
Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust?

He sank into his rest, bewept of many,
And but the good and noble wept for him;
But dearer cause thou, Virgil, hadst than any,
With friendship's tears thy friendless eyes to dim.
Alas, alas! not to such woeful end
Didst thou unto the gods thy prayers unceasing send!

What though thou modulate the tuneful shell
With defter skill than Orpheus of old Thrace,

When deftliest he played, and with its spell
Moved all the listening forest from its place,
Yet never, never can thy art avail
To bring life's glowing tide back to the phantom pale

Whom, with his black, inexorable wand,
Hermes, austere and pitiless as fate,
Hath forced to join the dark and spectral band,
In their sad journey to the Stygian gate.
'Tis hard — great Heavens, how hard! But to endure
Alleviates the pang we cannot crush or cure.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS

Paraphrase out of 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field. Copyright 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

BE TRANQUIL, Dellius, I pray;
For though you pine your life away
With dull complaining breath,
Or speed with song and wine each day,
Still, still, your doom is death.

Where the white poplar and the pine
In glorious arching shade combine,
And the brook singing goes,
Bid them bring store of nard and wine
And garlands of the rose.

Let's live while chance and youth obtain:
Soon shall you quit this fair domain
Kissed by the Tiber's gold,
And all your earthly pride and gain
Some heedless heir shall hold.

One ghostly boat shall sometime bear
From scenes of mirthfulness or care
Each fated human soul,—
Shall waft and leave its burden where
The waves of Lethe roll.

So come, I prithee, Dellius mine;
Let's sing our songs and drink our wine
In that sequestered nook
Where the white poplar and the pine
Stand listening to the brook.

AD AMPHORAM

O HONEST jar! whose birth takes date,
Like mine, from Manlius's consulate,
Whether complaints or jokes they be,
Wrangling, or love's insanity,
Or quiet sleep that dwell with thee;
Beneath whatever brand 'tis thine
To bottle up choice Massic wine,
For happy day like this thou'rt fit:
Come down — Corvinus orders it —
And thy more mellow juice emit.
Though steeped in all Socratic learning,
From thee he will not, shocked, be turning.
The elder Cato oft, 'tis said,
His virtue's fire with liquor fed.
With Bacchic mirth thou layest bare
Wise men's deep counsel and their care.
Thou bring'st back hope to minds forlorn,
And vigor; and the poor man's horn
Upliftest, so that after thee
No dread of angered majesty
Or of a soldier's arms has he.
With thee shall Bacchus linger still,
And Venus (so she gladly will),
And Graces, slow to disunite,
And living lanterns, shining bright,
Till Phœbus put the stars to flight.

Translation of W. T. Thornton.

TO PHIDYLE

IF, PHIDYLE, your hands you lift
To heaven, as each new moon is born,
Soothing your Lares with the gift
Of slaughtered swine, and spice, and corn,
Ne'er shall Sirocco's bane assail
Your vines, nor mildew blast your wheat;
Ne'er shall your tender younglings fail
In autumn, when the fruits are sweet.
The destined victim, 'mid the snows
Of Algidus in oak woods fed,
Or where the Alban herbage grows,
Shall dye the pontiff's axes red.

No need of butchered sheep for you
To make your homely prayers prevail!
Give but your little gods their due:
The rosemary twined with myrtle frail,
The sprinkled salt, the votive meal,
As soon their favor will regain —
Let but the hand be pure and leal —
As all the pomp of heifers slain.

Translation of John Conington.

AN INVITATION TO MÆCENAS

Paraphrase from 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field. Copyright 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

DEAR noble friend! A virgin cask
Of wine solicits your attention;
And roses fair to deck your hair,
And things too numerous to mention.
So tear yourself awhile away
From urban turmoil, pride, and splendor,
And deign to share what humble fare
And sumptuous fellowship I tender.
The sweet content retirement brings
Smooths out the ruffled front of kings.

The evil planets have combined
To make the weather hot, and hotter;
By parboiled streams the shepherd dreams
Vainly of ice-cream soda-water.
And meanwhile you, defying heat,
With patriotic ardor ponder
On what old Rome essays at home,
And what her heathen do out yonder.
Mæcenas, no such vain alarm
Disturbs the quiet of this farm!

God in his providence obscures
The goal beyond this vale of sorrow,
And smiles at men in pity when
They strive to penetrate the morrow.
With faith that all is for the best,
Let's bear what burdens are presented;
Then we shall say, let come what may,
"We die, as we have lived, contented!

Ours is to-day; God's is the rest—
He doth ordain who knoweth best."

Dame Fortune plays me many a prank:
When she is kind, oh, how I go it!
But if again she's harsh, why, then
I am a very proper poet.
When favoring gales bring in my ships,
I hie to Rome and live in clover;
Elsewise I steer my skiff out here
And anchor till the storm blows over.
Compulsory virtue is the charm
Of life upon the Sabine Farm!

HORRIDA TEMPESTAS

THROUGH narrowed skies the tempest rages loud:
A vault low-hung and roofed with cloud
Bursts forth in rain and snow. The woods, the sea,
Echo the storm from Thracian Rhodope.

Snatch we, my friends, the fitting moment—now:
While strong our knees, make smooth the wrinkled brow;
Bring forth the wine of ancient date
Pressed in Torquatus's consulate;
Of toil and danger speak no more:
Some god may yet our shattered state restore!
Perfume your hair with Achæmenian balm,
And bid Cyllene's lyre your troubled spirits calm.

'Twas thus the noble Centaur sung:—
"Unconquered youth, from Thetis sprung,
Thyself a mortal! The Dardanian land,
And cool Scamander rippling through the sand,
And gliding Simois, call thee to their side;
Nor shall thy mother o'er her azure tide
Lead thee in triumph to thy Phthian home:
Such the weird Fate's inexorable doom.
Grieve not, my son: in song and wassail find
A soothing converse and a solace kind."

Translation of Sir Stephen de Vere.

SATIRE

It chanced that I, the other day,
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
That for the time absorbed me quite,—
When there comes running up a wight,
Whom only by his name I knew:
"Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I:
"And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I'm just the man you ought to know:
A scholar, author!"—"Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
Then, writhing to evade the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words, and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of thy slap-dash vein,
To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets,
The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
The city's growth, its splendor, size,
"You're dying to be off," he cries—
For all the while I'd been struck dumb:
"I've noticed it some time. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other:
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend,
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."

"I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it, so I'll follow you!"
Now we were close on Vesta's fane;
'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
Was bound to answer to his bail,
Or lose his cause if he should fail.
"Do, if you love me, step aside
One moment with me here," he cried
"Upon my life, indeed I can't:
Of law I'm wholly ignorant,
And you know where I'm hurrying to."
"I'm fairly puzzled what to do:
Give you up, or my cause."—"Oh, me,
Me, by all means!"—"I won't," quoth he,
And stalks on, holding by me tight.
As with your conqueror to fight
Is hard, I follow. "How," anon
He rambles off—"How get you on,
You and Mæcenas? To so few
He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see
We'll pull together famously;
And hang me then, if with my backing
You don't send all your rivals packing!"
"Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not if there I spy
Men richer, better read than I.
Each has his place!"—"Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!"—"But 'tis the fact."—
"You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set." . . .
We ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
"Ha, knave," he cried with loud uproar,
"Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?" I present my ear.
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong;

A mob collects, the fray to see:
So did Apollo rescue me.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

CONTENTMENT

HORACE — What did you think, my friend, of far-famed Lesbos and Chios?
How about Samos the dainty, and Crœsus's capital, Sardis?
Colophon, too, and Smyrna? Above their fame, or beneath it?
Tiber's stream and the Campus excel them far, do you tell me?
Have you been praying for one of Attalus's cities, I wonder?
Lebedos is it you praise, of the sea and your journeyings wearied?
Bullatius — Yes! You know what Lebedos is: more dead than Fidenæ.
Ay, or than Gabii; yet I would gladly abide there, forgetting
Those I have loved, and expecting that they in their turn will forget me.
There I would dwell, and gaze from the shore on the furious waters.
Horace — If a man travel in mud and in rain from Capua Romeward,
Drenched though he be, he will choose not to tarry for life in the tavern.
Even when chilled to the bones, we praise not the bath and the furnace,
Truly believing that they would make life full and successful;
Nor, if impetuous Auster has tossed you about on the billow,
Would you for that get rid of your vessel beyond the Ægean.
If you are perfectly sound, then Rhodes and fair Mitylene
Help you no more than a cloak in the dog-days, trunks in midwinter,
Or in December a plunge in the Tiber, a furnace in August.
Now that you may, and the face of Fortune is smiling upon you,
Here at Rome praise far-off Rhodes, and Chios, and Samos.
This one hour that a god has bestowed upon you in his bounty,
Take with a grateful hand, nor plan next year to be happy:
So that wherever your life may be spent, you will say you enjoyed it.
For if anxieties only by reason and foresight are banished,—
Not by a spot that commands some outlook wide on the waters,—
Never our nature, but only the sky do we change as we travel.
Toilsome idleness wears us out. On wagon and shipboard
Comfort it is that we seek; yet that which you seek, it is with you,
Even in Ulubræ, if you lack not contentment of spirit.

Translation of William C. Lawton.

HORACE'S FARM

Lest you may question me whether my farm, most excellent Quinctius,
Feeds its master with grain, or makes him rich with its olives,
Or with its orchards and pastures, or vines that cover the elm-trees,
I, in colloquial fashion, will tell you its shape and position.

Only my shadowy valley indents the continuous mountains,
Lying so that the sun at his coming looks on the right side,
Then, with retreating chariot, warming the left as he leaves it.
Surely the temperature you would praise; and what if the bushes
Bear in profusion scarlet berries, the oak and the ilex
Plentiful food for the herd provide, and shade for the master?
You would say, with its verdure, Tarentum was hither transported.
There is a fountain, deserving to give its name to a streamlet.
Not more pure nor cooler in Thrace runs winding the Hebrus.
Helpful it is to an aching head or a stomach exhausted.
Such is my ingle: sweet, and, if you believe me, delightful;
Keeping me sound and safe for you even in days of September.

Translation of William C. Lawton.

TO HIS BOOK

Paraphrase from 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field. Copyright 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

You vain self-conscious little book,
Companion of my happy days,
Now eagerly you seem to look
For wider fields to spread your lays;
My desk and locks cannot contain you,
Nor blush of modesty restrain you.

Well then, begone, fool that thou art!
But do not come to me and cry,
When critics strike you to the heart,
"Oh wretched little book am I!"
You know I tried to educate you
To shun the fate that must await you.

In youth you may encounter friends,
(Pray this prediction be not wrong!)
But wait until old age descends,
And thumbs have smeared your gentlest song:

Then will the moths connive to eat you,
And rural libraries secrete you.

However, should a friend some word
Of my obscure career request,
Tell him how deeply I was stirred
To spread my wings beyond the nest;
Take from my years, which are before you,
To boom my merits, I implore you.

Tell him that I am short and fat,
Quick in my temper, soon appeased,
With locks of gray — but what of that?
Loving the sun, with nature pleased.
I'm more than four-and-forty, hark you —
But ready for a night off, mark you!

THE ART OF POETRY

SUPPOSE, by some wild freak of fancy led,
A painter were to join a human head
To neck of horse, cull here and there a limb,
And daub on feathers various as his whim,
So that a woman, lovely to a wish,
Went tailing off into a loathsome fish:
Could you, although the artist's self were there,
From laughter long and loud, my friends, forbear?
Well, trust me, Pisos, of that freak of art
The book would be the very counterpart,
Which with a medley of wild fancies teems,
Whirling in chaos like a sick man's dreams,
A maze of forms incongruous and base,
Where naught is of a piece, naught in its place.
To dare whate'er they please has always been
The painter's, poet's, privilege, I ween.
It is a boon that any one may plead —
Myself I claim it, and in turn concede;
But 'twill not do to urge the plea too far.
To join together things that clash and jar,
The savage with the gentle, were absurd,
Or couple lamb with tiger, snake with bird.
Mostly, when poems open with a grand
Inposing air, we may surmise at hand

Some flashy fustian, here and there a patch
Of flaming scarlet, meant the eye to catch.
A grove shall be described, or Dian's shrine,
Or through delightsome plains for many a line
A brook shall wind, or the Rhine's rushing stream,
Or o'er the page the heavenly bow shall gleam.
All very fine, but wholly out of place!
You draw a cypress with consummate grace;
But what of that, if you have had your fee
To paint a wrecked man struggling in the sea?
A vase was meant: how comes it then about,
As the wheel turns, a common jug comes out?
Whate'er you write, by this great maxim run:
Let it be simple, homogeneous, one.

We poets, most of us, by the pretense,
Dear friends, are duped of seeming excellence.
We grow obscure in striving to be terse;
Aiming at ease, we enervate our verse;
For grandeur soaring, into bombast fall,
And, dreading that, like merest reptiles crawl:
Whilst he who seeks his readers to surprise
With common things shown in uncommon wise,
Will make his dolphins through the forests roam,
His wild boars ride upon the billows' foam.
So unskilled writers, in their haste to shun
One fault, are apt into a worse to run.

The humblest statuary, of those that nigh
The Æmilian Circus their vocation ply,
A finger-nail will to a turn express,
And hit you off in bronze a flowing tress,—
Yet is his work a failure; for his soul
Can neither grasp nor mold a living whole.
In anything that I may ever write,
I would no more resemble such a wight
Than I would care to have dark hair, dark eyes,
If coupled with a nose of uncouth size.

All ye who labor in the Muses' bowers,
Select a theme proportioned to your powers,
And ponder long, and with the nicest care,
How much your shoulders can and cannot bear.
Once right in this, your words will freely flow,
And thought from thought in lucid order grow.
Now, if my judgment be not much amiss,
The charm and worth of order lie in this:

In saying just what should just then be said,
And holding much that comes into the head
Deliberately back for future use,
When it may just the right effect produce.
In choice of words be cautious and select;
Dwell with delight on this, and that reject.
No slight success will be achieved, if you
By skillful setting make old phrases new.
Then, should new terms be wanted to explain
Things that till now in darkness hid have lain,
And you shall coin, now here, now there, a word
Which our bluff ancestors have never heard,
Due leave and license will not be refused,
If with good taste and sound discretion used.
Nay, such new words, if from a Grecian source,
Aptly applied, are welcomed as of course.
To Virgil and to Varius why forbid
What Plautus erewhile and Cæcilius did?
Or why to me begrudge a few words more,
If I can add them to my scanty score,
When Cato and old Ennius reveled each
In coining new words that enriched our speech?
A word that bears the impress of its day
As current coin will always find its way.
As forests change their foliage year by year,
Leaves that came first, first fall and disappear,—
So antique words die out, and in their room
Other spring up, of vigorous growth and bloom.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death are due;
And why should words not be as mortal too?
The landlocked port, a work well worthy kings,
That takes whole fleets within its sheltering wings;
Swamps, sterile long, all plashy, rank, and drear,
Groan 'neath the plow, and feed whole cities near;
The river, perilous to field and farm,
Its channel changed, can now no longer harm,—
These, and all earthly works, must pass away;
And words, shall they enjoy a longer day?
Some will revive that we no more allow,
And some die out that are in favor now,
If usage wills it so; for 'tis with her
The laws of language rest as sovereign arbiter.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

RICHARD HENRY HENGIST HORNE

(1803–1884)

RICHARD HENRY HENGIST HORNE, English poet and essayist, author of more than twenty volumes of verse and prose, is now chiefly remembered for his epic poem 'Orion.' Three large editions of this he published at a farthing a copy, "to show his appreciation of the low esteem into which heroic poetry had fallen." The fourth edition commanded a shilling, and the fifth a half-crown. Ten editions had been exhausted by 1874.

Horne's life was adventurous and interesting. He was born in London January 1st, 1803, was educated at Sandhurst, and entered as midshipman the Mexican navy, where he served till the close of the War of Independence. He then returned to London to begin a literary career. To his early period belong two tragedies, 'Cosmo de' Medici' and 'The Death of Marlowe,' both of which contain fine passages. A poem sent to him for criticism by Elizabeth Barrett opened the way to a cordial friendship and a correspondence of seven years. These delightful letters were published in 1877. Mrs. Browning contributed to Horne's 'Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernized,' and wrote several essays for his 'Spirit of the Age,' a collection of criticisms published in 1844.

R. H. H. HORNE

In 1852 Horne removed to Australia, and remained there until 1866; his book 'Australian Facts and Principles' was one outcome of this residence. Again returning to England, he continued literary work until his death at Margate, March 13th, 1884. His last works were tragedies, including 'Judas Iscariot: A Miracle-Play,' and a curious prose tract, 'Sithron the Star-Stricken' (1883), which he pretended to take from the Arabian.

Poe said that his 'Orion' might be called "a homily against supineness and apathy in the cause of human progress, and in favor of energetic action for the good of the race. . . . It is our deliberate opinion," he affirmed, "that in all that regards the loftiest and holiest attributes of true poetry, 'Orion' has never been excelled."

The narrative is drawn from a number of Greek and Roman fables. It describes the giant hunter Orion, who is loved by Artemis (Diana), Merope, and Eos (Aurora). The jealous Artemis pierces him with her arrows; but Zeus, in answer to the prayers of Eos, places him among the constellations, where he may enjoy her affection forever.

MORNING

From ‘Orion’

LEVEL with the summit of that eastern mount
By slow approach, and like a promontory
Which seems to glide and meet a coming ship,
The pale-gold platform of the morning came
Towards the gliding mount. Against a sky
Of delicate purple, snow-bright courts and halls
Touched with light silvery green, gleaming across,
Fronted by pillars vast, cloud-capitaled,
With shafts of changeful pearl, all reared upon
An isle of clear aerial gold, came floating;
And in the centre, clad in fleecy white,
With lucid lilies in her golden hair,
Eos, sweet Goddess of the Morning, stood.
From the bright peak of that surrounded mount,
One step sufficed to gain the tremulous floor
Whereon the Palace of the Morning shone,
Scarcely a bow-shot distant; but that step
Orion's humbled and still mortal feet
Dared not adventure. In the Goddess's face
Imploringly he gazed. «Advance!» she said,
In tones more sweet than when some heavenly bird,
Hid in a rosy cloud, its morning hymn
Warbles unseen, wet with delicious dews,
And to earth's flowers all looking up in prayer,
Tells of the coming bliss. «Believe — advance! —
Or, as the spheres move onward with their song
That calls me to awaken other lands,
That moment will escape which ne'er returns!»
Forward Orion stepped: the platform bright
Shook like the reflex of a star in water
Moved by the breeze, throughout its whole expanse;
And even the palace glistened fitfully,
As with electric shiver it sent forth
Odors of flowers divine and all fresh life.

Still stood he where he stepped, nor to return
Attempted. To essay one pace beyond
He felt no power; yet onward he advanced
Safe to the Goddess, who, with hand outstretched,
Into the palace led him. Grace and strength,
With sense of happy change to finer earth,
Freshness of nature and belief in good,
Came flowing o'er his soul, and he was blest.
'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,
And Eos rises, circling constantly
The varied regions of mankind. No pause
Of renovation and of freshening rays
She knows; but evermore her love breathes forth
On field and forest, as on human hope,
Health, beauty, power, thought, action, and advance.
All this Orion witnessed, and rejoiced.
The turmoil he had known, the late distress
By loss of passion's object and of sight,
Were now exchanged for these serene delights
Of contemplation, as the influence
That Eos wrought around forever, dawned
Upon his vision and his inmost heart
In sweetness and success. All sympathy
With all fair things that in her circle lay,
She gave, and all received; nor knew of strife:
For from the Sun her cheek its bloom withdrew,
And ere intolerant noon, the floating realm
Of Eos — queen of the awakening earth —
Was brightening other lands, wherefrom black Night
Her faded chariot down the sky had driven
Behind the sea. Thus from the earth upraised,
And over its tumultuous breast sustained
In peace and tranquil glory, — oh blest state! —
Clear-browed Orion, full of thankfulness
And pure devotion to the goddess, dwelt
Within the glowing Palace of the Morn.
But these serene airs did not therefore bring
A death-sleep o'er the waves of memory,
Where all its clouds and colors, specks of sails,
Its car-borne gods, shipwrecks, and drowning men,
Passed full in view; yet with a mellowing sense
Ideal, and from pain sublimed. Thus came
Mirrors of nature to him, and full oft
Downward on Chios turned his happy eyes,

With grateful thoughts that o'er life's sorrows wove
The present texture of a sweet content,
Passing all wisdom, or its fairest flower.
He saw the woods, and blessed them for the sake
Of Artemis; the city, and rich gloom
That o'er the cedar forest ever hung,
He also blessed for Merope; the isle
And all that dwelt there, he with smiles beheld.

JULIA WARD HOWE

(1819?–)

BY BIRTH a member of a fashionable New York circle; by education a cultivated and accomplished woman of society; by marriage made one of a group of zealous and uncompromising philanthropists,—abolitionists, prison reformers, equal-suffragists, coeducationists,—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has turned her eclectic training only to generous uses. She has published verse, travels, and essays; she has taught—if much serious and eloquent journalistic work may be reckoned among the higher forms of teaching; she has won much reputation as a public speaker on social, educational, and political subjects; and it is not impossible that even had she written nothing, her brilliant fame as a conversationist, and as the most inspiring of companions, might insure her that vague though sure renown which belongs to the famous French hostesses of the seventeenth century.

JULIA WARD HOWE

The New York of her youth was still a neighborly city, where the small set of cultivated and leisurely families saw much not only of each other, but of the agreeable foreigners who came to this country. Her father, Samuel Ward, was a well-known banker, to whom all notable persons brought letters of introduction, and in whose household the young people learned to be agreeable, to be alert, and to adjust their mental vision to an ever-widening horizon. Mrs. Ward, a very cultivated woman, was herself a poet of some merit, whose poems, never published, were greatly admired in private circles. The clever second daughter took profit from all her experiences, read everything that came in her way, attacked with energy Latin and German,—a knowledge of languages being then generally deemed superfluous if not disastrous in what was known as "female education,"—and when still in short dresses wrote reams of verse. Her wise elders, however, while encouraging her literary tastes, permitted none of this intellectual green fruit to find a market.

She had been a New York belle for two or three seasons when her marriage with Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston, placed her in a

new world. This eminent philanthropist, then in the prime of middle age, had devoted his whole life to the unfortunate. When hardly out of college and medical school he had enlisted as a volunteer in the cause of Greek Independence in the revolution of 1824,—the contest to which Lord Byron gave his life; out of untrained material he had created an excellent surgical corps for the insurgents; at the declaration of peace he had established an industrial colony on the Isthmus of Corinth; in 1830 he had served as president of a relief committee in the Polish uprising, and been imprisoned in Prussia for his pains; he had founded in South Boston the first American institution for the instruction of the blind; and he was among the most efficient of the antislavery crusaders. The friends who surrounded him took life and themselves very seriously, and all sorts of "causes" came to the Howe abode to be justified and adopted.

Mrs. Howe's nature responded generously to these new demands. She became the eager advocate of the oppressed, whether victims of the law like the slave, of political tyranny like the Irish, the Poles, or the Hungarians, or of public opinion,—as, to her thinking, were all women. Her ready pen was always at the service of her many clients. But she found time to study French, Greek, and Italian, and to devote herself to modern philosophy, working hard at Schelling, Hegel, Fichte, Spinoza, and Kant. She wrote philosophical lectures which she read at her own house, and she helped to establish philosophical clubs. With her husband she edited an able antislavery paper, the Boston Commonwealth, to which she contributed leaders, essays, poems, letters, and witty comments. In the ten or twelve years following 1854 she published three volumes of poems,—'Passion Flowers,' 'Words for the Hour,' and 'Later Lyrics'; two books of travel, 'A Trip to Cuba' and 'From the Oak to the Olive'; and a drama, 'The World's Own'; having written also in the same period hundreds of clever newspaper letters to the New York Tribune and the Anti-Slavery Standard. Since 1881 she has published 'Modern Society,' a 'Life of Margaret Fuller,' and a second volume of essays, entitled 'Is Polite Society Polite?' She has chosen to include within covers only a small part of her writings, nor does even their whole bulk represent the life work of this versatile and public-spirited author. She inspired the prosperous New England Women's Club, the pioneer of its kind in America. She was a delegate to the World's Prison Reform Congress in London, in 1872, and helped to found the Women's Peace Association. She was president of the women's branch of the great New Orleans Exposition in 1884, and she has presided over innumerable clubs, conventions, and congresses.

Notwithstanding this enormous activity and productiveness, her own countrymen associate her name almost wholly with one poem,

'The Battle Hymn of the Republic'; a poem struck off at white heat early in the Civil War, when, in the camps about Washington, Mrs. Howe was thrilled by the marching of thousands of gallant young soldiers to the martial air of 'John Brown's Body.' The regiments caught up with enthusiasm the new words which she set to the familiar tune; and the 'Battle Hymn' was sung in camp and field, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. It became the Marseillaise of the unemotional Yankee.

[All the following poems are taken from 'Later Lyrics,' copyright 1865, and are reprinted by permission of Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.]

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

OUR ORDERS

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet;
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

PARDON

Pains the sharp sentence the breast in whose wrath it was uttered,
Now thou art cold;
Vengeance the headlong, and justice with purpose close muttered,
Loosen their hold.

Death brings atonement; he did that whereof ye accuse him,—
Murder accurst;
But, from the crisis of crime in which Satan did lose him,
Suffered the worst.

Harshly the red dawn arose on a deed of his doing,
Never to mend;
But harsher days he wore out in the bitter pursuing
And the wild end.

To lift the pale flag of truce, wrap those mysteries round him,
In whose avail
Madness that moved, and the swift retribution that found him,
Falter and fail.

So the soft purples that quiet the heavens with mourning,
Willing to fall,
Lend him one fold, his illustrious victim adorning
With wider pall.

Back to the cross, where the Savior, uplifted in dying,
Bade all souls live,
Turns the reft bosom of Nature, his mother, low sighing,
"Greatest, forgive!"

'HAMLET' AT THE BOSTON THEATRE

(Edwin Booth)

We sit before the row of evening lamps,
Each in his chair,
Forgetful of November dusks and damps,
And wintry air.

A little gulf of music intervenes,
A bridge of sighs,
Where still the cunning of the curtain screens
Art's paradise.

My thought transcends those viols' shrill delight,
The booming bass,
And towards the regions we shall view to-night
Makes hurried pace.

The painted castle, and the unneeded guard
That ready stand;
The harmless Ghost, that walks with helm unbarred
And beckoning hand;

And, beautiful as dreams of maidenhood,
That doubt defy,
Young Hamlet, with his forehead grief-subdued,
And visioning eye.

O fair dead world, that from thy grave awak'st
A little while,
And in our heart strange revolution mak'st
With thy brief smile!

O beauties vanished, fair lips magical,
Heroic braves!

O mighty hearts, that held the world in thrall!
Come from your graves!

The Poet sees you through a mist of tears,—
Such depths divide
Him, with the love and passion of his years,
From you, inside!

The Poet's heart attends your buskined feet,
Your lofty strains,
Till earth's rude touch dissolves that madness sweet,
And life remains:

Life that is something while the senses heed
The spirit's call,
Life that is nothing when our grosser need
Engulfs it all.

And thou, young hero of this mimic scene,
In whose high breast
A genius greater than thy life hath been
Strangely comprest!

Wear'st thou those glories draped about thy soul
Thou dost present?
And art thou by their feeling and control
Thus eloquent?

'Tis with no feignèd power thou bind'st our sense,
No shallow art:
Sure lavish Nature gave thee heritance
Of Hamlet's heart!

Thou dost control our fancies with a might
So wild, so fond,
We quarrel, passed thy circle of delight,
With things beyond;

Returning to the pillows rough with care,
And vulgar food,
Sad from the breath of that diviner air,
That loftier mood.

And there we leave thee, in thy misty tent
Watching alone;
While foes about thee gather imminent,
To us scarce known.

Oh, when the lights are quenched, the music hushed,
The plaudits still,
Heaven keep the fountain whence the fair stream gushed
From choking ill!

Let Shakespeare's soul, that wins the world from wrong,
For thee avail,
And not one holy maxim of his song
Before thee fail!

So get thee to thy couch as unreproved
As heroes blest;
And all good angels trusted in and loved
Attend thy rest!

A NEW SCULPTOR

ONCE to my Fancy's hall a stranger came,
Of mien unwonted,
And its pale shapes of glory without shame
Or speech confronted.

Fair was my hall,—a gallery of Gods
Smoothly appointed;
With Nymphs and Satyrs from the dewy sods
Freshly anointed.

Great Jove sat throned in state, with Hermes near,
And fiery Bacchus;
Pallas and Pluto, and those powers of Fear
Whose visions rack us.

Artemis wore her crescent free of stars,
The hunt just scented;
Glad Aphrodite met the warrior Mars,
The myriad-tented.

Rude was my visitant, of sturdy form,
Draped in such clothing
As the world's great, whom luxury makes warm,
Look on with loathing.

And yet, methought, his service-badge of soil
With honor wearing;
And in his dexter hand, embossed with toil,
A hammer bearing.

But while I waited till his eye should sink,
O'ercome of beauty,
With heart-impatience brimming to the brink
Of courteous duty,—

He smote my marbles many a murderous blow,
His weapon poising;
I, in my wrath and wonderment of woe,
No comment voicing.

"Come, sweep this rubbish from the workman's way,
Wreck of past ages;
Afford me here a lump of harmless clay,
Ye grooms and pages!"

Then from that voidness of our mother Earth
A frame he builded
Of a new feature,—with the power of birth
Fashioned and welded.

It had a might mine eyes had never seen,
A mien, a stature
As if the centuries that rolled between
Had greatened Nature.

It breathed, it moved; above Jove's classic sway
A place was won it:
The rustic sculptor motioned; then, "To-day"
He wrote upon it.

"What man art thou?" I cried, "and what this wrong
That thou hast wrought me?
My marbles lived on symmetry and song;
Why hast thou brought me

"A form of all necessities, that asks
Nurture and feeding?
Not this the burthen of my maidhood's tasks,
Nor my high breeding."

"Behold," he said, "Life's great impersonate,
Nourished by Labor!
Thy gods are gone with old-time Faith and Fate;
Here is thy Neighbor."

W. D. HOWELLS.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

(1837–)

For the last twenty years William Dean Howells has occupied a unique position among American men of letters. It can hardly be said that he is the leader of a school of fiction; he is rather the exponent in this country of a school whose leaders are the modern Russian novelists, and in which Tolstoy is the highest authority. The realism of 'Anna Karénina' is also the realism of 'Silas Lapham.' Both works — the one a tragedy, the other a serious comedy — are steeped in the atmosphere of fact; an atmosphere in which there are no mists of idealism and no elusive distances. Howells perceived early the rich field which American life offers to the writer of realistic fiction. The American people are yet too young for mellowed romance; they are still in the literal period of youth. The painter of Silas Lapham and of Lemuel Barker embodies this frank noonday spirit of average life in his novels; only in his essays and poems does he allow himself occasional truancies from the school of the actual. He was himself peculiarly fitted by birth, education, and training, to obtain a firm hold upon the unromantic, humorous, pathetic life of the every-day American man and woman; to understand its gaucheries, its brave nonchalance, its splendid attempts and prophetic failures. William Dean Howells is an American of Americans. He was born in Ohio in 1837, of a family founded originally by Welsh Quakers, but closely resembling the families of Transcendental New England in its habits of religious and philosophical thought; in its simplicity of living; in its simple and democratic tastes. During the boyhood of the author, his father owned and published daily papers in Hamilton and in Dayton, Ohio, successively. The son learned the printer's trade, and gradually the whole business of conducting a newspaper. In his latest published work, 'Impressions and Experiences,' he has embodied his recollections of this apprenticeship in an essay of great charm. At the age of nineteen he became the Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette. At twenty-two he was appointed news editor of the State Journal at Columbus. About this time he published a volume of verse.

Although Howells is a realist in his literary methods, there have always been imaginative elements in his prose work; and from the day when as a young man he published a slim volume of lyrics with

his friend Piatt, he has been a poet. The early verse was graceful, musical, distinctive; the later, deeper work, gathered into the striking volume 'Stops of Various Quills' (1895), shows Howells's intense interest in the great modern social problems, and his yearning brotherliness. The brooding minor note is constant in these haunting poems, which are rich in suggestion, full of noble thought and feeling, and in their simple, almost bald diction, at times both touching and beautiful.

His consulship at Venice, 1861–65, prepared him by its liberalizing influences for the more cosmopolitan demands of the essay and the novel. His impressions of his sojourn were embodied in 'Venetian Life,' a book which revealed the qualities of his literary talent: his powers of minute and kindly observation; his sense of the picturesque; his close adhesion to delicate particulars, to expressive details, to significant facts.

His subsequent residence in New York City, as a writer for the Tribune and the Nation, paved the way still further for his fiction writing. It was not until 1871, when he had become the assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, that he ventured into this field. His first novel, 'Their Wedding Journey,' was instantly recognized as something more than a well-told story. It was a transcript of two very human lives. Its spirit of actuality was new in American fiction. Its homeliness, its pleasantry, its every-day character, at once secured its popularity. It was followed by a long succession of well-written novels. If he had had no other claims upon the allegiance of those anxious to establish high literary standards in this country, Howells would still deserve the approval of the most critical lovers of literature for his delicate and conscientious workmanship. He has set a much-needed example of carefulness and thoughtfulness in style and construction. He has the conscience, the instinct, and the taste of an artist. Though a deliberate, he has however been a prolific writer. Almost every year since 1871 has brought forth a novel. 'A Chance Acquaintance' appeared in 1873; 'A Foregone Conclusion' in 1874; 'Out of the Question' in 1876, and 'A Counterfeit Presentment' in 1877,—both cast in drama form; 'The Lady of the Aroostook' in 1878; 'The Undiscovered Country' in 1880; 'A Fearful Responsibility' in 1882; 'Dr. Breen's Practice' in 1883; 'A Modern Instance' in 1883; 'A Woman's Reason' in 1884; 'Three Villages' in 1885; and later 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' 'Annie Kilburn,' 'April Hopes,' 'A Hazard of New Fortunes,' 'The Shadow of a Dream,' and numerous farces which have appeared from time to time in various magazines. 'The Rise of Silas Lapham' is a finely representative novel of what may be called the middle period of Howells's development. It is a triumph of realism; it is thoroughly and broadly American in

tone; it is instinct with kindly human sympathy. The novelist has a true comprehension of the «common people,» especially of the common people as they are found in these United States: fixed members of no class, endowed with many virtues, destitute of traditions,—the First Man or the First Woman, for all practical purposes, in a new world; God-fearing, money-making persons, acknowledging no superiors in theory, but always awed by their «betters» in fact. These types appear and reappear in Howells's stories; he is the Dickens of the self-made man. Silas Lapham is born a poor boy, of honest parents, without educational or social opportunities. He makes his money in mineral paint. His daughters are as much in advance of him and his crude successes as the second generation of the newly rich usually is in this country. By a series of accidents this family of American types is thrown with gentlefolk of Boston. The usual little tragedies and comedies ensue. The story is told with consummate skill. Its objectivity is heightened by the author's fidelity to the facts of the case. Its humor is unmistakable. Moreover, it is written with that marvelous clearness of diction, that easy command of current idiom, which constitute Howells's strongest claim to a great style. The author says what he means in unmistakable language. He never sacrifices lucidity to effect. He never indulges in mere word-painting. His essays are as satisfactory as his novels in this respect.

Mr. Howells's latest phase, that in which he shows a deep desire to understand and set forth the strenuous American social problems,—the meaning of socialism, the relations of labor and capital, and, more broadly, the mystery of poverty and of human suffering,—is typified in a book like 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' It is American in its scenes and characters, and all through it is a sense of the dramatic unrest of current conditions in a great city like New York,—the stormy and pathetic episode quoted being the culmination of causes which attract the most earnest thought of Howells, an ideal statement thereof coming out in such a volume as the suggestive 'A Traveler from Altruria.'

The absence of idealism in Howells's writings has been cited as their gravest defect; but it is by no means true that he excludes the ideal sides of life from treatment. In the main, however, it is enough for him to present the lives of men without comment, after nature's own fashion. The American world of letters owes him a lasting debt of gratitude in that he has made his presentation with fidelity to a high ideal of artistic excellence. Since the year 1881, when he resigned the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly, he has lived first in Boston and later in New York, devoting himself to the writing of novels, essays, and miscellaneous sketches. In these novels and in

his occasional essays his hand preserves its cunning, and his writing always has that indefinable charm which is the enduring note in good literature. And to the charm is added the broad outlook and the deep ethical interest which are typical of the man in the ripe maturity of his powers.

THE BEWILDERED GUEST

From 'Stops of Various Quills.' Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers

I WAS not asked if I should like to come.
I have not seen my host here since I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and some
That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there bursts upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys
Dumb in our breasts; and then, some one is gone.
They say we meet him. None knows where or when.
We know we shall not meet him here again.

HOPE

From 'Stops of Various Quills.' Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers

WE SAILED and sailed upon the desert sea
Where for whole days we alone seemed to be.
At last we saw a dim, vague line arise
Between the empty billows and the skies,
That grew and grew until it wore the shape
Of cove and inlet, promontory and cape;
Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields, and woods,
Steeples and roofs, and village neighborhoods.
And then I thought, "Sometime I shall embark
Upon a sea more desert and more dark
Than ever this was, and between the skies
And empty billows I shall see arise
Another world out of that waste and lapse,
Like yonder land. Perhaps — perhaps — perhaps!"

SOCIETY

From 'Stops of Various Quills.' Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers

I LOOKED, and saw a splendid pageantry
Of beautiful women and of lordly men,
Taking their pleasure in a flowery plain,
Where poppies and the red anemone,
And many another leaf of cramoisy,
Flickered about their feet, and gave their stain
To heels of iron or satin, and the grain
Of silken garments floating far and free,
As in the dance they wove themselves, or strayed
By twos together, or lightly smiled and bowed,
Or curtsied to each other, or else played
At games of mirth and pastime, unafraid
In their delight; and all so high and proud
They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

I looked again, and saw that flowery space
Stirring, as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head,
And now upon a baby's gasping face,
Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed the red
Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes shed
From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.
And now and then from out the dreadful floor
An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness, or implore
For mercy; and anon some suffering breast
Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before
The revelers above them thronged and prest.

ANOTHER DAY

From 'Stops of Various Quills.' Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers

ANOTHER day, and with it that brute joy,
Or that prophetic rapture of the boy
Whom every morning brings as glad a breath
As if it dawned upon the end of death!

All other days have run the common course,
And left me at their going neither worse

Nor better for them; only a little older,
A little sadder, and a little colder.

But this—it seems as if this day might be
The day I somehow always thought to see,
And that should come to bless me past the scope
And measure of my farthest-reaching hope.

To-day, maybe, the things that were concealed
Before the first day was, shall be revealed;
The riddle of our misery shall be read,
And it be clear whether the dead are dead.

Before this sun shall sink into the west
The tired earth may have fallen on his breast,
And into heaven the world have passed away. . . .
At any rate, it is another day!

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM

From 'Their Wedding Journey.' Copyright 1871 and 1894, by W. D. Howells. Reprinted by permission of the author, and of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

THEY had waited to see Leonard, in order that they might learn better how to find his house in the country; and now, when they came in upon him at nine o'clock, he welcomed them with all his friendly heart. He rose from the pile of morning's letters to which he had but just sat down; he placed them the easiest chairs; he made a feint of its not being a busy hour with him, and would have had them look upon his office, which was still damp and odorous from the porter's broom, as a kind of down-town parlor: but after they had briefly accounted to his amazement for their appearance then and there, and Isabel had boasted of the original fashion in which they had that morning seen New York, they took pity on him and bade him adieu till evening.

They crossed from Broadway to the noisome street by the ferry, and in a little while had taken their places in the train on the thither side of the water.

"Don't tell me, Basil," said Isabel, "that Leonard travels fifty miles every day by rail going to and from his work!"

"I must, dearest, if I would be truthful."

"Then, darling, there *are* worse things in this world than living up at the South End, aren't there?" And in agreement upon Boston as a place of the greatest natural advantages, as well as all acquirable merits, with after-talk that need not be recorded, they arrived in the best humor at the little country station near which the Leonards dwelt.

I must inevitably follow Mrs. Isabel thither, though I do it at the cost of the reader, who suspects the excitements which a long description of the movement would delay. The ladies were very old friends, and they had not met since Isabel's return from Europe and renewal of her engagement. Upon the news of this, Mrs. Leonard had swallowed with surprising ease all that she had said in blame of Basil's conduct during the rupture, and exacted a promise from her friend that she should pay her the first visit after their marriage. And now that they had come together, their only talk was of husbands, whom they viewed in every light to which husbands could be turned, and still found an inexhaustible novelty in the theme. Mrs. Leonard beheld in her friend's joy the sweet reflection of her own honeymoon, and Isabel was pleased to look upon the prosperous marriage of the former as the image of her future. Thus, with immense profit and comfort, they reassured one another by every question and answer, and in their weak content lapsed far behind the representative women of our age, when husbands are at best a necessary evil, and the relation of wives to them is known to be one of pitiable subjection. When these two pretty fogies put their heads of false hair together, they were as silly and benighted as their great-grandmothers could have been in the same circumstances, and as I say, shamefully encouraged each other in their absurdity. The absurdity appeared too good and blessed to be true. "Do you really suppose, Basil," Isabel would say to her oppressor, after having given him some elegant extract from the last conversation upon husbands, "that we shall get on as smoothly as the Leonards when we have been married ten years? Lucy says that things go more hitchily the first year than ever they do afterwards, and that people love each other better and better, just because they've got used to it. Well, our bliss does seem a little crude and garish compared with their happiness; and yet" —she put up both her palms against his, and gave a vehement little push—"there *is* something agreeable about it, even at this stage of the proceedings."

"Isabel," said her husband with severity, "this is bridal!"

"No matter! I only want to seem an old married woman to the general public. But the application of it is that you must be careful not to contradict me, or cross me in anything, so that we can be like the Leonards very much sooner than they became so. The great object is not to have any hitchiness; and you know you *are* provoking — at times."

They both educated themselves for continued and tranquil happiness by the example and precept of their friends; and the time passed swiftly in the pleasant learning, and in the novelty of the life led by the Leonards. This indeed merits a closer study than can be given here, for it is the life led by vast numbers of prosperous New-Yorkers who love both the excitement of the city and the repose of the country, and who aspire to unite the enjoyment of both in their daily existence. The suburbs of the metropolis stretch landward fifty miles in every direction; and everywhere are handsome villas like Leonard's, inhabited by men like himself, whom strict study of the time-table enables to spend all their working hours in the city and all their smoking and sleeping hours in the country.

The home and the neighborhood of the Leonards put on their best looks for our bridal pair, and they were charmed. They all enjoyed the visit, said guests and hosts, they were all sorry to have it come to an end; yet they all resigned themselves to this conclusion. Practically, it had no other result than to detain the travelers into the very heart of the hot weather. In that weather it was easy to do anything that did not require an active effort, and resignation was so natural with the mercury at ninety, that I am not sure but there was something sinful in it.

They had given up their cherished purpose of going to Albany by the day boat, which was represented to them in every impossible phase. It would be dreadfully crowded, and whenever it stopped the heat would be insupportable. Besides, it would bring them to Albany at an hour when they must either spend the night there, or push on to Niagara by the night train. "You had better go by the evening boat. It will be light almost till you reach West Point, and you'll see all the best scenery. Then you can get a good night's rest, and start fresh in the morning." So they were counseled, and they assented, as they would have done if they had been advised: "You had better go by the morning boat. It's deliciously cool, traveling; you see the whole

of the river; you reach Albany for supper, and you push through to Niagara that night and are done with it."

They took leave of Leonard at breakfast and of his wife at noon, and fifteen minutes later they were rushing from the heat of the country into the heat of the city, where some affairs and pleasures were to employ them till the evening boat should start.

Their spirits were low, for the terrible spell of the great heat brooded upon them. All abroad burned the fierce white light of the sun, in which not only the earth seemed to parch and thirst, but the very air withered, and was faint and thin to the troubled respiration. Their train was full of people who had come long journeys from broiling cities of the West, and who were dusty and ashen and reeking in the slumbers at which some of them still vainly caught. On every one lay an awful languor. Here and there stirred a fan, like the broken wing of a dying bird; now and then a sweltering young mother shifted her hot baby from one arm to another; after every station the desperate conductor swung through the long aisle and punched the ticket, which each passenger seemed to yield him with a tacit malediction; a suffering child hung about the empty tank, which could only gasp out a cindery drop or two of ice-water. The wind buffeted faintly at the windows; when the door was opened, the clatter of rails struck through and through the car like a demoniac yell.

Yet when they arrived at the station by the ferry-side, they seemed to have entered its stifling darkness from fresh and vigorous atmosphere, so close and dead and mixed with the carbonic breath of the locomotives was the air of the place. The thin old wooden walls that shut out the glare of the sun transmitted an intensified warmth; the roof seemed to hover lower and lower, and in its coal-smoked, raftery hollow to generate a heat deadlier than that poured upon it from the skies.

In a convenient place in the station hung a thermometer, before which every passenger, on going aboard the ferry-boat, paused as at a shrine, and mutely paid his devotions. At the altar of this fetich our friends also paused, and saw that the mercury was above ninety; and, exulting with the pride that savages take in the cruel might of their idols, bowed their souls to the great god Heat.

On the boat they found a place where the breath of the sea struck cool across their faces, and made them forget the

thermometer for the brief time of the transit. But presently they drew near that strange irregular row of wooden buildings and jutting piers which skirts the river on the New York side; and before the boat's motion ceased the air grew thick and warm again, and tainted with the foulness of the street on which the buildings front. Upon this the boat's passengers issued, passing up through the gangway, on one side of which a throng of return passengers was pent by a gate of iron bars, like a herd of wild animals. They were streaming with perspiration, and according to their different temperaments had faces of deep crimson or deadly pallor.

"Now the question is, my dear," said Basil, when free of the press they lingered for a moment in the shade outside, "whether we had better walk up to Broadway, at an immediate sacrifice of fibre, and get a stage there, or take one of these cars here and be landed a little nearer, with half the exertion. By this route we shall have sights and smells which the other can't offer us, but whichever we take we shall be sorry."

"Then I say take this," decided Isabel. "I want to be sorry upon the easiest possible terms, this weather."

They hailed the first car that passed, and got into it. Well for them both if she could have exercised this philosophy with regard to the whole day's business, or if she could have given up her plans for it with the same resignation she had practiced in regard to the day boat! It seems to me a proof of the small advance our race has made in true wisdom, that we find it so hard to give up doing anything we have meant to do. It matters very little whether the affair is one of enjoyment or of business, we feel the same bitter need of pursuing it to the end. The mere fact of intention gives it a flavor of duty; and dutiolatry, as one may call the devotion, has passed so deeply into our life that we have scarcely a sense any more of the sweetness of even a neglected pleasure. We will not taste the fine, guilty rapture of a deliberate dereliction; the gentle sin of omission is all but blotted from the calendar of our crimes. If I had been Columbus, I should have thought twice before setting sail, when I was quite ready to do so; and as for Plymouth Rock, I should have sternly resisted the blandishments of those twin sirens, Starvation and Cold, who beckoned the Puritans shoreward, and as soon as ever I came into sight of their granite perch should have turned back to England. But it is now too late to repair these errors;

and so, on one of the hottest days of last year, behold my obdurate bridal pair, in a Tenth or Twentieth Avenue horse-car, setting forth upon the fulfillment of a series of intentions, any of which had wiselier been left unaccomplished. Isabel had said they would call upon certain people in Fiftieth Street, and then shop slowly down, ice-creaming and staging and variously cooling and calming by the way, until they reached the ticket office on Broadway, whence they could indefinitely betake themselves to the steamboat an hour or two before her departure. She felt that they had yielded sufficiently to circumstances and conditions already on this journey, and she was resolved that the present half-day in New York should be the half-day of her original design.

It was not the most advisable thing, as I have allowed; but it was inevitable, and it afforded them a spectacle which is by no means wanting in sublimity, and which is certainly unique,—the spectacle of that great city on a hot day, defiant of the elements and prospering on, with every form of labor and at a terrible cost of life. The man carrying the hod to the top of the walls, that rankly grow and grow as from his life's blood, will only lay down his load when he feels the mortal glare of the sun blaze in upon heart and brain; the plethoric millionaire for whom he toils will plot and plan in his office till he swoons at the desk; the trembling beast must stagger forward while the flame-faced tormentor on the box has strength to lash him on: in all those vast palaces of commerce there are ceaseless sale and purchase, packing and unpacking, lifting up and laying down, arriving and departing loads; in thousands of shops is the unspared and unsparing weariness of selling; in the street, filled by the hurry and suffering of tens of thousands, is the weariness of buying.

Their afternoon's experience was something that Basil and Isabel could, when it was past, look upon only as a kind of vision, magnificent at times, and at other times full of indignity and pain. They seemed to have dreamed of a long horse-car pilgrimage through that squalid street by the river-side; where presently they came to a market, opening upon the view hideous vistas of carnage, and then into a wide avenue, with processions of cars like their own coming and going up and down the centre of a foolish and useless breadth, which made even the tall buildings (rising gauntly up among the older houses of one or two stories) on either hand look low, and let in the sun to bake the dust

that the hot breaths of wind caught up and sent swirling into the shabby shops. Here they dreamed of the eternal demolition and construction of the city, and farther on of vacant lots full of granite bowlders, clambered over by goats. In their dream they had fellow-passengers, whose sufferings made them odious, and whom they were glad to leave behind when they alighted from the car, and running out of the blaze of the avenue quenched themselves in the shade of the cross street. A little strip of shadow lay along the row of brown-stone fronts, but there were intervals where the vacant lots cast no shadow. With great bestowal of thought they studied hopelessly how to avoid these spaces, as if they had been difficult torrents or vast expanses of desert sand; they crept slowly along till they came to such a place, and dashed swiftly across it, and then, fainter than before, moved on. They seemed now and then to stand at doors, and to be told that people were out, and again that they were in; and they had a sense of cool dark parlors, and the airy rustling of light-muslined ladies, of chat and of fans and ice-water, and then they came forth again; and evermore

"The day increased from heat to heat."

At last they were aware of an end of their visits, and of a purpose to go down-town again, and of seeking the nearest car by endless blocks of brown-stone fronts, which with their eternal brown-stone flights of steps, and their handsome, intolerable uniformity, oppressed them like a procession of houses trying to pass a given point and never getting by. Upon these streets there was seldom a soul to be seen; so that when their ringing at a door had evoked answer, it had startled them with vague, sad surprise. In the distance on either hand they could see cars and carts and wagons toiling up and down the avenues, and on the next intersecting pavement sometimes a laborer with his jacket slung across his shoulder, or a dog that had plainly made up his mind to go mad. Up to the time of their getting into one of those phantasmal cars for the return down-townwards they had kept up a show of talk in their wretched dream. They had spoken of other hot days that they had known elsewhere; and they had wondered that the tragical character of heat had been so little recognized. They said that the daily New York murder might even at that moment be somewhere taking place, and that no murder of the whole homicidal year could have such proper

circumstance; they morbidly wondered what that day's murder would be, and in what swarming tenement-house, or den of the assassin streets by the river-sides,—if indeed it did not befall in some such high, close-shuttered, handsome dwelling as those they passed, in whose twilight it would be so easy to strike down the master, and leave him undiscovered and unmourned by the family ignorantly absent at the mountains or the seaside. They conjectured of the horror of midsummer battles, and pictured the anguish of shipwrecked men upon a tropical coast, and the grimy misery of stevedores unloading shiny cargoes of anthracite coal at city docks. But now at last, as they took seats opposite one another in the crowded car, they seemed to have drifted infinite distances and long epochs asunder. They looked hopelessly across the intervening gulf, and mutely questioned when it was and from what far city they or some remote ancestors of theirs had set forth upon a wedding journey. They bade each other a tacit farewell, and with patient, pathetic faces awaited the end of the world.

When they alighted, they took their way up through one of the streets of the great wholesale businesses, to Broadway. On this street was a throng of trucks and wagons lading and unlading; bales and boxes rose and sank by pulleys overhead; the footway was a labyrinth of packages of every shape and size: there was no flagging of the pitiless energy that moved all forward, no sign of how heavy a weight lay on it, save in the reeking faces of its helpless instruments. But when the wedding-journeyers emerged upon Broadway, the other passages and incidents of their dream faded before the superior fantasticality of the spectacle. It was four o'clock, the deadliest hour of the deadly summer day. The spiritless air seemed to have a quality of blackness in it, as if filled with the gloom of low-hovering wings. One half the street lay in shadow, and one half in sun; but the sunshine itself was dim, as if a heat greater than its own had smitten it with languor. Little gusts of sick, warm wind blew across the great avenue at the corners of the intersecting streets. In the upward distance, at which the journeyers looked, the loftier roofs and steeples lifted themselves dim out of the livid atmosphere, and far up and down the length of the street swept a stream of tormented life. All sorts of wheeled things thronged it, conspicuous among which rolled and jarred the gaudily painted stages, with quivering horses driven each by a man

who sat in the shade of a branching white umbrella, and suffered with a moody truculence of aspect, and as if he harbored the bitterness of death in his heart for the crowding passengers within, when one of them pulled the strap about his legs and summoned him to halt. Most of the foot passengers kept to the shady side; and to the unaccustomed eyes of the strangers they were not less in number than at any other time, though there were fewer women among them. Indomitably resolute of soul, they held their course with the swift pace of custom, and only here and there they showed the effect of the heat. One man, collarless, with waistcoat unbuttoned and hat set far back from his forehead, waved a fan before his death-white flabby face, and set down one foot after the other with the heaviness of a somnambulist. Another, as they passed him, was saying huskily to the friend at his side, "I can't stand this much longer. My hands tingle as if they had gone to sleep; my heart—" But still the multitude hurried on, passing, repassing, encountering, evading, vanishing into shop-doors and emerging from them, dispersing down the side streets and swarming out of them. It was a scene that possessed the beholder with singular fascination, and in its effect of universal lunacy it might well have seemed the last phase of a world presently to be destroyed. They who were in it but not of it, as they fancied,—though there was no reason for this,—looked on it amazed; and at last, their own errands being accomplished, and themselves so far cured of the madness of purpose, they cried with one voice that it was a hideous sight, and strove to take refuge from it in the nearest place where the soda fountain sparkled. It was a vain desire. At the front door of the apothecary's hung a thermometer, and as they entered they heard the next comer cry out, with a maniacal pride in the affliction laid upon mankind, "Ninety-seven degrees!" Behind them at the door there poured in a ceaseless stream of people, each pausing at the shrine of heat before he tossed off the hissing draught that two pale, close-clipped boys served them from either side of the fountain. Then in the order of their coming they issued through another door upon the side street; each, as he disappeared, turning his face half round, and casting a casual glance upon a little group near another counter. The group was of a very patient, half frightened, half puzzled looking gentleman who sat perfectly still on a stool, and of a lady who stood beside him, rubbing all over his head a handkerchief full

of pounded ice, and easing one hand with the other when the first became tired. Basil drank his soda and paused to look upon this group, which he felt would commend itself to realistic sculpture as eminently characteristic of the local life, and as "The Sunstroke" would sell enormously in the hot season. "Better take a little more of that," the apothecary said, looking up from his prescription, and at the organized sympathy of the seemingly indifferent crowd smiling very kindly at his patient, who thereupon tasted something in the glass he held. "Do you still feel like fainting?" asked the humane authority. "Slightly, now and then," answered the other; "but I'm hanging on hard to the bottom curve of that icicled S on your soda fountain, and I feel that I'm all right as long as I can see that. The people get rather hazy occasionally, and have no features to speak of. But I don't know that I look very impressive myself," he added, in the jesting mood which seems the natural condition of Americans in the face of all embarrassments.

"Oh, you'll do!" the apothecary answered with a laugh; but he said, in answer to an anxious question from the lady, "He mustn't be moved for an hour yet," and gayly pestled away at a prescription, while she resumed her office of grinding the pounded ice round and round upon her husband's skull. Isabel offered her the commiseration of friendly words, and of looks kinder yet; and then, seeing that they could do nothing, she and Basil fell into the endless procession, and passed out of the side door. "What a shocking thing!" she whispered. "Did you see how all the people looked, one after another, so indifferently at that couple, and evidently forgot them the next instant? It was dreadful. I shouldn't like to have you sunstruck in New York."

"That's very considerate of you; but place for place, if any accident must happen to me among strangers, I think I should prefer to have it in New York. The biggest place is always the kindest as well as the cruelest place. Amongst the thousands of spectators the good Samaritan as well as the Levite would be sure to be. As for a sunstroke, it requires peculiar gifts. But if you compel me to a choice in the matter, then I say, give me the busiest part of Broadway for a sunstroke. There is such experience of calamity there that you could hardly fall the first victim to any misfortune. Probably the gentleman at the apothecary's was merely exhausted by the heat, and ran in there for revival. The apothecary has a case of the kind on his hands

every blazing afternoon, and knows just what to do. The crowd may be a little *ennuyé* of sunstrokes, and to that degree indifferent; but they most likely know that they can only do harm by an expression of sympathy, and so they delegate their pity as they have delegated their helpfulness, to the proper authority, and go about their business. If a man was overcome in the middle of a village street, the blundering country druggist wouldn't know what to do, and the tender-hearted people would crowd about so that no breath of air could reach the victim."

"Maybe so, dear," said the wife pensively; "but if anything did happen to you in New York, I should like to have the spectators look as if they saw a human being in trouble. Perhaps I'm a little exacting."

"I think you are. Nothing is so hard as to understand that there are human beings in this world besides one's self and one's set. But let us be selfishly thankful that it isn't you and I there in the apothecary's shop, as it might very well be; and let us get to the boat as soon as we can, and end this horrible midsummer-day's dream. We must have a carriage," he added with a tardy wisdom, hailing an empty hack, "as we ought to have had all day; though I'm not sorry, now the worst's over, to have seen the worst."

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE

From 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' Copyright 1889, by W. D. Howells

The tide of his confused and aimless revery had carried him far down-town, he thought; but when he looked up from it to see where he was, he found himself on Sixth Avenue, only a little below Thirty-ninth Street, very hot and blown,—that idiotic fur overcoat was stifling. He could not possibly walk down to Eleventh; he did not want to walk even to the Elevated station at Thirty-fourth; he stopped at the corner to wait for a surface car, and fell again into his bitter fancies. After a while he roused himself and looked up the track, but there was no car coming. He found himself beside a policeman, who was lazily swinging his club by its thong from his wrist.

"When do you suppose a car will be along?" he asked, rather in a general sarcasm of the absence of the cars than in any special belief that the policeman could tell him.

The policeman waited to discharge his tobacco juice into the gutter. "In about a week," he said, nonchalantly.

"What's the matter?" asked Beaton, wondering what the joke could be.

"Strike," said the policeman. His interest in Beaton's ignorance seemed to overcome his contempt of it. "Knocked off everywhere this morning except Third Avenue and one or two cross-town lines." He spat again, and kept his bulk at its incline over the gutter to glance at a group of men on the corner below. They were neatly dressed, and looked like something better than workingmen, and they had a holiday air of being in their best clothes.

"Some of the strikers?" asked Beaton.

The policeman nodded.

"Any trouble yet?"

"There won't be any trouble till we begin to move the cars," said the policeman.

Beaton felt a sudden turn of his rage toward the men whose action would now force him to walk five blocks and mount the stairs of the Elevated station. "If you'd take out eight or ten of those fellows," he said ferociously, "and set them up against a wall and shoot them, you'd save a great deal of bother."

"I guess we shan't have to shoot much," said the policeman, still swinging his locust. "Anyway, we shan't begin it. If it comes to a fight, though," he said, with a look at the men under the scooping rim of his helmet, "we can drive the whole six thousand of 'em into the East River without pullin' a trigger."

"Are there six thousand in it?"

"About."

"What do the infernal fools expect to live on?"

"The interest of their money, I suppose," said the officer, with a grin of satisfaction in his irony. "It's got to run its course. Then they'll come back with their heads tied up and their tails between their legs, and plead to be taken on again."

"If I was a manager of the roads," said Beaton, thinking of how much he was already inconvenienced by the strike, and obscurely connecting it as one of the series with the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of Mrs. Horn and Mrs. Mandel, "I would see them starve before I'd take them back—every one of them."

"Well," said the policeman, impartially, as a man might whom the companies allowed to ride free, but who had made friends

with a good many drivers and conductors in the course of his free riding, "I guess that's what the roads would like to do if they could; but the men are too many for them, and there ain't enough other men to take their places."

"No matter," said Beaton, severely. "They can bring in men from other places."

"Oh, they'll do that fast enough," said the policeman.

A man came out of the saloon on the corner where the strikers were standing, noisy drunk, and they began, as they would have said, to have some fun with him. The policeman left Beaton, and sauntered slowly down toward the group as if in the natural course of an afternoon ramble. On the other side of the street Beaton could see another officer sauntering up from the block below. Looking up and down the avenue, so silent of its horse-car bells, he saw a policeman at every corner. It was rather impressive.

The strike made a good deal of talk in the office of Every Other Week — that is, it made Fulkerson talk a good deal. He congratulated himself that he was not personally incommoded by it, like some of the fellows who lived up-town and had not everything under one roof, as it were. He enjoyed the excitement of it, and he kept the office-boy running out to buy the extras which the newsmen came crying through the street almost every hour with a lamentable, unintelligible noise. He read not only the latest intelligence of the strike, but the editorial comments on it, which praised the firm attitude of both parties, and the admirable measures taken by the police to preserve order. Fulkerson enjoyed the interviews with the police captains and the leaders of the strike; he equally enjoyed the attempts of the reporters to interview the road managers, which were so graphically detailed, and with such a fine feeling for the right use of scare-heads, as to have almost the value of direct expression from them, though it seemed that they had resolutely refused to speak. He said, at second-hand from the papers, that if the men behaved themselves and respected the rights of property, they would have public sympathy with them every time; but just as soon as they began to interfere with the roads' right to manage their own affairs in their own way, they must be put down with an iron hand: the phrase "iron hand" did Fulkerson almost as much

good as if it had never been used before. News began to come of fighting between the police and the strikers when the roads tried to move their cars with men imported from Philadelphia, and then Fulkerson rejoiced at the splendid courage of the police. At the same time he believed what the strikers said, and that the trouble was not made by them, but by gangs of roughs acting without their approval.

In this juncture he was relieved by the arrival of the State Board of Arbitration, which took up its quarters with a great many scare-heads, at one of the principal hotels, and invited the roads and the strikers to lay the matter in dispute before them; he said that now we should see the working of the greatest piece of social machinery in modern times. But it appeared to work only in the alacrity of the strikers to submit their grievance. The roads were as one road in declaring that there was nothing to arbitrate, and that they were merely asserting their right to manage their own affairs in their own way. One of the presidents was reported to have told a member of the Board, who personally summoned him, to get out and to go about his business. Then, to Fulkerson's extreme disappointment, the august tribunal, acting on behalf of the sovereign people in the interest of peace, declared itself powerless and got out, and would no doubt have gone about its business if it had had any. Fulkerson did not know what to say, perhaps because the extras did not; but March laughed at this result.

"It's a good deal like the military manœuvre of the King of France and his forty thousand men. I suppose somebody told him at the top of the hill that there was nothing to arbitrate, and to get out and go about his business, and that was the reason he marched down after he had marched up with all that ceremony. What amuses me is to find that in an affair of this kind the roads have rights and the strikers have rights, but the public has no rights at all. The roads and the strikers are allowed to fight out a private war in our midst,—as thoroughly and precisely a private war as any we despise the Middle Ages for having tolerated, as any street war in Florence or Verona,—and to fight it out at our pains and expense; and we stand by like sheep and wait till they get tired. It's a funny attitude for a city of fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants."

"What would you do?" asked Fulkerson, a good deal daunted by this view of the case.

"Do? Nothing. Hasn't the State Board of Arbitration declared itself powerless? We have no hold upon the strikers; and we're so used to being snubbed and disobliged by common carriers that we have forgotten our hold on the roads, and always allow them to manage their own affairs in their own way, quite as if we had nothing to do with them, and they owed us no services in return for their privileges."

"That's a good deal so," said Fulkerson, disordering his hair. "Well, it's nuts for the Colonel nowadays. He says if he was boss of this town he would seize the roads on behalf of the people, and man 'em with policemen, and run 'em till the managers had come to terms with the strikers; and he'd do that every time there was a strike."

"Doesn't that rather savor of the paternalism he condemned in Lindau?" asked March.

"I don't know. It savors of horse-sense."

"You are pretty far gone, Fulkerson. I thought you were the most engaged man I ever saw; but I guess you're more father-in-lawed. And before you're married too."

"Well, the Colonel's a glorious old fellow, March. I wish he had the power to do that thing, just for the fun of looking on while he waltzed in. He's on the keen jump from morning till night, and he's up late and early to see the row. I'm afraid he'll get shot at some of the fights; he sees them all: *I* can't get any show at them; haven't seen a brickbat shied or a club swung yet. Have you?"

"No: I find I can philosophize the situation about as well from the papers, and that's what I really want to do, I suppose. Besides, I'm solemnly pledged by Mrs. March not to go near any sort of crowd, under penalty of having her bring the children and go with me. Her theory is that we must all die together; the children haven't been at school since the strike began. There's no precaution that Mrs. March hasn't used. She watches me whenever I go out, and sees that I start straight for this office."

Fulkerson laughed, and said, "Well, it's probably the only thing that's saved your life. Have you seen anything of Beaton lately?"

"No. You don't mean to say *he's* killed!"

"Not if he knows it. But I don't know— What do you say, March? What's the reason you couldn't get us up a paper on the strike?"

"I knew it would fetch round to Every Other Week somehow."

"No, but seriously. There'll be plenty of newspaper accounts. But you could treat it in the historical spirit — like something that happened several centuries ago; Defoe's 'Plague of London' style. Heigh? What made me think of it was Beaton. If I could get hold of him, you two could go round together and take down its æsthetic aspects. It's a big thing, March, this strike is. I tell you it's imposing to have a private war, as you say, fought out this way, in the heart of New York, and New York not minding it a bit. See? Might take that view of it. With your descriptions and Beaton's sketches — well, it would be just the greatest card! Come! What do you say?"

"Will you undertake to make it right with Mrs. March if I'm killed, and she and the children are not killed with me?"

"Well, it would be difficult. I wonder how it would do to get Kendricks to do the literary part?"

"I've no doubt he'd jump at the chance. I've yet to see the form of literature that Kendricks wouldn't lay down his life for."

"Say!" March perceived that Fulkerson was about to vent another inspiration, and smiled patiently. "Look here! What's the reason we couldn't get one of the strikers to write it up for us?"

"Might have a symposium of strikers and presidents," March suggested.

"No: I'm in earnest. They say some of those fellows — especially the foreigners — are educated men. I know one fellow, a Bohemian, that used to edit a Bohemian newspaper here. He could write it out in his kind of Dutch, and we could get Lindau to translate it."

"I guess not," said March, dryly.

"Why not? He'd do it for the cause, wouldn't he? Suppose you put it up on him, the next time you see him."

"I don't see Lindau any more," said March. He added, "I guess he's renounced me along with Mr. Dryfoos's money."

"Pshaw! You don't mean he hasn't been round since?"

"He came for a while, but he's left off coming now. — I don't feel particularly gay about it," March said, with some resentment of Fulkerson's grin. "He's left me in debt to him for lessons to the children."

Fulkerson laughed out. «Well, he *is* the greatest old fool! Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' been in earnest with those 'brincibles' of his? But I suppose there have to be just such cranks; it takes all kinds to make a world.»

«There has to be *one* such crank, it seems,» March partially assented. «One's enough for me.»

«I reckon this thing is nuts for Lindau, too,» said Fulkerson. «Why, it must act like a schooner of beer on him all the while, to see 'gabidal' embarrassed like it is by this strike. It must make old Lindau feel like he was back behind those barricades at Berlin. Well, he's a splendid old fellow; pity he drinks, as I remarked once before.»

When March left the office he did not go home so directly as he came, perhaps because Mrs. March's eye was not on him. He was very curious about some aspects of the strike, whose importance as a great social convulsion he felt people did not recognize; and with his temperance in everything, he found its negative expressions as significant as its more violent phases. He had promised his wife solemnly that he would keep away from these, and he had a natural inclination to keep his promise; he had no wish to be that peaceful spectator who always gets shot when there is any firing on a mob. He interested himself in the apparent indifference of the mighty city, which kept on about its business as tranquilly as if the private war being fought out in its midst were a vague rumor of Indian troubles on the frontier; and he realized how there might once have been a street feud of forty years in Florence without interfering materially with the industry and prosperity of the city. On Broadway there was a silence where a jangle and clatter of horse-car bells and hoofs had been, but it was not very noticeable; and on the avenues roofed by the elevated roads this silence of the surface tracks was not noticeable at all, in the roar of the trains overhead. Some of the cross-town cars were beginning to run again, with a policeman on the rear of each; on the Third Avenue line, operated by non-union men, who had not struck, there were two policemen beside the driver of every car, and two beside the conductor, to protect them from the strikers. But there were no strikers in sight, and on Second Avenue they stood quietly about in groups on the corners. While March watched them at a safe distance, a car laden with policemen came down the track, but none of the strikers offered to molest it. In their simple Sunday

best, March thought them very quiet, decent-looking people, and he could well believe that they had nothing to do with the riotous outbreaks in other parts of the city. He could hardly believe that there were any such outbreaks; he began more and more to think them mere newspaper exaggerations, in the absence of any disturbance or the disposition to it that he could see. He walked on to the East River: Avenues A, B, and C presented the same quiet aspect as Second Avenue; groups of men stood on the corners, and now and then a police-laden car was brought unmolested down the tracks before them; they looked at it and talked together, and some laughed, but there was no trouble.

March got a cross-town car, and came back to the west side. A policeman, looking very sleepy and tired, lounged on the platform.

"I suppose you'll be glad when this cruel war is over," March suggested as he got in.

The officer gave him a surly glance and made him no answer.

His behavior, from a man born to the joking give-and-take of our life, impressed March. It gave him a fine sense of the ferocity of the French troops' putting on toward the populace just before the *coup d'état:* he began to feel like populace; but he struggled with himself and regained his character of philosophical observer. In this character he remained in the car, and let it carry him by the corner where he ought to have got out and gone home, and let it keep on with him to one of the furthermost tracks westward, where so much of the fighting was reported to have taken place. But everything on the way was as quiet as on the east side.

Suddenly the car stopped with so quick a turn of the brake that he was half thrown from his seat, and the policeman jumped down from the platform and ran forward.

Dryfoos sat at breakfast that morning, with Mrs. Mandel as usual to pour out his coffee. Conrad had already gone downtown; the two girls lay abed much later than their father breakfasted, and their mother had gradually grown too feeble to come down till lunch. Suddenly Christine appeared at the door. Her face was white to the edges of her lips, and her eyes were blazing.

"Look here, father! Have you been saying anything to Mr. Beaton?"

The old man looked up at her across his coffee-cup through his frowning brows. "No."

Mrs. Mandel dropped her eyes, and the spoon shook in her hand.

"Then what's the reason he don't come here any more?" demanded the girl; and her glance darted from her father to Mrs. Mandel.—"Oh, it's you, is it? I'd like to know who told *you* to meddle in other people's business?"

"*I* did," said Dryfoos savagely. "*I* told her to ask him what he wanted here, and he said he didn't want anything, and he's stopped coming. That's all. I did it myself."

"Oh, you *did*, did you?" said the girl, scarcely less insolently than she had spoken to Mrs. Mandel. "I should like to know what you did it for? I'd like to know what made you think I wasn't able to take care of myself? I just knew somebody had been meddling, but I didn't suppose it was *you*. I can manage my own affairs in my own way, if you please, and I'll thank you after this to leave me to myself in what don't concern you."

"Don't concern me? You impudent jade!" her father began.

Christine advanced from the doorway toward the table; she had her hands closed upon what seemed trinkets, some of which glittered and dangled from them. She said, "Will you go to him and tell him that this meddlesome minx here had no business to say anything about me to him, and you take it all back?"

"No!" shouted the old man. "And if—"

"That's all I want of *you!*" the girl shouted in her turn. "Here are your presents." With both hands she flung the jewels —pins and rings and earrings and bracelets—among the breakfast dishes, from which some of them sprang to the floor. She stood a moment to pull the intaglio ring from the finger where Beaton put it a year ago, and dashed that at her father's plate. Then she whirled out of the room, and they heard her running up-stairs.

The old man made a start toward her, but he fell back in his chair before she was gone, and with a fierce, grinding movement of his jaws controlled himself. "Take—take those things up," he gasped to Mrs. Mandel. He seemed unable to rise again from his chair; but when she asked him if he were unwell, he said no with an air of offense, and got quickly to his feet. He mechanically picked up the intaglio ring from the table while

he stood there, and put it on his little finger; his hand was not much bigger than Christine's. "How do you suppose she found it out?" he asked after a moment.

"She seems to have merely suspected it," said Mrs. Mandel in a tremor, and with the fright in her eyes which Christine's violence had brought there.

"Well, it don't make any difference. She had to know somehow, and now she knows." He started toward the door of the library, as if to go into the hall, where his hat and coat always hung.

"Mr. Dryfoos," palpitated Mrs. Mandel, "I can't remain here, after the language your daughter has used to me — I can't let you leave me — I — I'm afraid of her — "

"Lock yourself up, then," said the old man rudely. He added, from the hall before he went out, "I reckon she'll quiet down now."

He took the Elevated road. The strike seemed a very far-off thing, though the paper he bought to look up the stock market was full of noisy typography about yesterday's troubles on the surface lines. Among the millionaires in Wall Street there was some joking and some swearing, but not much thinking about the six thousand men who had taken such chances in their attempt to better their condition. Dryfoos heard nothing of the strike in the lobby of the Stock Exchange, where he spent two or three hours watching a favorite stock of his go up and go down under the betting. By the time the exchange closed it had risen eight points, and on this and some other investments he was five thousand dollars richer than he had been in the morning. But he had expected to be richer still, and he was by no means satisfied with his luck. All through the excitement of his winning and losing had played the dull, murderous rage he felt toward the child who had defied him, and when the game was over and he started home, his rage mounted into a sort of frenzy: he would teach her, he would break her. He walked a long way without thinking, and then waited for a car. None came, and he hailed a passing coupé.

"What has got all the cars?" he demanded of the driver, who jumped down from his box to open the door for him and get his direction.

"Been away?" asked the driver. "Hasn't been any car along for a week. Strike."

"Oh yes," said Dryfoos. He felt suddenly giddy, and he remained staring at the driver after he had taken his seat.

The man asked, "Where to?"

Dryfoos could not think of his street or number, and he said with uncontrollable fury, "I told you once! Go up to West Eleventh, and drive along slow on the south side; I'll show you the place."

He could not remember the number of Every Other Week office, where he suddenly decided to stop before he went home. He wished to see Fulkerson, and ask him something about Beaton: whether he had been about lately, and whether he had dropped any hint of what had happened concerning Christine; Dryfoos believed that Fulkerson was in the fellow's confidence.

There was nobody but Conrad in the counting-room, whither Dryfoos returned after glancing into Fulkerson's empty office. "Where's Fulkerson?" he asked, sitting down with his hat on.

"He went out a few moments ago," said Conrad, glancing at the clock. "I'm afraid he isn't coming back again to-day, if you wanted to see him."

Dryfoos twisted his head sidewise and upward to indicate March's room. "That other fellow out, too?"

"He went just before Mr. Fulkerson," answered Conrad.

"Do you generally knock off here in the middle of the afternoon?" asked the old man.

"No," said Conrad, as patiently as if his father had not been there a score of times, and found the whole staff of Every Other Week at work between four and five. "Mr. March, you know, takes a good deal of his work home with him, and I suppose Mr. Fulkerson went out so early because there isn't much doing to-day. Perhaps it's the strike that makes it dull."

"The strike — yes! It's a pretty piece of business to have everything thrown out because a parcel of lazy hounds want a chance to lay off and get drunk." Dryfoos seemed to think that Conrad would make some answer to this, but the young man's mild face merely saddened, and he said nothing. "I've got a coupé out there now that I had to take because I couldn't get a car. If I had my way I'd have a lot of those vagabonds hung. They're waiting to get the city into a snarl, and then rob the houses — pack of dirty, worthless whelps. They ought to call out the militia and fire into 'em. Clubbing is too good for them."

Conrad was still silent; and his father sneered, "But I reckon *you* don't think so."

"I think the strike is useless," said Conrad.

"Oh, you *do*, do you? Comin' to your senses a little. Gettin' tired walkin' so much. I should like to know what your gentlemen over there on the east side think about the strike, anyway."

The young fellow dropped his eyes. "I am not authorized to speak for them."

"Oh, indeed! And perhaps you're not authorized to speak for yourself?"

"Father, you know we don't agree about these things. I'd rather not talk —"

"But I'm goin' to *make* you talk this time!" cried Dryfoos, striking the arm of the chair he sat in with the side of his fist. A maddening thought of Christine came over him. "As long as you eat my bread, you have got to do as I say. I won't have my children telling me what I shall do and shan't do, or take on airs of being holier than me. Now you just speak up! Do you think those loafers are right, or don't you? Come!"

Conrad apparently judged it best to speak. "I think they were very foolish to strike — at this time, when the elevated roads can do the work."

"Oh, at this time, heigh! And I suppose they think over there on the east side that it 'd been wise to strike before we got the Elevated?"

Conrad again refused to answer; and his father roared, "What do you think?"

"I think a strike is always bad business. It's war; but sometimes there don't seem any other way for the workingmen to get justice. They say that sometimes strikes do raise the wages, after a while."

"Those lazy devils were paid enough already," shrieked the old man. "They got two dollars a day. How much do you think they ought to 'a' got? Twenty?"

Conrad hesitated, with a beseeching look at his father. But he decided to answer. "The men say that with partial work, and fines, and other things, they get sometimes a dollar, and sometimes ninety cents a day."

"They lie, and you *know* they lie," said his father, rising and coming toward him. "And what do you think the upshot of it

all will be, after they've ruined business for another week, and made people hire hacks, and stolen the money of honest men? How is it going to end?"

"They will have to give in."

"Oh, give in, heigh! And what will you say *then*, I should like to know? How will you feel about it then? Speak!"

"I shall feel as I do now. I know you don't think that way, and I don't blame you — or anybody. But if I have got to say how I shall feel, why, I shall feel sorry they didn't succeed; for I believe they have a righteous cause, though they go the wrong way to help themselves."

His father came close to him, his eyes blazing, his teeth set. "Do you *dare* to say that to me?"

"Yes. I can't help it. I pity them; my whole heart is with those poor men."

"You impudent puppy!" shouted the old man. He lifted his hand and struck his son in the face. Conrad caught his hand with his own left, and while the blood began to trickle from a wound that Christine's intaglio ring had made in his temple, he looked at him with a kind of grieving wonder, and said, "Father!"

The old man wrenched his fist away, and ran out of the house. He remembered his address now, and he gave it as he plunged into the coupé. He trembled with his evil passion, and glared out of the windows at the passers as he drove home; he only saw Conrad's mild, grieving, wondering eyes, and the blood slowly trickling from the wound in his temple.

Conrad went to the neat set bowl in Fulkerson's comfortable room and washed the blood away, and kept bathing the wound with the cold water till it stopped bleeding. The cut was not deep, and he thought he would not put anything on it. After a while he locked up the office, and started out, he hardly knew where. But he walked on, in the direction he had taken, till he found himself in Union Square, on the pavement in front of Brentano's. It seemed to him that he heard some one calling gently to him, "Mr. Dryfoos!"

Conrad looked confusedly around, and the same voice said again, "Mr. Dryfoos!" and he saw that it was a lady speaking to him from a coupé beside the curbing, and then he saw that it was Miss Vance.

She smiled when he gave signs of having discovered her, and came up to the door of her carriage. "I am so glad to meet you. I have been longing to talk to somebody; nobody seems to feel about it as I do. Oh, isn't it horrible? *Must* they fail? I saw cars running on all the lines as I came across; it made me sick at heart. *Must* those brave fellows give in? And everybody seems to hate them so — I can't bear it." Her face was estranged with excitement, and there were traces of tears on it. "You must think me almost crazy to stop you in the street this way; but when I caught sight of you I had to speak. I knew you would sympathize. I knew you would feel as I do. Oh, how can anybody help honoring those poor men for standing by one another as they do? They are risking all they have in the world for the sake of justice! Oh, they are true heroes! They are staking the bread of their wives and children on the chance they've taken! But no one seems to understand it. No one seems to see that they are willing to suffer more now, that other poor men may suffer less hereafter. And those wretched creatures that are coming in to take their places — those traitors!"

"We can't blame them for wanting to earn a living, Miss Vance," said Conrad.

"No, no! I don't blame them. Who am I, to do such a thing? It's *we* — people like me, of my class — who make the poor betray one another. But this dreadful fighting — this hideous paper is full of it!" She held up an extra, crumpled with her nervous reading. "Can't something be done to stop it? Don't you think that if some one went among them, and tried to make them see how perfectly hopeless it was to resist the companies and drive off the new men, he might do some good? I have wanted to go and try it; but I am a woman, and I mustn't! I shouldn't be afraid of the strikers, but I'm afraid of what people would say!" Conrad kept pressing his handkerchief to the cut in his temple, which he thought might be bleeding, and now she noticed this. "Are you hurt, Mr. Dryfoos? You look so pale."

"No, it's nothing — a little scratch I've got."

"Indeed you look pale. Have you a carriage? How will you get home? Will you get in here with me, and let me drive you?"

"No, no," said Conrad, smiling at her excitement. "I'm perfectly well—"

"And you don't think I'm foolish and wicked for stopping you here, and talking in this way? But I know you feel as I do!"

"Yes, I feel as you do. You are right—right in every way. I mustn't keep you. Good-by." He stepped back to bow, but she put her beautiful hand out of the window, and when he took it she wrung his hand hard.

"Thank you, thank you! You are good, and you are just! But no one can do anything. It's useless!"

The type of irreproachable coachman on the box, whose respectability had suffered through the strange behavior of his mistress in this interview, drove quickly off at her signal, and Conrad stood a moment looking after the carriage. His heart was full of joy; it leaped; he thought it would burst. As he turned to walk away, it seemed to him as if he mounted upon the air. The trust she had shown him, the praise she had given him, that crush of the hand—he hoped nothing, he formed no idea from it, but it all filled him with love, and cast out the pain and shame he had been suffering. He believed that he could never be unhappy any more; the hardness that was in his mind toward his father went out of it: he saw how sorely he had tried him; he grieved that he had done it: but the means, the difference of his feeling about the cause of their quarrel,—he was solemnly glad of that since she shared it. He was only sorry for his father. "Poor father!" he said under his breath as he went along. He explained to her about his father in his revery, and she pitied his father too.

He was walking over toward the west side, aimlessly at first, and then at times with the longing to do something to save those mistaken men from themselves, forming itself into a purpose. Was not that what she meant, when she bewailed her woman's helplessness? She must have wished him to try if he, being a man, could not do something: or if she did not, still he would try; and if she heard of it, she would recall what she had said, and would be glad he had understood her so. Thinking of her pleasure in what he was going to do, he forgot almost what it was; but when he came to a street-car track he remembered it,

and looked up and down to see if there were any turbulent gathering of men, whom he might mingle with and help to keep from violence. He saw none anywhere; and then suddenly, as if at the same moment,—for in his exalted mood all events had a dream-like simultaneity,—he stood at the corner of an avenue, and in the middle of it, a little way off, was a street car, and around the car a tumult of shouting, cursing, struggling men. The driver was lashing his horses forward, and a policeman was at their heads, with the conductor, pulling them; stones, clubs, brickbats hailed upon the car, the horses, the men trying to move them. The mob closed upon them in a body; and then a patrol wagon whirled up from the other side, and a squad of policemen leaped out and began to club the rioters. Conrad could see how they struck them under the rims of their hats; the blows on their skulls sounded as if they had fallen on stone; the rioters ran in all directions.

One of the officers rushed up toward the corner where Conrad stood, and then he saw at his side a tall old man with a long white beard. He was calling out at the policeman: "Ah yes! Glup the strikerss—gif it to them! Why don't you co and glup the bresidents that insoalt your lawss, and gick your Boart of Arpidration out of toors? Glup the strikerss—they cot no friendts! They cot no money to pribe you, to dreat you!"

The officer whirled his club, and the old man threw his left arm up to shield his head. Conrad recognized Lindau, and now he saw the empty sleeve dangle in the air, over the stump of his wrist. He heard a shot in that turmoil beside the car, and something seemed to strike him in the breast. He was going to say to the policeman, "Don't strike him! He's an old soldier! You see he has no hand!" but he could not speak, he could not move his tongue. The policeman stood there; he saw his face: it was not bad, not cruel; it was like the face of a statue, fixed, perdurable; a mere image of irresponsible and involuntary authority. Then Conrad fell forward, pierced through the heart by that shot fired from the car.

March heard the shot as he scrambled out of his car, and at the same moment he saw Lindau drop under the club of the policeman, who left him where he fell, and joined the rest of the squad in pursuing the rioters. The fighting round the car in the avenue ceased; the driver whipped his horses into a gallop, and the place was left empty.

March would have liked to run; he thought how his wife had implored him to keep away from the rioting; but he could not have left Lindau lying there if he would. Something stronger than his will drew him to the spot, and there he saw Conrad dead beside the old man.

In the cares which Mrs. March shared with her husband that night she was supported partly by principle, but mainly by the potent excitement which bewildered Conrad's family and took all reality from what had happened. It was nearly midnight when the Marches left them and walked away toward the Elevated station with Fulkerson. Everything had been done by that time that could be done; and Fulkerson was not without that satisfaction in the business-like dispatch of all the details which attends each step in such an affair, and helps to make death tolerable even to the most sorely stricken. We are creatures of the moment; we live from one little space to another, and only one interest at a time fills these. Fulkerson was cheerful when they got into the street, almost gay; and Mrs. March experienced a rebound from her depression which she felt that she ought not to have experienced. But she condoned the offense a little in herself, because her husband remained so constant in his gravity; and pending the final accounting he must make her for having been where he could be of so much use from the first instant of the calamity, she was tenderly, gratefully proud of all the use he had been to Conrad's family, and especially his miserable old father. To her mind March was the principal actor in the whole affair, and much more important in having seen it than those who had suffered in it. In fact, he had suffered incomparably.

"Well, well," said Fulkerson, "they'll get along now. We've done all *we* could, and there's nothing left but for them to bear it. Of course it's awful, but I guess it'll come out all right. I mean," he added, "they'll pull through now."

"I suppose," said March, "that nothing is put on us that we can't bear. But I should think," he went on musingly, "that when God sees what we poor finite creatures *can* bear, hemmed round with this eternal darkness of death, he must respect us."

"Basil!" said his wife. But in her heart she drew nearer to him for the words she thought she ought to rebuke him for.

"Oh, I know," he said, "we school ourselves to despise human nature. But God did not make us despicable; and I say, whatever end he meant us for, he must have some such thrill of joy in our adequacy to fate as a father feels when his son shows himself a man. When I think what we can be if we must, I can't believe the least of us shall finally perish."

"Oh, I reckon the Almighty won't scoop any of us," said Fulkerson, with a piety of his own.

"That poor boy's father!" sighed Mrs. March. "I can't get his face out of my sight. He looked so much worse than death."

"Oh, death doesn't look bad," said March. "It's life that looks so in its presence. Death is peace and pardon. I only wish poor, poor old Lindau was as well out of it as Conrad there."

"Ah, Lindau! He has done harm enough," said Mrs. March. "I hope he will be careful after this."

March did not try to defend Lindau against her theory of the case, which inexorably held him responsible for Conrad's death.

"Lindau's going to come out all right, I guess," said Fulkerson. "He was first-rate when I saw him at the hospital to-night." He whispered in March's ear, at a chance he got in mounting the station stairs: "I didn't like to tell you there at the house, but I guess you'd better know: they had to take Lindau's arm off near the shoulder. Smashed all to pieces by the clubbing."

In the house, vainly rich and foolishly unfit for them, the bereaved family whom the Marches had just left lingered together, and tried to get strength to part for the night. They were all spent with the fatigue that comes from heaven to such misery as theirs, and they sat in a torpor in which each waited for the other to move, to speak.

Christine moved, and Mela spoke. Christine rose and went out of the room without saying a word, and they heard her going up-stairs. Then Mela said, "I reckon the rest of us better be goun' too, father. Here, let's git mother started."

She put her arm round her mother, to lift her from her chair; but the old man did not stir, and Mela called Mrs. Mandel from the next room. Between them they raised her to her feet.

"Ain't there anybody a-goin' to set up with it?" she asked, in her hoarse pipe. "It appears like folks hain't got any feelin's in New York. Woon't some o' the neighbors come and offer to set up, without waitin' to be asked?"

"Oh, that's all right, mother. The men'll attend to that. Don't you bother any," Mela coaxed, and she kept her arm round her mother with tender patience.

"Why, Mely, child! I can't feel right to have it left to hire-lin's, so. But there ain't anybody any more to see things done as they ought. If Coonrod was on'y here—"

"Well, mother, you *are* pretty mixed!" said Mela, with a strong tendency to break into her large guffaw. But she checked herself and said, "I know just how you feel, though. It keeps a-comun' and a-goun'; and it's so and it ain't so, all at once; that's the plague of it. Well, father! Ain't you goun' to come?"

"I'm goin' to stay, Mela," said the old man gently, without moving. "Get your mother to bed, that's a good girl."

"You goin' to set up with him, Jacob?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, 'Liz'beth, I'll set up. You go to bed."

"Well, I will, Jacob. And I believe it'll do you good to set up. I wished I could set up with you; but I don't seem to have the stren'th I did when the twins died. I must git my sleep, so's to— I don't like very well to have you broke of your rest, Jacob, but there don't appear to be anybody else. You wouldn't have to do it if Coonrod was here. There I go ag'in! Mercy! mercy!"

"Well, do come along, then, mother," said Mela; and she got her out of the room, with Mrs. Mandel's help, and up the stairs.

From the top the old woman called down: "You tell Coon-rod—" She stopped, and he heard her groan out, "My Lord! my Lord!"

He sat, one silence, in the dining-room where they had all lingered together; and in the library beyond the hireling watcher sat, another silence. The time passed, but neither moved; and the last noise in the house ceased, so that they heard each other breathe, and the vague, remote rumor of the city invaded the inner stillness. It grew louder toward morning, and then Dry-foos knew from the watcher's deeper breathing that he had fallen into a doze.

He crept by him to the drawing-room, where his son was; the place was full of the awful sweetness of the flowers that Fulkerson had brought, and that lay above the pulseless breast. The old man turned up a burner in the chandelier, and stood looking on the majestic serenity of the dead face.

He could not move when he saw his wife coming down the stairway in the hall. She was in her long white flannel bedgown, and the candle she carried shook with her nervous tremor. He thought she might be walking in her sleep; but she said quite simply, "I woke up, and I couldn't git to sleep ag'in without comin' to have a look." She stood beside their dead son with him. "Well, he's beautiful, Jacob. He was the prettiest baby! And he was always good, Coonrod was; I'll say that for him. I don't believe he ever give me a minute's care in his whole life. I reckon I liked him about the best of all the children; but I don't know as I ever done much to show it. But you was always good to him, Jacob; you always done the best for him, ever since he was a little feller. I used to be afraid you'd spoil him sometimes in them days; but I guess you're glad now for every time you didn't cross him. I don't suppose since the twins died you ever hit him a lick." She stooped and peered closer at the face. "Why, Jacob, what's that there by his pore eye?"

Dryfoos saw it too,—the wound that he had feared to look for, and that now seemed to redden on his sight. He broke into a low wavering cry, like a child's in despair, like an animal's in terror, like a soul's in the anguish of remorse.

ARRIVAL AND FIRST DAYS IN VENICE

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I THINK it does not matter just when I first came to Venice. Yesterday and to-day are the same here. I arrived one winter morning about five o'clock, and was not so full of Soul as I might have been in warmer weather. Yet I was resolved not to go to my hotel in the omnibus (the large, many-seated boat so called), but to have a gondola solely for myself and my luggage. The porter who seized my valise in the station inferred from some very polyglottic Italian of mine the nature of my wish, and ran out and threw that slender piece of luggage into a gondola. I followed, lighted to my seat by a beggar in picturesque and desultory costume. He was one of a class of mendicants whom I came, for my sins, to know better in Venice, and whom I daresay every traveler recollects,—the merciless tribe who hold your

gondola to shore, and affect to do you a service and not a displeasure, and pretend not to be abandoned swindlers. The Venetians call them *gransieri*, or crab-catchers: but as yet I did not know the name or the purpose of this *poverino* at the station, but merely saw that he had the Venetian eye for color; in the distribution and arrangement of his fragments of dress he had produced some miraculous effects of red, and he was altogether as infamous a figure as any friend of brigands would like to meet in a lonely place. He did not offer to stab me and sink my body in the Grand Canal, as in all Venetian keeping I felt that he ought to have done; but he implored an alms, and I hardly know now whether to exult or regret that I did not understand him, and left him empty-handed. I suppose that he withdrew again the blessings which he had advanced me, as we pushed out into the canal; but I heard nothing, for the wonder of the city was already upon me. All my nether spirit, so to speak, was dulled and jaded by the long, cold railway journey from Vienna, while every surface sense was taken and tangled in the bewildering brilliancy and novelty of Venice. For I think there can be nothing else in the world so full of glittering and exquisite surprise as that first glimpse of Venice which the traveler catches as he issues from the railway station by night, and looks upon her peerless strangeness. There is something in the blessed breath of Italy (how quickly, coming south, you know it, and how bland it is after the harsh transalpine air!) which prepares you for your nocturnal advent into the place; and O you! whoever you are, that journey toward this enchanted city for the first time, let me tell you how happy I count you! There lies before you for your pleasure the spectacle of such singular beauty as no picture can ever show you nor book tell you,—beauty which you shall feel perfectly but once, and regret forever.

For my own part, as the gondola slipped away from the blaze and bustle of the station down the gloom and silence of the broad canal, I forgot that I had been freezing two days and nights; that I was at that moment very cold and a little homesick. I could at first feel nothing but that beautiful silence, broken only by the star-silvered dip of the oars. Then on either hand I saw stately palaces rise gray and lofty from the dark waters, holding here and there a lamp against their faces, which brought balconies and columns and carven arches into momentary relief, and threw long streams of crimson into the canal. I

could see by that uncertain glimmer how fair was all, but not how sad and old; and so, unhaunted by any pang for the decay that afterward saddened me amid the forlorn beauty of Venice, I glided on. I have no doubt it was a proper time to think all the fantastic things in the world, and I thought them; but they passed vaguely through my mind, without at all interrupting the sensations of sight and sound. Indeed, the past and present mixed there, and the moral and material were blent in the sentiment of utter novelty and surprise. The quick boat slid through old troubles of mine, and unlooked-for events gave it the impulse that carried it beyond and safely around sharp corners of life. And all the while I knew that this was a progress through narrow and crooked canals, and past marble angles of palaces. But I did not know then that this fine confusion of sense and spirit was the first faint impression of the charm of life in Venice.

Dark funereal barges like my own had flitted by, and the gondoliers had warned each other at every turning with hoarse, lugubrious cries; the lines of balconied palaces had never ended; here and there at their doors larger craft were moored, with dim figures of men moving uncertainly about on them. At last we had passed abruptly out of the Grand Canal into one of the smaller channels, and from comparative light into a darkness only remotely affected by some far-streaming corner lamp. But always the pallid, stately palaces; always the dark heaven with its trembling stars above, and the dark water with its trembling stars below: but now innumerable bridges, and an utter lonesomeness, and ceaseless sudden turns and windings. One could not resist a vague feeling of anxiety, in these strait and solitary passages, which was part of the strange enjoyment of the time, and which was referable to the novelty, the hush, the darkness, and the piratical appearance and unaccountable pauses of the gondoliers. Was not this Venice, and is not Venice forever associated with bravoes and unexpected dagger-thrusts? That valise of mine might represent fabulous wealth to the uncultivated imagination. Who, if I made an outcry, could understand the Facts of the Situation (as we say in the journals)? To move on was relief; to pause was regret for past transgressions mingled with good resolutions for the future. But I felt the liveliest mixture of all these emotions when, slipping from the cover of a bridge, the gondola suddenly rested at the foot of a stairway before a

closely barred door. The gondoliers rang and rang again, while their passenger

"Divided the swift mind,"

in the wonder whether a door so grimly bolted and austerely barred could possibly open into a hotel, with cheerful overcharges for candles and service. But as soon as the door opened, and he beheld the honest swindling countenance of a hotel *portier*, he felt secure against everything but imposture; and all wild absurdities of doubt and conjecture at once faded from his thought when the *portier* suffered the gondoliers to make him pay a florin too much.

So I had arrived in Venice, and I had felt the influence of that complex spell which she lays upon the stranger. I had caught the most alluring glimpses of the beauty which cannot wholly perish while any fragment of her sculptured walls nods to its shadow in the canal; I had been penetrated by a deep sense of the mystery of the place, and I had been touched already by the anomaly of modern life amid scenes where its presence offers, according to the humor in which it is studied, constant occasion for annoyance or delight, enthusiasm or sadness.

I fancy that the ignorant impressions of the earlier days after my arrival need scarcely be set down even in this perishable record; but I would not wholly forget how, though isolated from all acquaintance and alien to the place, I yet felt curiously at home in Venice from the first. I believe it was because I had after my own fashion loved the beautiful, that I here found the beautiful, where it is supreme, full of society and friendship, speaking a language which even in its unfamiliar forms I could partly understand, and at once making me citizen of that Venice from which I shall never be exiled. It was not in the presence of the great and famous monuments of art alone that I felt at home: indeed, I could as yet understand their excellence and grandeur only very imperfectly; but wherever I wandered through the quaint and marvelous city I found the good company of

"The fair, the old;"

and to tell the truth, I think it is the best society in Venice, and I learned to turn to it later from other companionship with a kind of relief.

My first rambles, moreover, had a peculiar charm which knowledge of locality has since taken away. They began commonly

with some purpose or destination, and ended by losing me in the intricacies of the narrowest, crookedest, and most inconsequent little streets in the world, or left me cast away upon the unfamiliar waters of some canal as far as possible from the point aimed at. Dark and secret little courts lay in wait for my blundering steps, and I was incessantly surprised and brought to surrender by paths that beguiled me up to dead walls or the sudden brinks of canals. The wide and open squares before the innumerable churches of the city were equally victorious, and continually took me prisoner. But all places had something rare and worthy to be seen: if not loveliness of sculpture or architecture, at least interesting squalor and picturesque wretchedness; and I believe I had less delight in proper Objects of Interest than in the dirty neighborhoods that reeked with unwholesome winter damps below, and peered curiously out with frowzy heads and beautiful eyes from the high, heavy-shuttered casements above. Every court had its carven well to show me, in the noisy keeping of the water-carriers and the slatternly, statuesque gossips of the place. The remote and noisome canals were pathetic with empty old palaces peopled by herds of poor, that decorated the sculptured balconies with the tatters of epicene linen, and patched the lofty windows with obsolete hats.

I found the night as full of beauty as the day, when caprice led me from the brilliancy of St. Mark's and the glittering streets of shops that branch away from the Piazza, and lost me in the quaint recesses of the courts, or the tangles of the distant alleys, where the dull little oil lamps vied with the tapers burning before the street-corner shrines of the Virgin in making the way obscure, and deepening the shadows about the doorways and under the frequent arches. I remember distinctly among the beautiful nights of that time, the soft night of late winter which first showed me the scene you may behold from the Public Gardens at the end of the long concave line of the Riva degli Schiavoni. Lounging there upon the southern parapet of the Gardens, I turned from the dim bell-towers of the evanescent islands in the east (a solitary gondola gliding across the calm of the water, and striking its moonlight silver into multitudinous ripples), and glanced athwart the vague shipping in the basin of St. Mark, and saw all the lights from the Piazzetta to the Giudecca, making a crescent of flame in the air, and casting deep into the water under them a crimson glory that sank also down and down

in my own heart, and illumined all its memories of beauty and delight. Behind these lamps rose the shadowy masses of church and palace; the moon stood bright and full in the heavens; the gondola drifted away to the northward; the islands of the lagoons seemed to rise and sink with the light palpitations of the waves like pictures on the undulating fields of banners; the stark rigging of a ship showed black against the sky; the Lido sank from sight upon the east, as if the shore had composed itself to sleep by the side of its beloved sea to the music of the surge that gently beat its sands; the yet leafless boughs of the trees above me stirred themselves together, and out of one of those trembling towers in the lagoons one rich full sob burst from the heart of a bell, too deeply stricken with the glory of the scene, and suffused the languid night with the murmur of luxurious, ineffable sadness.

But there is a perfect democracy in the realm of the beautiful, and whatsoever pleases is equal to any other thing there, no matter how low its origin or humble its composition; and the magnificence of that moonlight scene gave me no deeper joy than I won from the fine spectacle of an old man whom I saw burning coffee one night in the little court behind my lodgings, and whom I recollect now as one of the most interesting people I saw in my first days at Venice. All day long the air of that neighborhood had reeked with the odors of the fragrant berry, and all day long this patient old man — sage, let me call him — had turned the sheet-iron cylinder in which it was roasting over an open fire, after the picturesque fashion of roasting coffee in Venice. Now that the night had fallen, and the stars shone down upon him, and the red of the flame luridly illumined him, he showed more grand and venerable than ever. Simple, abstract humanity has its own grandeur in Italy; and it is not hard here for the artist to find the primitive types with which genius loves best to deal. As for this old man, he had the beard of a saint and the dignity of a senator, harmonized with the squalor of a beggar, superior to which shone his abstract, unconscious grandeur of humanity. A vast and calm melancholy, which had nothing to do with burning coffee, dwelt in his aspect and attitude; and if he had been some dread supernatural agency, turning the wheel of fortune, and doing men instead of coffee brown, he could not have looked more sadly and weirdly impressive. When presently he rose from his seat and lifted the cylinder from its place, and

the clinging flames leaped after it, and he shook it, and a volume of luminous smoke enveloped him and glorified him,—then I felt with secret anguish that he was beyond art, and turned sadly from the spectacle of that sublime and hopeless magnificence.

At other times (but this was in broad daylight) I was troubled by the æsthetic perfection of a certain ruffian boy, who sold cakes of baked Indian meal to the soldiers in the military station near the Piazza, and whom I often noted from the windows of the little caffè there, where you get an excellent *caffè bianco* (coffee with milk) for ten soldi and one to the waiter. I have reason to fear that this boy dealt over-shrewdly with the Austrians, for a pitiless war raged between him and one of the sergeants. His hair was dark, his cheek was of a bronze better than olive; and he wore a brave cap of red flannel, drawn down to eyes of lustrous black. For the rest, he gave unity and coherence to a jacket and pantaloons of heterogeneous elements, and, such was the elasticity of his spirit, a buoyant grace to feet incased in wooden shoes. Habitually came a barrel-organist and ground before the barracks, and

> "Took the soul
> Of that waste place with joy";

and ever, when this organist came to a certain lively waltz, and threw his whole soul as it were into the crank of his instrument, my beloved ragamuffin failed not to seize another cake-boy in his arms, and thus embraced, to whirl through a wild inspiration of figures, in which there was something grotesquely rhythmic, something of indescribable barbaric magnificence, spiritualized into a grace of movement superior to the energy of the North and the extravagant fervor of the East. It was coffee and not wine that I drank; but I fable all the same that I saw reflected in this superb and artistic superation of the difficulties of dancing in that unfriendly foot-gear, something of the same genius that combated and vanquished the elements, to build its home upon sea-washed sands in marble structures of airy and stately splendor, and gave to architecture new glories full of eternal surprise.

So, I say, I grew early into sympathy and friendship with Venice; and being newly from a land where everything, morally and materially, was in good repair, I rioted sentimentally on the picturesque ruin, the pleasant discomfort and hopelessness of

everything about me here. It was not yet the season to behold all the delight of the lazy outdoor life of the place; but nevertheless I could not help seeing that great part of the people, both rich and poor, seemed to have nothing to do, and that nobody seemed to be driven by any inward or outward impulse. When however I ceased (as I must in time) to be merely a spectator of this idleness, and learned that I too must assume my share of the common indolence, I found it a grievous burden. Old habits of work, old habits of hope, made my endless leisure irksome to me, and almost intolerable when I ascertained, fairly and finally, that in my desire to fulfill long-cherished but after all merely general designs of literary study, I had forsaken wholesome struggle in the currents where I felt the motion of the age, only to drift into a lifeless eddy of the world, remote from incentive and sensation.

For such is Venice; and the will must be strong and the faith indomitable in him who can long retain, amid the influences of her stagnant quiet, a practical belief in God's purpose of a great moving, anxious, toiling, aspiring world outside. When you have yielded, as after a while I yielded, to these influences, a gentle incredulity possesses you; and if you consent that such a thing is as earnest and useful life, you cannot help wondering why it need be. The charm of the place sweetens your temper, but corrupts you; and I found it a sad condition of my perception of the beauty of Venice and friendship with it, that I came in some unconscious way to regard her fate as my own; and when I began to write the sketches which go to form this book, it was as hard to speak of any ugliness in her, or of the doom written against her in the hieroglyphic seams and fissures of her crumbling masonry, as if the fault and penalty were mine. I do not so greatly blame, therefore, the writers who have committed so many sins of omission concerning her, and made her all light, color, canals, and palaces. One's conscience, more or less uncomfortably vigilant elsewhere, drowses here, and it is difficult to remember that fact is more virtuous than fiction. In other years, when there was life in the city, and this sad ebb of prosperity was full tide in her canals, there might have been some incentive to keep one's thoughts and words from lapsing into habits of luxurious dishonesty, some reason for telling the whole hard truth of things, some policy to serve, some end to gain. But now, what matter?

THOMAS HUGHES

(1823–1896)

THE early life of Thomas Hughes was that of the typical English school lad; and luckily he had the genius to express in literature the daily incidents of that life, with a freshness of sympathy, a vigorous manliness, and a moral insight that make his stories a revelation of boy nature. He was the son of the vicar of Uffington in Berkshire, where he was born in 1823; and in this first home he learned to love the English country, and to understand village and rustic nature. At seven he was sent away to school, and was only ten when he went to Rugby. He has disclaimed identity with his hero, but 'Tom Brown' is certainly a product of his personal impressions; and to his stay at Rugby we owe the vivid presentation of Dr. Arnold's noble figure, and the loving portrayal of his influence in the great public school. From Rugby Thomas Hughes went to Oxford, and later he studied law at Lincoln's Inn. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1848, and began practice at once.

THOMAS HUGHES

Throughout his long public career, as advanced Liberal in Parliament, as founder with Frederick Maurice of the Christian Socialists, as creator of Rugby, a socialistic community in the mountains of Tennessee, he tried most earnestly to exercise a helpful influence upon English working-people. To him right living, which he sought to inculcate, was the object of life; and the stimulus most needed, an appeal to moral courage.

He was a man of strong convictions on one side or the other of a question. At the outbreak of our Civil War, his bold advocacy of the abolition of slavery riveted a lasting friendship with James Russell Lowell.

In his early manhood Thomas Hughes essayed journalism. He wrote many sketches for the London Spectator,—chiefly accounts of traveling experiences,—and he thus defrayed the cost of many little Continental jaunts. These sketches served as his apprenticeship in

writing, and long afterward they were collected in book form with the title 'Vacation Rambles.' But authorship was a secondary interest until it occurred to him to write a story for his sons and nephews; and 'Tom Brown's School Days,' first appearing in 1857, made him famous. Two years later 'The Scouring of the White Horse,' a spirited account of a vacation trip, had a respectful although less cordial reception. The great success of the first story led Mr. Hughes to continue his hero's career with 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' which was first published as a serial in Macmillan's Magazine. This second volume, which is much the longer, although often fine and spirited sometimes waxes prolix, and has never been so popular as the earlier story.

Judge Hughes's other writings include several memoirs and biographies, notably the 'Memoir of a Brother,' and that of Kingsley; books of religious import, like 'The Manliness of Christ'; a sketch of 'Rugby, Tennessee,' and various miscellanies. But the bulk of his literary work sinks into insignificance when set beside the peerless boy's-book which brought him fame.

"I hate the idea of being presented in any guise to any public," he once wrote. His best work was not written for fame, but in the earnest desire to offer helpful advice as strongly and straightforwardly as possible. That his purpose was avowedly didactic did not lessen his popularity; for the preaching is so wise and kindly that, as he himself desired, it seemed to come from a big boy's impulse to help the less experienced.

THE BOAT RACE

From 'Tom Brown at Oxford'

SATURDAY night came, and brought with it a most useful though unpalatable lesson to the St.-Ambrosians. The Oriel boat was manned chiefly by old oars, seasoned in many a race, and not liable to panic when hard pressed. They had a fair though not a first-rate stroke, and a good coxswain: experts remarked that they were rather too heavy for their boat, and that she dipped a little when they put on anything like a severe spurt; but on the whole they were by no means the sort of crew you could just run into hand over hand. So Miller and Diogenes preached, and so the Ambrosians found out to their cost.

They had the pace of the other boat, and gained as usual a boat's-length before the Gut: but first those two fatal corners were passed, and then other well-remembered spots where former

bumps had been made, and still Miller made no sign; on the contrary, he looked gloomy and savage. The St.-Ambrosian shouts from the shore, too, changed from the usual exultant peals into something like a quiver of consternation, while the air was rent with the name and laudations of "Little Oriel."

Long before the Cherwell, Drysdale was completely baked (he had played truant the day before and dined at the Weirs, where he had imbibed much dubious hock), but he from old habit managed to keep time. Tom and the other young oars got flurried, and quickened; the boat dragged, there was no life left in her; and though they managed just to hold their first advantage, could not put her a foot nearer the stern of the Oriel boat, which glided past the winning-post a clear boat's-length ahead of her pursuers, and with a crew much less distressed.

Such races must tell on strokes; and even Jervis, who had pulled magnificently throughout, was very much done at the close, and leaned over his oar with a swimming in his head and an approach to faintness, and was scarcely able to see for a minute or so. Miller's indignation knew no bounds, but he bottled it up till he had manœuvred the crew into their dressing-room by themselves, Jervis having stopped below. Then he let out, and did not spare them. "They would kill their captain, whose little finger was worth the whole of them; they were disgracing the college; three or four of them had neither heart nor head nor pluck."

They all felt that this was unjust; for after all, had they not brought the boat up to the second place? Poor Diogenes sat in a corner and groaned; he forgot to prefix "old fellow" to the few observations he made. Blake had great difficulty in adjusting his necktie before the glass; he merely remarked in a pause of the objurgation, "In faith, coxswain, these be very bitter words."

Tom and most of the others were too much out of heart to resist; but at last Drysdale fired up:—

"You've no right to be so savage, that I can see," he said, stopping the low whistle suddenly in which he was indulging, as he sat on the corner of the table. "You seem to think No. 2 the weakest out of several weak places in the boat."

"Yes, I do," said Miller.

"Then this honorable member," said Drysdale, getting off the table, "seeing that his humble efforts are unappreciated, thinks it

best for the public service to place his resignation in the hands of your Coxswainship."

"Which my Coxswainship is graciously pleased to accept," replied Miller.

"Hurrah for a roomy punt and a soft cushion next racing night! It's almost worth while to have been rowing all this time, to realize the sensations I shall feel when I see you fellows passing the Cherwell on Tuesday."

"*Suave est*, it's what I'm partial to, *mari magno*, in the last reach, *a terra*, from the towing-path, *alterius magnum spectare laborem*, to witness the tortures of you wretched beggars in the boat. I'm obliged to translate for Drysdale, who never learned Latin," said Blake, finishing his tie and turning to the company. There was an awkward silence. Miller was chafing inwardly, and running over in his mind what was to be done; and nobody else seemed quite to know what ought to happen next, when the door opened and Jervis came in.

"Congratulate me, my captain," said Drysdale: "I'm well out of it at last."

Jervis pished and pshawed a little at hearing what had happened, but his presence acted like oil on the waters. The moment that the resignation was named, Tom's thoughts had turned to Hardy. Now was the time: he had such confidence in the man, that the idea of getting him in for the next race entirely changed the aspect of affairs to him, and made him feel as "bumptious" again as he had done in the morning. So with this idea in his head, he hung about till the captain had made his toilet, and joined himself to him and Miller as they walked up.

"Well, what are we to do now?" said the captain.

"That's just what you have to settle," said Miller: "you have been up all the term, and know the men's pulling better than I."

"I suppose we must press somebody from the torpid. Let me see, there's Burton."

"He rolls like a porpoise," interrupted Miller positively: "impossible."

"Stewart might do, then."

"Never kept time for three strokes in his life," said Miller.

"Well, there are no better men," said the captain.

"Then we may lay our account to stopping where we are, if we don't even lose a place," said Miller.

"Dust unto dust; what must be, must;
If you can't get crumb, you'd best eat crust,"

said the captain.

"It's all very well talking coolly now," said Miller; "but you'll kill yourself trying to bump, and there are three more nights."

"Hardy would row if you asked him, I'm sure," said Tom.

The captain looked at Miller, who shook his head. "I don't think it," he said: "I take him to be a shy bird that won't come to everybody's whistle. We might have had him two years ago, I believe — I wish we had."

"I always told you so," said Jervis; "at any rate, let's try him. He can but say no, and I don't think he will; for you see he has been at the starting-place every night, and as keen as a freshman all the time."

"I'm sure he won't," said Tom: "I know he would give anything to pull."

"You had better go to his rooms and sound him," said the captain; "Miller and I will follow in half an hour." We have already heard how Tom's mission prospered.

The next day, at a few minutes before two o'clock, the St. Ambrose crew, including Hardy, with Miller (who was a desperate and indefatigable pedestrian) for leader, crossed Magdalen Bridge. At five they returned to college, having done a little over fifteen miles, fair heel-and-toe walking, in the interval. The afternoon had been very hot, and Miller chuckled to the captain, "I don't think there will be much trash left in any of them after that. That fellow Hardy is as fine as a race-horse; and did you see, he never turned a hair all the way."

The crew dispersed to their rooms, delighted with the performance now that it was over, and feeling that they were much the better for it, though they all declared it had been harder work than any race they had yet pulled. It would have done a trainer's heart good to have seen them, some twenty minutes afterward, dropping into hall (where they were allowed to dine on Sundays, on the joint), fresh from cold baths, and looking ruddy and clear, and hard enough for anything.

Again on Monday, not a chance was lost. The St. Ambrose boat started soon after one o'clock for Abingdon. They swung steadily down the whole way, and back again to Sandford without a single spurt; Miller generally standing in the stern, and preaching above all things steadiness and time. From Sandford up

they were accompanied by half a dozen men or so, who ran up the bank watching them. The struggle for the first place on the river was creating great excitement in the rowing world; and these were some of the most keen connoisseurs, who, having heard that St. Ambrose had changed a man, were on the lookout to satisfy themselves as to how it would work. The general opinion was veering round in favor of Oriel: changes so late in the races, and at such a critical moment, were looked upon as very damaging.

Foremost among the runners on the bank was a wiry dark man, with sanguine complexion, who went with a peculiar long low stride, keeping his keen eye well on the boat. Just above Kennington Island, Jervis, noticing this particular spectator for the first time, called on the crew, and quickening his stroke, took them up the reach at racing pace. As they lay in Iffley Lock the dark man appeared above them, and exchanged a few words and a good deal of dumb show with the captain and Miller, and then disappeared.

From Iffley up they went steadily again. On the whole, Miller seemed to be in very good spirits in the dressing-room: he thought the boat trimmed better and went better than she had ever done before, and complimented Blake particularly for the ease with which he had changed sides. They all went up in high spirits, calling on their way at "The Choughs" for one glass of old ale round, which Miller was graciously pleased to allow. Tom never remembered till after they were out again that Hardy had never been there before, and felt embarrassed for a moment; but it soon passed off. A moderate dinner and early to bed finished the day; and Miller was justified in his parting remark to the captain: "Well, if we don't win we can comfort ourselves that we haven't dropped a stitch this last two days, at any rate."

Then the eventful day arose which Tom and many another man felt was to make or mar St. Ambrose. It was a glorious early summer day, without a cloud, scarcely a breath of air stirring. "We shall have a fair start, at any rate," was the general feeling. We have already seen what a throat-drying, nervous business the morning and afternoon of a race day is, and must not go over the same ground more than we can help; so we will imagine the St. Ambrose boat down at the starting-place, lying close to the towing-path, just before the first gun.

There is a much greater crowd than usual opposite the two first boats. By this time most of the other boats have found their places, for there is not much chance of anything very exciting down below; so, besides the men of Oriel and St. Ambrose (who muster to-night of all sorts, the fastest of the fast and slowest of the slow having been by this time shamed into something like enthusiasm), many of other colleges, whose boats have no chance of bumping or being bumped, flock to the point of attraction.

"Do you make out what the change is?" says a backer of Oriel to his friend in the like predicament.

"Yes: they've got a new No. 5, don't you see? and by George, I don't like his looks," answered his friend: "awfully long and strong in the arm, and well ribbed up. A devilish awkward customer. I shall go and try to get a hedge."

"Pooh!" says the other, "did you ever know one man win a race?"

"Ay, that I have," says his friend, and walks off toward the Oriel crowd to take five to four on Oriel in half-sovereigns, if he can get it.

Now their dark friend of yesterday comes up at a trot, and pulls up close to the captain, with whom he is evidently dear friends. He is worth looking at, being coxswain of the O. U. B.; the best steerer, runner, and swimmer in Oxford; amphibious himself, and sprung from an amphibious race. His own boat is in no danger, so he has left her to take care of herself. He is on the lookout for recruits for the University crew, and no recruiting sergeant has a sharper eye for the sort of stuff he requires.

"What's his name?" he says in a low tone to Jervis, giving a jerk with his head toward Hardy. "Where did you get him?"

"Hardy," answers the captain in the same tone; "it's his first night in the boat."

"I know that," replies the coxswain: "I never saw him row before yesterday. He's the fellow who sculls in that brown skiff, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I think he'll do; keep your eye on him."

The coxswain nods as if he were pretty much of the same mind, and examines Hardy with the eye of a connoisseur, pretty much as the judge at an agricultural show looks at the prize

bull. Hardy is tightening the strap of his stretcher, and all unconscious of the compliments which are being paid him. The great authority seems satisfied with his inspection, grins, rubs his hands, and trots off to the Oriel boat to make comparisons.

Just as the first gun is heard, Grey sidles nervously to the front of the crowd as if he were doing something very audacious, and draws Hardy's attention, exchanging sympathizing nods with him, but saying nothing,—for he knows not what to say,—and then disappearing again in the crowd.

"Hollo, Drysdale, is that you?" says Blake, as they push off from the shore. "I thought you were going to take it easy in a punt."

"So I thought," said Drysdale; "but I couldn't keep away, and here I am. I shall run up; and mind, if I see you within ten feet, and cocksure to win, I'll give a view halloo. I'll be bound you shall hear it."

"May it come speedily," said Blake, and then settled himself in his seat.

"Eyes in the boat—mind now, steady all; watch the stroke and don't quicken."

These are Miller's last words; every faculty of himself and the crew being now devoted to getting a good start. This is no difficult matter, as the water is like glass, and the boat lies lightly on it, obeying the slightest dip of the oars of bow and two, who just feel the water twice or thrice in the last minute. Then, after a few moments of breathless hush on the bank, the last gun is fired and they are off.

The same scene of mad excitement ensues, only tenfold more intense, as almost the whole interest of the races is to-night concentrated on the two head boats and their fate. At every gate there is a jam, and the weaker vessels are shoved into the ditches, upset, and left unnoticed. The most active men, including the O. U. B. coxswain, shun the gates altogether and take the big ditches in their stride, making for the long bridges, that they may get quietly over these and be safe for the best part of the race. They know that the critical point of the struggle will be near the finish.

Both boats make a beautiful start; and again, as before in the first dash, the St. Ambrose pace tells, and they gain their boat's-length before first winds fail: then they settle down for a long, steady effort. Both crews are rowing comparatively steady,

reserving themselves for the tug of war up above. Thus they pass the Gut, and so those two treacherous corners, the scene of countless bumps, into the wider water beyond, up under the willows.

Miller's face is decidedly hopeful; he shows no sign, indeed, but you can see that he is not the same man as he was at this place in the last race. He feels that to-day the boat is full of life, and that he can call on his crew with hopes of an answer. His well-trained eye also detects that while both crews are at full stretch, his own, instead of losing as it did on the last night, is now gaining inch by inch on Oriel. The gain is scarcely perceptible to him even; from the bank it is quite imperceptible: but there it is; he is surer and surer of it, as one after another the willows are left behind.

And now comes the pinch. The Oriel captain is beginning to be conscious of the fact which has been dawning on Miller, but will not acknowledge it to himself; and as his coxswain turns the boat's head gently across the stream, and makes for the Berkshire side and the goal, now full in view, he smiles grimly as he quickens his stroke,—he will shake off these light-heeled gentry yet, as he did before.

Miller sees the move in a moment and signals his captain, and the next stroke St. Ambrose has quickened also; and now there is no mistake about it,—St. Ambrose is creeping up slowly but surely. The boat's-length lessens to forty feet, thirty feet; surely and steadily lessens. But the race is not lost yet; thirty feet is a short space enough to look at on the water, but a good bit to pick up foot by foot in the last two hundred yards of a desperate struggle. They are over under the Berkshire side now, and there stands up the winning-post, close ahead, all but won. The distance lessens and lessens still, but the Oriel crew stick steadily and gallantly to their work, and will fight every inch of distance to the last. The Orielites on the bank, who are rushing along, sometimes in the water, sometimes out, hoarse, furious, madly alternating between hope and despair, have no reason to be ashamed of a man in the crew. Off the mouth of the Cherwell there is still twenty feet between them. Another minute, and it will be over one way or another. Every man in both crews is now doing his best, and no mistake: tell me which boat holds the most men who can do better than their best at a pinch, who will risk a broken blood-vessel, and I will tell you

how it will end. "Hard pounding, gentlemen: let's see who will pound longest," the Duke is reported to have said at Waterloo, and won. "Now, Tummy, lad, 'tis thou or I," Big Ben said as he came up to the last round of his hardest fight, and won. Is there a man of that temper in either crew to-night? If so, now's his time. For both coxswains have called on their men for the last effort; Miller is whirling the tassel of his right-hand tiller rope round his head, like a wiry little lunatic; from the towing-path, from Christ Church meadow, from the rows of punts, from the clustered tops of the barges, comes a roar of encouragement and applause, and the band, unable to resist the impulse, breaks with a crash into the 'Jolly Young Waterman,' playing two bars to the second. A bump in the Gut is nothing—a few partisans on the towing-path to cheer you, already out of breath; but up here at the very finish, with all Oxford looking on, when the prize is the headship of the river—once in a generation only do men get such a chance.

Who ever saw Jervis not up to his work? The St. Ambrose stroke is glorious. Tom had an atom of go still left in the very back of his head, and at this moment he heard Drysdale's view halloo above all the din: it seemed to give him a lift, and other men besides in the boat, for in another six strokes the gap is lessened and St. Ambrose has crept up to ten feet, and now to five, from the stern of Oriel. Weeks afterward Hardy confided to Tom that when he heard that view halloo he seemed to feel the muscles of his arms and legs turn into steel, and did more work in the last twenty strokes than in any other forty in the earlier part of the race.

Another fifty yards and Oriel is safe; but the look on the captain's face is so ominous that their coxswain glances over his shoulder. The bow of St. Ambrose is within two feet of their rudder. It is a moment for desperate expedients. He pulls his left tiller rope suddenly, thereby carrying the stern of his own boat out of the line of the St. Ambrose, and calls on his crew once more: they respond gallantly yet, but the rudder is against them for a moment, and the boat drags. St. Ambrose overlaps. "A bump, a bump!" shout the St.-Ambrosians on shore. "Row on, row on!" screams Miller. He has not yet felt the electric shock, and knows he will miss his bump if the young ones slacken for a moment. A young coxswain would have gone on making shots at the stern of the Oriel boat, and so have lost.

A bump now and no mistake: the bow of the St. Ambrose boat jams the oar of the Oriel stroke, and the two boats pass the winning-post with the way that was on them when the bump was made. So near a shave was it.

To describe the scene on the bank is beyond me. It was a hurly-burly of delirious joy, in the midst of which took place a terrific combat between Jack and the Oriel dog,—a noble black bull terrier belonging to the college in general, and no one in particular,—who always attended the races and felt the misfortune keenly. Luckily, they were parted without worse things happening; for though the Oriel men were savage, and not disinclined for a jostle, the milk of human kindness was too strong for the moment in their adversaries, and they extricated themselves from the crowd, carrying off Crib, their dog, and looking straight before them into vacancy.

"Well rowed, boys," says Jervis, turning round to his crew, as they lay panting on their oars.

"Well rowed, five," says Miller, who, even in the hour of such a triumph, is not inclined to be general in laudation.

"Well rowed, five," is echoed from the bank: it is that cunning man, the recruiting sergeant. "*Fatally* well rowed," he adds to a comrade, with whom he gets into one of the punts to cross to Christ Church meadow: "we must have him in the University crew."

"I don't think you'll get him to row, from what I hear," answers the other.

"Then he must be handcuffed and carried into the boat by force," says the coxswain O. U. B.: "why is not the press gang an institution in this university?"

THE FIGHT BETWEEN TOM BROWN AND WILLIAMS

From 'Tom Brown's School Days'

Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves for him.

"Now, old boy, don't you open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit,—we'll do all that: you keep all your breath and strength for the Slogger."

Martin meanwhile folded the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails; and now Tom, with East to handle him and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf and is ready for all that may come; and here is the Slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance. Williams is nearly two inches taller and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders; "peels well," as the little knot of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs, say,—who stand outside the ring of little boys, looking complacently on but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means: no spring from the loins, and feeblish, not to say shipwrecky, about the knees. Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over; straight, hard, and springy from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye and fresh bright look of his skin that he is in tiptop training, able to do all he knows; while the Slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and eat too much tuck. The time-keeper is chosen, a large ring made, and the two stand up opposite each other for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

"If Tom'll only condescend to fight with his head and heels," as East mutters to Martin, "we shall do."

But seemingly he won't, for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all, is the word: the two stand to each other like men; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to finish the whole thing out of hand.

"Can't last at this rate," say the knowing ones, while the partisans of each make the air ring with their shouts and countershouts of encouragement, approval, and defiance.

"Take it easy, take it easy—keep away, let him come after you," implores East, as he wipes Tom's face after the first round, with wet sponge; while he sits back on Martin's knee, supported by the Madman's long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

"Time's up!" calls the time-keeper.

"There he goes again, hang it all!" growls East, as his man is at it again as hard as ever.

A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out-and-out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the Slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of Slogger's house, and the schoolhouse are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

"Two to one in half-crowns on the big 'un," says Rattle, one of the amateurs, a tall fellow, in thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, and puffy, good-natured face.

"Done!" says Groove, another amateur of quieter look, taking out his note-book to enter it — for our friend Rattle sometimes forgets these little things.

Meantime East is freshening up Tom with the sponges for next round, and has set two other boys to rub his hands.

"Tom, old boy," whispers he, "this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the island ditch. Feint him — use your legs! — draw him about! he'll lose his wind then in no time, and you can go into him. Hit at his body, too; we'll take care of his frontispiece by-and-by."

Tom felt the wisdom of the counsel, and saw already that he couldn't go in and finish the Slogger off at mere hammer-and-tongs, so changed his tactics completely in the third round. He now fights cautious, getting away from and parrying the Slogger's lunging hits, instead of trying to counter, and leading his enemy a dance all round the ring after him.

"He's funking: go in, Williams!" "Catch him up!" "Finish him off!" scream the small boys of the Slogger party.

"Just what we want," thinks East, chuckling to himself, as he sees Williams, excited by these shouts, and thinking the game in his own hands, blowing himself in his exertions to get to close quarters again, while Tom is keeping away with perfect ease.

They quarter over the ground again and again, Tom always on the defensive.

The Slogger pulls up at last for a moment, fairly blown.

"Now then, Tom," sings out East, dancing with delight.

Tom goes in in a twinkling, and hits two heavy body blows, and gets away again before the Slogger can catch his wind; which when he does he rushes with blind fury at Tom, and being skillfully parried and avoided, overreaches himself and falls on his face, amid terrific cheers from the schoolhouse boys.

"Double your two to one?" says Groove to Rattle, note-book in hand.

"Stop a bit," says that hero, looking uncomfortably at Williams, who is puffing away on his second's knee, winded enough, but little the worse in any other way.

After another round the Slogger too seems to see that he can't go in and win right off, and has met his match or thereabouts. So he too begins to use his head, and tries to make Tom lose patience and come in before his time. And so the fight sways on, now one and now the other getting a trifling pull.

It is grim earnest now, and no mistake. Both boys feel this, and summon every power of head, hand, and eye to their aid. A piece of luck on either side, a foot slipping, a blow getting well home, or another fall, may decide it. Tom works slowly round for an opening; he has all the legs, and can choose his own time: the Slogger waits for the attack, and hopes to finish it by some heavy right-handed blow. As they quarter slowly over the ground, the evening sun comes out from behind a cloud and falls full on Williams's face. Tom darts in; the heavy right hand is delivered, but only grazes his head. A short rally at close quarters, and they close; in another moment the Slogger is thrown again heavily for the third time.

"I'll give you three to two on the little one in half-crowns," said Groove to Rattle.

"No, thank 'ee," answers the other, diving his hands further into his coat-tails.

Just at this stage of the proceedings the door of the turret which leads to the doctor's library suddenly opens, and he steps into the close and makes straight for the ring, in which Brown and the Slogger are both seated on their seconds' knees for the last time.

"The doctor! the doctor!" shouts some small boy who catches sight of him; and the ring melts away in a few seconds, the small boys tearing off, Tom collaring his jacket and waistcoat and slipping through the little gate by the chapel, and round the corner to Harrowell's with his backers, as lively as need be; Williams and his backers making off not quite so fast across the close; Groove, Rattle, and the other bigger fellows trying to combine dignity and prudence in a comical manner, and walking off fast enough, they hope, not to be recognized, and not fast enough to look like running away.

VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO

(1802–1885)

BY ADOLPHE COHN

VICTOR MARIE HUGO, always mentioned as Victor Hugo, is unquestionably the greatest literary figure of nineteenth-century France. By almost universal consent he is recognized as the greatest French poet; he is one of the greater poets of the world.

His birthplace was Besançon, an old town and fortress of the East of France; which, having belonged to the Dukes of Burgundy, passed with all their possessions to the Emperor Charles V., King of Spain, and grandson by his father of Duchess Mary of Burgundy, the only child of the celebrated Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold. Besançon did not return to France until 1677, when it was ceded to King Louis XIV. by the treaty of Nimeguen. This explains how, in a kind of autobiographical poem, Hugo could call the city of his birth "an old Spanish town." In the same poem he says: "The century was two years old. . . . Already, under Bonaparte, Napoleon was appearing." Thus he states the year of his birth, and the political condition of France when he first saw the light of day, on February 26th, 1802,—or, according to the calendar then in use, on the seventh day of the month of Ventôse, in the year Ten of the French Republic.

His father, Joseph Léopold Sigisbert Hugo, a major in the service of the Republic, later rose to the rank of general; accompanied Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, first to Naples and then to Madrid, when Joseph reluctantly gave up the crown of Naples for the title of King of Spain; and died in the year 1828, a lieutenant-general in the armies of Louis XVIII., King of France. The son was already famous, and was ardently defended and as ardently attacked as the foremost leader in that literary and artistic revolution which has received the name of *Romanticism*.

He was still very young, only twenty-six, but his name had been before the public for six years,—his first volume of verse, 'Odes and Diverse Poems,' having appeared in 1822. From the beginning, readers had been struck by the passionate fervor, the dazzling color, the splendid imagery, and the magnificent rhythm of his lyric utterances. Most of these were qualities that French poetry had not known before, at least till the publication of Lamartine's first 'Meditations' in 1820; and their appearance in Hugo's first productions is, at least partly, to be ascribed to the circumstances of his education.

To a certain extent he had shared his father's wandering existence. With his mother and brothers he had left Paris, where the family had come after leaving Besançon, and joined General Hugo in Madrid; there he became a boarding pupil in an institution reserved for the children of Spanish noblemen, among whom he was entitled to be educated on account of the title of «count» granted to his father by King Joseph. The disasters that overtook the French in Spain compelled the Hugo family to seek safety in flight, and soon he was in Paris again. One morning his mother stopped him in front of a poster announcing that a number of officers concerned in the almost successful plot of General Malet to overthrow Napoleon, had been court-martialed and shot in the plains of Grenelle. In the list, Madame Hugo directed her son Victor's attention to one name, that of General Laboise; adding simply these words: «He was your godfather.» In fact, Laboise had been more than a godfather to young Victor and his brothers. While they were living in a part of the old convent of the Feuillantines, he, proscribed and compelled to hide, had one day mysteriously appeared, and had soon become the boys' chief instructor. Then he had as mysteriously disappeared, soon to end his life by the bullets of the executing platoon. Upon a mind gifted with remarkable receptivity, upon an imagination which transformed everything into a visible picture, upon an eye which seized small details and absorbed color with lightning rapidity, such scenes, such dramas, such contrasts, could not fail to produce the deepest impression.

These gifts were, however, not the first that manifested themselves when the youth began to pass from impression to expression. His mastery of words, his power of verbal combination, is the only one of his great characteristics which is visible in his first poetical outpourings. The old classical school of French poetry was then dying a lingering death; like those rivers which, after carrying a majestic and beneficent flow of water through magnificent landscapes, finally turn into myriads of small rivulets soon absorbed by barren sands. The poetical forms that had been so powerful in the hands of Corneille and Racine, now handled by inferior writers possessing depth neither of thought nor of feeling, were gradually destroyed under a heap of barren periphrases and circumlocutions. To hint instead of naming, to use twenty words when one would have sufficed, seemed to be the highest achievement of these writers; and good Abbé Delille came to be considered a great poet. Young Hugo first followed in the footsteps of the so-called great man of his time, and thus won a number of prizes in the poetical competitions of his early years.

The catastrophes in which Napoleon's power disappeared, the strange events which accompanied and followed the restoration of

the Bourbons to the throne of France, soon gave to his poetry a more serious tone. To him, as to every lover of French poetry, the success of Lamartine's 'Meditations' was a revelation, a beacon showing new pathways to greatness. Not simply general ideas, but individual thought and personal emotion, were seen to be legitimate subjects for poetical treatment. Hugo's first Odes, published in 1822, chiefly expressed the thoughts awakened in the young man by the dramatic scenes just enacted upon the stage of the world. While Lamartine at thirty mainly sang of his loves, and turned every sigh of his heart into a harmonious stanza, Hugo at twenty attempted to give to the French people lessons in political philosophy,—a phenomenon not to be wondered at: the man of thirty had lived and suffered, the youth of twenty had merely followed with intelligent and passionate interest the development of one of the most awful dramas in history.

The small collection published in 1822 grew little by little until 1827, when it appeared in the form and with the title it has preserved ever since: four books of Odes and one of Ballads being collected under the title of 'Odes and Ballads.' The growth of the book is the growth of the man. The author of the first Odes—of 'Moses on the Nile,' for instance—was hardly more than a child; the poet of 1827 was a man, who several times already, conscious of bringing to France a new kind of poetry, had assumed in the prefaces in which he explained and justified it a tone of authority.

The most remarkable piece in the collection shows Hugo for the first time in a character which was often to be his in later years,—that of spokesman of public opinion, of interpreter of public feeling. It is the famous 'Ode to the Colonna,' which he wrote as a protest, on hearing that at a reception at the Austrian Embassy the servant, in announcing several of Napoleon's marshals, had by order of the ambassador refused to give them the titles of nobility won by them on the battle-fields of Europe. The publication of such a poem was the more remarkable that the poet, till then, had been known as a fervent royalist, as an enemy of Napoleonic pretensions, and that he had in the same volume an earlier Ode, 'Buonaparte,' in which the great warrior is represented almost as a "messenger of hell."

The same year that witnessed the completion of the 'Odes and Ballads' saw also the publication of Hugo's first drama, 'Cromwell.' The poet had begun the work with the intention of having the title part acted by the great tragedian Talma, who had accepted it. But Talma died before the drama was ready, and Hugo then determined to pay no attention to the requirements of the stage, and to make his drama a work for the reading public, not for the play-goer; but at the same time he wrote for his 'Cromwell' a preface which was at once considered as the manifesto of the "Romantic School." In

this preface he attacks the dramatic system then in vogue, which consisted of a slavish adherence to the rules followed by Corneille and Racine, after the reasons for these rules had long ceased to exist. He especially assailed the rule of the "three unities,"—of place, time, and action,—affirming his allegiance only to the third rule, unity of action; and at the same time he advocated introducing into the plays what soon came to be called "local color," and invited young dramatic writers to study Shakespeare rather than the masters of the French classical stage.

In novel-writing also, in which Hugo so greatly distinguished himself afterward, he had already manifested his activity. In 1825 he published his novel 'Hans of Iceland,' a weird story; which had been preceded by a tale of San Domingo, full of descriptions of violent passions, 'Bug Jargal.' These two works are to be remembered only as the forerunners of Hugo's great novels of later years, 'Notre Dame de Paris,' 'Les Misérables,' and 'Ninety-three.'

All this work Hugo had achieved when twenty-six years of age.

In 1829 came out his second collection of lyrics, 'Les Orientales.' Almost all these poems deal with the East, the bright colors of which the poet was fond of reproducing. But there was something in the book besides its æsthetic value. All Europe was then enthusiastic for the cause of Greek independence. A few years before had occurred Byron's death at Missolonghi. The Turkish fleet had just been annihilated in the Bay of Navarino by the united squadrons of England, France, and Russia. In his 'Orientales' Hugo gave expression to the feelings of admiration with which Canaris and the other heroes of Greece filled all his countrymen. His fiery lines were often written under the direct inspiration of Byron's poems,—the poem 'Mazeppa,' for instance, under the title of which stands a motto taken from the English bard's 'Mazeppa.' The book created a great deal of discussion, and was warmly defended by its author in brilliant prefaces introducing rapidly succeeding editions.

But Hugo was then thinking of the stage more than of anything else. The Romantic School, of which he was now the acknowledged head, was, in spite of some successes won by Alfred de Vigny and Alexandre Dumas, taunted with being unable to produce any dramatic masterpiece. The publication of 'Cromwell,' the performance of which its author himself admitted to be impossible, seemed to justify the taunt. Hugo had to take up the challenge and answer it. This he did in the most striking fashion. The first work he prepared for the stage was his drama of 'Marion Delorme.' It was received by the Comédie Française, and was about to be performed, when the ministers of King Charles X. bethought themselves that the character of his ancestor Louis XIII. was presented in the drama in a way

not calculated to increase the public respect for royalty. The performance was forbidden. The manager was almost heart-broken. But within a few weeks, under the excitement produced by the royal government's arbitrary act, the poet wrote his immortal drama of 'Hernani'; full of the passions of love and honor, one of the great poems of youthful enthusiasm for what is lovable and beautiful.

'Hernani' was performed on February 25th, 1830, on the last day of the poet's twenty-eighth year. The date is considered one of the great dates in the history of French literature. It is known as the "Battle of Hernani." The advocates of the old and new schools met, determined to give decisive battle to each other. Applause and hissing mingled; more direct arguments were used; blows even were given and received. On each night the fight was renewed, with this result: that the applause grew stronger every time the play was given, until criticism was finally silenced and drowned under the majestic flow of poetry that came from the lips of Hernani and Doña Sol, Don Carlos and Ruy Gomez de Silva.

Attention has often been called to the fact that in their most poetical plays, both Corneille and Hugo treated Spanish subjects. But while Corneille found in the plays of Guilhen de Castro the plot of his 'Cid,' the plot of 'Hernani' is entirely original. No incident in the life of Hugo's Don Carlos — that is, of the Emperor Charles V. — ever happened, upon which to build such a drama as the one in which the French poet gives him such a conspicuous part. But Hugo had retained a very vivid memory of his stay in Spain as a boy, and both the country and time in which he places the development of his plot were favorite ones with the Romanticists. Both offered great opportunities for the display of that local color in scenery, costumes, and even speech, upon which the new school so much depended; and by the impression left in the minds of men they also somewhat justified and made acceptable to the public the exaggerations, the sharp contrasts, which had from the start formed an important part of Hugo's literary equipment. 'Hernani' presents to us a struggle between a bandit and a king, both in love with the same woman. The king experiences within his own heart a struggle of no mean importance, in which his better nature finally triumphs, when by his election as Emperor he is called to higher responsibilities. The girl who is loved by him and by Hernani, Doña Sol, is also loved by an old uncle, a pattern of nobility and loftiness, and none the less passionate because of his years; so that we have the contrast not only of king and bandit, but also of old age and youth. The poet carries us through the phases best calculated to set off his scenes of love and his contests of passions: the castle of Silva, Charlemagne's tomb, the illuminated palace of the former bandit, now "Don Juan of Aragon," on the

night of his bridal fête. But more than any of the features of the plot, which after all is hardly more than a very skillfully constructed melodrama, that which caused the success of the play, and makes it one of the masterpieces of literature, is the enchanting poetry of all the love passages. All the joys and all the torments, all the hopes and all the doubts, the triumph and the despair of this eternally young passion, find there melodious expressions which remain forever in the mind and ear of readers and spectators. When Hernani and Doña Sol, their vital parts already withered by the deadly poison which old Silva had prepared for one of them, and which both have absorbed, say,—one had almost written *sing*,—«Toward new and brighter lights we shall expand our wings. With even flight we set forth towards a better world,» we all envy their happiness; and in their final embrace, Death disappears under the tread of all-conquering Love.

It need hardly be said that in the construction of his play Hugo departed entirely from the old classical system: there was no unity of time, no unity of place. But he is, it must be admitted, still further away from Shakespeare than from Racine and Corneille. Nothing differs more from Shakespearean simplicity of style than Hugo's majestic, harmonious, and dazzlingly rhetorical, metaphorical, dodecasyllabic lines. Indeed, the beauties of this play are decidedly more lyrical than dramatic. But the fact remained that a French play which is a masterpiece had been written in a system different from the old one; and the victory had been won for the «new school.»

The triumph of 'Hernani' was nothing less than a literary revolution. It was soon followed by a political revolution. In July 1830, the government of the Bourbons, which had been reinstated in France by the victorious foreigners after the defeat and fall of Napoleon, was brought to an end by a rising of the Paris population, enthusiastically applauded by the whole of France. Hugo, who had been in youth a stanch supporter of the Bourbons, had like many others been estranged, little by little, by the contempt which the Bourbons and the court circles showed for the glorious soldiers of the Revolution and the Empire, and by a succession of arbitrary measures which showed that the spirit of the *ancien régime* was far from dead and still threatened the dearly bought liberty of France. He shared the popular enthusiasm for the Revolution of 1830, hailed it as a promise of greatness for France and of enfranchisement for the people, and returned to his literary labors with a faith in his own powers increased by the ever growing applause of the public.

The thirteen years that followed may be called Hugo's happy years. They were years of remarkable productiveness. In 1831 he published his first great novel, 'Notre Dame de Paris.' The same

year witnessed the first performance of 'Marion Delorme'; and six other dramas — three in prose, 'Marie Tudor,' 'Lucrèce Borgia,' and 'Angelo, Tyran de Padua,' and three much greater in verse, 'Le Roi s'Amuse' (The King's Diversion), 'Ruy Blas,' and 'Les Burgraves' — followed each other between 1832 and 1843. In the same period appeared four collections of lyrics, in no way inferior to those that had preceded them: 'Les Feuilles d'Automne' (Autumn Leaves), 'Les Chants du Crépuscule' (Twilight Songs), 'Les Voix Intérieures' (Inner Voices), and 'Les Rayons et les Ombres' (Sunbeams and Shadows). This alone would suffice for the glory of a great writer. It is only a small part, and assuredly not the highest, of Hugo's magnificent production.

Perhaps the most successful of these works was 'Notre Dame de Paris,' the great novel often bearing the English title 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' — a title to some extent misleading. Quasimodo the Hunchback, though undoubtedly a very important character, is certainly not the centre of the novel. The bewitching gipsy girl, Esmeralda, plays as important a part in it as he does; and perhaps the same may be said of the terrible priest, Claude Frollo. In Hugo's mind the centre of the novel was the church of Notre Dame itself. True to the tendencies of the literary school which acknowledged him as its head, after seeking inspiration in the East and in Spain he undertook to do for the Middle Ages what Châteaubriand, in 'Atala' and in 'Les Martyrs,' had attempted to do for Christianity. Both of these themes had been kept out of French literature by the Classical School. Their right to be in it was one of the tenets of the Romanticists, and 'Notre Dame de Paris' gloriously established the soundness of their position. The Gothic cathedral is the centre of the novel, as it was the centre of mediæval life: everything and everybody, king and poet, priest and Bohemian, the knight clad in brilliant armor and Clopin Trouillefou the hideous *truand*, Quasimodo the hunchback and La Sachette the bestialized lunatic, — in whom still survives the saintliest feeling of mankind, maternal love, — move in and around the majestic building whose uplifted towers carry up to heaven the prayer and lamentation of suffering humanity. The central character is the relentless force under which every human destiny bends: the Fate of the ancients, whose Greek name, Ananke, deciphered by the poet on an old forgotten wall, is taken as title of one of the most astonishing chapters of this prodigious work.

The dramas were not all equally successful. 'Marion Delorme' did not win, and did not deserve, the same popularity as 'Hernani.' 'Le Roi s'Amuse' — the plot of which has become so popular with opera-goers in Verdi's 'Rigoletto,' and with theatre-goers under its English name of 'The Fool's Revenge' — was taken from the boards

after its first performance, by order of the government, which declared it to be an immoral play. The real reason was that an immoral part in it is ascribed to a king of France, Francis I.; the proscription being one of the signs that though crowned by a revolution, King Louis Philippe the citizen king cared more for his crown than for the liberal aspirations to which he owed it. The poet claimed redress from the courts, without any satisfaction save the opportunity of delivering a superb oration in defense of the rights of authors. The drama was at last revived, under the Third Republic, fifty years after its first performance.

The prose dramas were not very favorably received. It seemed that the public could hardly conceive of Hugo's characters expressing themselves otherwise than in verse. One of these dramas, 'Lucrèce Borgia,' provided Donizetti with the libretto of his famous opera.

'Ruy Blas' was a decided success, and with 'Hernani' and 'Les Burgraves' represents the best work that Hugo has done as a dramatist. Like 'Hernani,' 'Ruy Blas' is a Spanish play; that is, the action takes place in Spain, and the characters are Spanish. But there is this difference between the two dramas: that while in 'Hernani' Hugo drew everything from his imagination, in 'Ruy Blas' he made use of a great deal of historical material. The plot itself — the story of the lackey who under an assumed name rises to the highest dignities of the State, and who, filled with the purest love and reverence for the unhappy queen, is rewarded by the gift of her heart — is entirely imaginary; but the picture of the court of Spain under Charles II. is in many respects a historical picture, except that everything which Hugo ascribes to Charles II.'s second wife was true not of her, but of his first wife, — a French princess, daughter of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orléans, who died but a short time after her marriage with the King of Spain.

In 'Ruy Blas,' as in 'Hernani,' the means chiefly used by the poet to produce emotion in the spectator is contrast. The characters are a queen, who is no better than a prisoner; a nobleman, Don César de Bazan, who is a beggar and a tramp; a lackey, Ruy Blas, who loves a queen. The mover of the plot, Don Salluste de Bazan, is a disgraced nobleman, who, after being dismissed by the influence of the queen, suddenly disappears, and while moving in the darkness tries to ensnare her into a situation in which her honor and reputation are bound to perish. She is saved by the devotion and readiness of Ruy Blas, but not until he has given up his life with the last sigh of his love for her. 'Ruy Blas' is perhaps a better constructed drama than 'Hernani,' and yet it does not hold the spectator as powerfully as its predecessor. The reason is that while the love passages are supremely poetical, the situation is too impossible to be

made credible. But with all its shortcomings, 'Ruy Blas' remains a beautiful drama, which may perhaps share with 'Hernani' the honor of remaining on the stage long after the other dramas of Hugo shall be known only by the reading public.

Can we say the same of 'Les Burgraves'? It is hard to answer. When first performed, in 1843, the drama was a failure. It has never been revived since; and yet it is a favorite with Hugo's greatest admirers, and every year some of its scenes are successfully presented in France by the young men and women who are preparing to enter the dramatic profession. The lassitude of the public toward a drama full of the most extraordinary contrasts may well be understood. Would it, however, strike in the same way spectators who had not had presented to them in a dozen years all the dramatic works of Hugo? The question is likely to receive some day a practical answer, for 'Les Burgraves' holds such a place in the affections of lovers of French poetry that it is sure to be put upon the boards again. Some of the characters of this play are almost too great and too powerful to be human. Barbarossa, Job, Magnus, the relentless old woman Guanhumara, might be accepted in a music drama; but when they use the words and the voice which are used in every-day life, we cannot but see in them men and women like ourselves, while their actions are impossible for such men and women. And yet there is a logic in the drama, a nobleness of inspiration, that compel admiration. Side by side with the gigantic and the degenerate figures that battle against each other, and call up before our eyes the robber barons of mediæval Germany, we have the fresh love idyl of Otbert and Regina, which casts a ray of sunshine over the darkness of the background. Whatever verdict may be ultimately passed upon 'Les Burgraves' as a drama, it is certainly a powerful poem, and in parts an exquisite one.

But for the highest poetical outpourings of Victor Hugo during this period of his life, we must turn to his collection of lyrics. He is essentially a lyric poet; and his glory rests more upon such productions as 'Les Feuilles d'Automne' and 'Les Chants du Crépuscule' than upon any of his dramas save 'Hernani.'

The lyric poems published between 1830 and 1843 cover as wide a range of private and public events as anything a poet ever wrote. All the qualities for which Hugo has been praised appear in them, carried to the highest degree. His poems on childhood, a theme which perhaps no poet ever treated so felicitously, are especially notable. Later in life, in 1877, he published a volume of verse entirely devoted to children, 'L'Art d'Être Grand-père' (The Art of Grandfatherhood), the heroes of which were his grandchildren George and Jeanne. In the earlier book the children were his own children,

Charles and François-Victor, Adèle and Léopoldine,—fated, alas! all to precede him to the grave save one, whose fate was sadder than death itself, since her vanished reason did not even allow her to know whether her illustrious father remained among the living or slept among the dead! But the greatest poems undoubtedly are those that deal with themes of public interest. It is the period in which the worship of Napoleon reached its highest point. It came to its climax on December 15th, 1840, when, under a dazzling sky and through the crispest and coldest air Paris ever knew, the remains of the great soldier, given back to France by England, were carried to the home of the old soldiers of France, and laid under the dome of the Invalides, giving fulfillment at last to the wish of the Emperor: «I wish to rest on the banks of the Seine, among those Frenchmen whom I have loved so much!» No writer so constantly and fervently joined, or rather led, in this Napoleonic worship as Victor Hugo; and we must add that in no subject was he so much at ease as in these Napoleonic themes. The greatness of the man, the greatness of the events, the contrast between the height of power to which he attained and the depth of misery which succeeded the splendor of his triumphs,—all these elements admirably blended with the love of the gigantic, the admiration for contrast and antithesis, the gorgeous imagery which distinguished Hugo's muse. The poet took hold of every occasion that presented itself of celebrating the hero of the century. When Napoleon's son died, he wrote his 'Napoleon II.,' one of his most perfect productions; when the Chamber of Deputies refused to replace Napoleon's statue on the top of the Vendôme column, he wrote his second 'Ode to the Column of the Place Vendôme'; when Napoleon's remains returned to France, the 'Return of the Emperor's Ashes,' etc. These various pieces, which at a later period culminated in the 'Expiation,' form together a Napoleonic epic of great splendor and stateliness, in every way worthy of the prodigious man around whom it centres.

For nearly ten years after the performance of 'Les Burgraves' Hugo published very little. He wrote a great deal, for he was an indefatigable worker; but completed no drama, no novel, brought no collection of verse to that point of perfection which he required of his productions before submitting them to the public. The reason we find in a terrible domestic calamity which befell him in the fall of 1843. His oldest daughter, Léopoldine, who had but a few months before become the wife of a young man of great promise, M. Charles Vacquerie, was with her husband drowned in the Seine, at Villequier, not very far from the mouth of the river. The exact circumstances of the catastrophe have never been discovered. Its effect was to destroy in the poet, so happy till then, this joy of life which some

natures need as much as the air which they breathe. Hugo sought diversion from his grief in the study of public questions and in political activity. Louis Philippe made him a peer of France; and the people, after the fall of Louis Philippe and the establishment of the Republic (1848), made him a member of the National Assembly.

There Hugo for a while hesitated between the Conservatives and the Democrats. The savage measures which, after the socialistic insurrection of June 1848, were adopted and enforced by the victorious *bourgeoisie* against the deluded, rebellious, but thoroughly honest and moreover starving workingmen of Paris, put a stop to his hesitations. He cast in his lot with the party of mercy, that is, with the advanced Republicans. In their camp he soon became one of the foremost leaders. He soon discerned in Louis Bonaparte an ambition which foreboded evil to the republic of which, as the nephew of Napoleon the Great, he had been elected President, and in a memorable and fiery oration dubbed him Napoleon the Little.

The military *coup d'état* of December 2d, 1851, by which the republican constitution was violently destroyed, found Hugo among the citizens most energetically determined to resist by force the violation of the supreme law. He risked his life in defending the rights of the people against the imperial usurper, and after the final defeat of the Constitutionalists had to flee from the country, swearing not to return as long as liberty itself remained an exile from France.

His exile lasted longer than he had expected, but was not an unfruitful one. During the eighteen years 1853–1870 — which he spent first in Brussels, whence he was soon expelled by the Belgian government; then in the Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey, where he finally bought an estate, Hauteville House, which became to him a real home — he published a political pamphlet, 'Napoleon the Little,' four great collections of verse, — 'Les Châtiments' (The Chastisements), 'Les Contemplations,' 'La Légende des Siècles' (The Legend of the Ages), 'Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois' (Songs of the Streets and Woods); and three novels, of which 'Les Misérables' is considered one of the masterpieces of the century, the other two being 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' (The Toilers of the Sea), and 'L'Homme Qui Rit' (The Man Who Laughs).

This does not include all that he wrote during his exile. Indeed, the first work which he composed after leaving France, the 'History of a Crime,' — which, begun on December 13th, 1851, was completed on May 5th, 1852, — was not published until twenty-five years later, in 1877. Instead of the history of the political crime committed by Louis Bonaparte on December 2d, 1851, Hugo published in 1852 his immortal pamphlet 'Napoleon the Little,' every page of which reads as though his pen had been dipped in incandescent lava; and a year later

(1853) 'The Chastisements,' which must perhaps rank in the whole range of poetry as the highest masterpiece of political invective. These two works, 'Napoleon the Little' and 'The Chastisements,' are inseparable from each other; the latter is the poetical commentary of the former. As long as Napoleon III. reigned, their circulation was absolutely forbidden in France, and nearly every Frenchman who took a trip out of the country was asked by his friends to smuggle in some copies of the forbidden books on his return.

The chief beauty of 'The Chastisements,' the most perfect production of Hugo's poetical genius, lies in the incredible variety of the book. It is not all political invective: it contains superb pieces of pure narrative poetry, like the 'Memory of the Night of the Fourth,' the simple story of the death and burial of a child killed by a stray bullet of Napoleon's soldiers; comic songs; pieces of poetical fancy, like the 'Imperial Mantle'; weird and severe dialogues between man and his conscience, like 'The Seaside'; humorous dialogues, like 'The Three Horses'; and amid this profusion of minor pieces one composition of truly epic grandeur, 'L'Expiation,' where the greatness of the first Napoleon is contrasted with the unworthiness of his successor, and where the poet, discovering by the light of events the stain on his former hero's escutcheon,— that is, the insatiable ambition which led him early in his career to the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire of the year VIII. (November 9th, 1799), by which he substituted his own personal power for the free republican institutions then possessed by France,— shows in the success of the nephew's nefarious deed the punishment of the uncle's insufficiently requited sin.

'Contemplations,' which followed in 1856, is a very different work. The book contains pieces belonging to various and widely distant years of the poet's life. Some pieces are dated 1834, some 1854. It is a record of the poet's inner being. A whole division of the work, 'Pauca Meæ,' consists of pieces devoted to the memory of his dead daughter. Hugo never wrote anything finer, purer, more touching, than these verses. And in another part of the book we find an 'Answer to an Impeachment,' which is an admirably witty (we had almost said saucy), poetical, and lucid explanation of what he had considered his literary mission to be.

In 1859 he published the 'Legend of the Ages,' or rather a volume containing a number of the pieces which now form, in the complete collection of his writings, a much larger work by the same title. The finest pieces of the 'Legend of the Ages'—'The Consecration of Woman,' 'The First Meeting of Christ at the Tomb,' 'Roland's Marriage,' 'The Little King of Galicia,' 'Aymerillot the Satyr'— belong to the collection of 1859. It is of this book alone that Theodore de Banville, a poet himself, was thinking when he said that nothing finer

in French poetry has been written than the 'Legend of the Ages.' Hugo's purpose had been to select in the historical and imaginative life of mankind a number of episodes sketching out the development of the race in the past, and opening some vistas into the farthest distant future. The Bible both in the Old and New Testaments, the traditions of classical Greece, the mediæval poems, the heroic deeds of the great discoverers and *conquistadores* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, provided him with themes, the treatment of which affords a singularly striking combination of his personal gifts with the spirit of his sources of inspiration. In the 'Legend of the Ages' his power of verbal invention and arrangement is almost beyond belief, while yet the expression is always as translucid as the waters of the purest mountain spring.

The universal applause with which the 'Legend of the Ages' was received was still audible when in quick succession, between April 3d and June 30th, 1862, appeared the five parts of Hugo's longest work, his novel 'Les Misérables.' The success of the work was astounding. For the great mass of the reading public it has a decided superiority over all the other productions of Hugo, in that it is entertaining. Even for one who does not care for Hugo's magnificence of style, or for his striking way of presenting humors and social problems, or for the stream of poetry that runs through everything he wrote, the story told in 'Les Misérables' is as fascinating as anything written by that greatest of amusers, Alexandre Dumas. Jean Valjean — who appears at the beginning of the work as a kind of ticket-of-leave man, who has just served his term in a penitentiary where he had been sent for a theft committed under stress of starvation; who several times builds up anew for himself the modest edifice of a small social position, and every time is thrown ruthlessly down when his antecedents are discovered — passes through so many strange adventures that he who does not want to think need not think, while simply looking upon the succession of incidents. He thus visits Monseigneur Myriel, the venerable bishop, the very incarnation of Christian philanthropy; as well as the old member of the National Convention, now shunned by all for having conscientiously declared Louis XVI. guilty of a capital crime. He roams over the battle-field of Waterloo, and witnesses the whole of that gigantic military tragedy; he stops at the infamous inn of the Thénardiers, and passes through all sorts of emotions until he utters a sigh of relief at the failure of the murderous thieves' dastardly plot. Calmer but none the less touching scenes await him in hospital wards, or in the halls, gardens, and class-rooms of the quiet Picpus convent. He is thrilled with the enthusiasm of young republicanism on the Paris barricades erected against the government of Louis Philippe; he meets strange acquaintances,— Javert the police official, who, placed between his professional duty of arresting

an offender and the moral and sentimental impulse to save the man who had saved him and as to whose real guilt he is far from satisfied, sees no solution to the riddle and rushes into suicide; Gavroche, the gay, sentimental, heroic, but decidedly cynical Paris street urchin; Fantine, the Quartier Latin girl; and Cosette, the waif. He has no time to be bored. If he wishes to think, he has social problems placed before him that may well occupy his mind. Are these people, whom society cannot but declare law-breakers, really guilty? Are they responsible for their deeds, or does the responsibility belong elsewhere? Is the real offender the man who performs the deed, or the man who places him in a position whence he could hardly escape sinning against social and moral order? Above all, are not those people to be pitied,—that is, Miserable, in the full etymological sense of the word?

And if such a reader has a taste for the beautiful in literature, how many admirable descriptions, how many fine touches in the dialogue, how many quaint or powerful combinations of words, come to the surface here and there, such as could appear only under Victor Hugo's pen!

The other works published by the master during his exile—a collection of verse, 'Songs of the Streets and the Woods,' and two novels, 'The Toilers of the Sea' and 'The Man Who Laughs'—were only indifferently successful, and did not add much to his fame; although there are a few charming poems in the first, some beautiful pages in the second, and in the last a curious idea,—that of the man whose disfigured features take the appearance of laughter as soon as he opens his mouth, while he never raises his voice save for the defense of the noblest and loftiest ideas.

Another work of the same period must be mentioned, a work of literary criticism: the book on Shakespeare. A short time after settling in the Channel Islands, the poet's younger son, François-Victor, had determined to undertake a complete French translation of Shakespeare's works. For this translation, which the son carried to completion, and which is a remarkable piece of work, the father wrote an introduction intended to set forth his view of the nature of the great English poet's genius. This introduction, which fills a whole volume, is a very brilliant and suggestive performance, which shows how high he might have risen as a literary critic.

Politics, which now occupied a great deal of Hugo's time and thought, had stirred him much during the last years of Napoleon III.'s reign. He assailed the alliance, every day more manifest, of the imperial with the papal government. His poems 'Guernsey's Voice' and 'Mentana' were fierce invectives against the attempts of the French government to bolster up the tottering administration of Pio Nono. The poet was soon to speak to France not from Guernsey,

but from Paris itself. But the price of his return was a high one. He returned to the city as soon as France was again a republic (September 5th, 1870); but the revolution which made it again a republic was produced by the disasters which culminated in the surrender to the victorious Prussians of a whole French army, after the battle of Sedan (September 2d, 1870). Victor Hugo spent in Paris the five months of the siege; and at the close of the war the Parisians rewarded him for his stanch opposition to the government of Napoleon III. by a triumphant election to the National Assembly, which met at Bordeaux in February 1871, with the sad mission of making peace with the conquerors on the best obtainable terms. He did not stay there long. That Assembly, which was strongly royalist, was hostile to nearly all the ideas which he defended. He was listened to with but scant respect, and he soon resigned his seat. Before he had time to return to Paris, a terrible domestic affliction added to the sadness which was then, on public grounds, so deep in every French heart. His eldest son, Charles, suddenly dropped dead of heart disease (March 13th, 1871). He carried the dead body back to Paris, there to bear it to the grave on the very day when the insurrection of the Commune broke out (March 18th).

He was soon again on foreign soil, but for a few weeks only, witnessing with an aching heart the terrible events in which not a few people thought that the French nation was disappearing forever. What he felt during all these months of public and private suffering he has recorded in a strong book of poems, 'L'Année Terrible' (The Terrible Year).

Victor Hugo was then nearly seventy years old, but he had become so used to regular work and he preserved such remarkable health that he could not think of rest. He lived about fourteen years longer, and during these fourteen years added no less than ten works to the already long list of his productions. The first to appear was also the most remarkable of the list: his historical romance of 'Ninety-three,' in which, by simply narrating an imaginary incident of the wars of the Revolution against the royalist insurrections in the West of France, he revives again the spirit of that grand and terrible epoch. His aristocratic marquis Lantenac, his liberal nobleman Gauvain, his revolutionary priest Cimourdin, are all instinct with the fierce energy of the struggle out of which modern France emerged. 'Ninety-three' is certainly a far from unworthy successor to 'Notre Dame de Paris' and 'Les Misérables.'

'The History of a Crime,' published in 1877, was not new: it was that history of the *coup d'état* of December 2d, 1851, which he had written before publishing 'Napoleon the Little' in 1852. The most surprising of these later books was certainly his 'Art of Grandfatherhood,' because it is the one which, entirely composed during this

period of his life, shows no decay whatever of his remarkable powers. A collection of poems, it is a glorification of childhood. The poet, who then had no son or daughter of his around him (François-Victor had died not very long after Charles, and Adèle was demented), expresses in a thousand different ways the joy with which he watches every motion, hears every word, notices every progress of his two grandchildren. The book is full of simplicity and sincerity, and equal to the best of the 'Autumn Leaves,' though written more than forty years later. This cannot be said of the second part of the 'Legend of the Ages,' of 'The Pope,' of 'Supreme Mercy,' or even of 'The Four Winds of the Mind'; though the fourth part of the last-named work, the Epic Book representing the statues of Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. face to face with the scaffold of Louis XVI., contains some of the most striking passages Hugo ever wrote.

The last works he published were a drama written many years before, 'Torquemada,' and the third part of the 'Legend of the Ages.'

He died on May 22d, 1885. His last years had been surrounded by universal admiration, amounting almost to worship. As soon as the republican constitution had been adopted, the city of Paris had elected him one of its senators. The street in which he lived had had its name changed to Avenue Victor Hugo. On February 27th, 1881, his entrance into his eightieth year had been celebrated almost as a national holiday. His death caused national mourning. It was decided to give him obsequies such as no Frenchman had ever had. His coffin was placed under Napoleon's Triumphal Arch, draped in black, and for the first time in nearly seventy-five years Soufflot's Pantheon, again turned into a kind of French Westminster Abbey, opened its doors for the reception of the illustrious dead.

But though dead, the indefatigable worker had not ceased to produce. His literary executors discovered an enormous mass of unpublished manuscripts almost equal in bulk to that which he had published during his life, and at intervals something new has been added to the list of Victor Hugo's posthumous works: 'The Theatre at Liberty,' 'Things Seen,' 'The End of Satan,' and especially 'God,' a remarkable book of poems, are among the works thus published. The public has recently been permitted to read the first volume of his correspondence. It may safely be said that at least ten years more will elapse before the whole of his literary production is known. Posterity, in placing Victor Hugo among the greatest writers of all ages, will single out 'Hernani' as his dramatic masterpiece; 'Les Misérables' as his best novel; and far above all the rest his most stupendous collection of lyrics, 'Les Châtiments.'

Adolphe Cohn

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN

From 'Les Orientales'

Two cities, strange, unknown in history's page,
Up to the clouds seemed scaling, stage by stage.
Noiseless their streets; their sleeping inmates lie,
Their gods, their chariots, in obscurity!
Like sisters sleeping 'neath the same moonlight,
O'er their twin towers crept the shades of night,
Whilst, scarce distinguished in the black profound,
Stairs, aqueducts, great pillars gleamed around,
And ruined capitals; then was seen a group
Of granite elephants 'neath a dome to stoop,
Shapeless, giant forms to view arise,
Monsters around, the spawn of hideous ties!
Then hanging gardens, with flowers and galleries;
O'er vast fountains bending grew ebon trees;
Temples, where, seated on their rich tiled thrones,
Bull-headed idols shone in jasper stones;
Vast halls, spanned by one block, where watch and stare
Each upon each, with straight and moveless glare,
Colossal heads in circles; the eye sees
Great gods of bronze, their hands upon their knees.
Sight seemed confounded, and to have lost its powers,
'Midst bridges, aqueducts, arches, and round towers,
Whilst unknown shapes fill up the devious views
Formed by these palaces and avenues.
Like capes the lengthening shadows seem to rise
Of these dark buildings, pointed to the skies,
Immense entanglement in shroud of gloom!
The stars which gleamed in the empyrean dome,
Under the thousand arches in heaven's space,
Shone as through meshes of the blackest lace.
Cities of hell, with foul desires demented,
And monstrous pleasures, hour by hour invented!
Each roof and home some monstrous mystery bore,
Which through the world spread like a twofold sore!
Yet all things slept, and scarce some pale late light
Flitted along the streets through the still night,—
Lamps of debauch, forgotten and alone,
The feast's lost fires left there to flicker on.
The walls' large angles clove the light-lengthening shade
'Neath the white moon, or on some pool's face played.

Perchance one heard, faint in the plain beneath,
The kiss suppressed, the mingling of the breath;
And the two sister cities, tired of heat,
In love's embrace lay down in murmurs sweet!
Whilst sighing winds the scent of sycamore
From Sodom to Gomorrah softly bore!
Then over all spread out the blackened cloud,—
«'Tis here!» the Voice on high exclaimed aloud.

Translated by J. N. Fazakerley.

THE SACKING OF THE CITY

«La flamme par ton ordre, O roi!»

Thy will, O King, is done! Lighting but to consume,
The roar of the fierce flames drowned even the shouts and shrieks;
Reddening each roof, like some day-dawn of bloody doom,
Seemed they in joyous flight to dance about their wrecks.

Slaughter his thousand giant arms hath tossed on high,
Fell fathers, husbands, wives, beneath his streaming steel;
Prostrate the palaces, huge tombs of fire, lie,
While gathering overhead the vultures scream and wheel!

Died the pale mothers, and the virgins, from their arms,
O Caliph, fiercely torn, bewailed their young years' blight;
With stabs and kisses fouled, all their yet quivering charms
At our fleet coursers' heels were dragged in mocking flight.

Lo! where the city lies mantled in pall of death;
Lo! where thy mighty hand hath passed, all things must bend!
Priests prayed, the sword estopped blaspheming breath,—
Vainly their cheating book for shield did they extend.

Some infants yet survived, and the unsated steel
Still drinks the life-blood of each whelp of Christian-kind;
To kiss thy sandaled foot, O King, thy people kneel,
And golden circlets to thy victor-ankle bind.

Translation of John L. O'Sullivan.

OLD OCEAN

«J'étais seul près des flots»

I stood by the waves, while the stars soared in sight;
Not a cloud specked the sky, not a sail shimmered bright;
Scenes beyond this dim world were revealed to mine eye;
And the woods, and the hills, and all nature around,
Seemed to question with moody, mysterious sound,
The waves, and the pure stars on high.
And the clear constellations, that infinite throng,
While thousand rich harmonies swelled in their song,
Replying, bowed meekly their diamond blaze;
And the blue waves, which nothing may bind or arrest,
Chorused forth, as they stooped the white foam of their crest,
«Creator! we bless thee and praise!»

Translation of R. C. Ellwood.

PRAYER

«Ma fille, va prier!»

I

Come, child, to prayer; the busy day is done,
A golden star gleams through the dusk of night;
The hills are trembling in the rising mist,
The rumbling wain looms dim upon the sight;
All things wend home to rest; the roadside trees
Shake off their dust, stirred by the evening breeze.

The sparkling stars gush forth in sudden blaze,
As twilight open flings the doors of night;
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The rippling waves are tipped with silver light;
The bush, the path—all blend in one dull gray;
The doubtful traveler gropes his anxious way.

O day! with toil, with wrong, with hatred rife;
O blessed night! with sober calmness sweet:
The sad winds moaning through the ruined tower,
The age-worn hind, the sheep's sad broken bleat—
All nature groans opprest with toil and care,
And wearied craves for rest and love and prayer.

At eve the babes with angels converse hold,
While we to our strange pleasures wend our way;

Each with its little face upraised to heaven,
With folded hands, barefoot kneels down to pray;
At self-same hour with self-same words they call
On God, the common father of them all.

And then they sleep, and golden dreams anon,
Born as the busy day's last murmurs die,
In swarms tumultuous flitting through the gloom,
Their breathing lips and golden locks descry;
And as the bees o'er bright flowers joyous roam,
Around their curtained cradles clustering come.

O prayer of childhood! simple, innocent;
O infant slumbers! peaceful, pure, and light;
O happy worship! ever gay with smiles,
Meet prelude to the harmonies of night:
As birds beneath the wing enfold their head,
Nestled in prayer the infant seeks its bed.

Translation of Henry Highton, M. A.

II

To prayer, my child! and oh, be thy first prayer
For her who many nights with anxious care
Rocked thy first cradle; who took thy infant soul
From heaven and gave it to the world; then rife
With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
And left for thy young lips the honeyed bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me!
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee;
She has a guileless heart, brow placid still;
Pity she has for all, envy for none;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives on;
And she endures, nor knows who does thê ill.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has ne'er
Touched e'en the outer rind of vice; no snare
With smiling show has lured her steps aside:
On her the past has left no staining mark;
Nor knows she aught of those bad thoughts which, dark
Like shade on waters, o'er the spirit glide.

She knows not—nor mayst thou—the miseries
In which our spirits mingle: vanities,
Remorse, soul-gnawing cares, Pleasure's false show;

Passions which float upon the heart like foam,
Bitter remembrances which o'er us come,
And Shame's red spot spread sudden o'er the brow.

I know life better! When thou'rt older grown
I'll tell thee — it is needful to be known —
Of the pursuit of wealth, art, power; the cost,—
That it is folly, nothingness; that shame
For glory is oft thrown us in the game
Of Fortune, chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change. Although of everything
The cause and end be clear, yet wildering
We roam through life, of vice and error full.
We wander as we go; we feel the load
Of doubt; and to the briers upon the road
Man leaves his virtue, as the sheep its wool.

Then go, go pray for me! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear:—
"Lord, Lord our Father! God, my prayer attend;
Pardon — Thou art good! Pardon — Thou art great!"
Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate!
Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

There's nothing here below which does not find
Its tendency. O'er plains the rivers wind,
And reach the sea; the bee, by instinct driven,
Finds out the honeyed flowers; the eagle flies
To seek the sun; the vulture where death lies;
The swallow to the spring; the prayer to Heaven!

And when thy voice is raised to God for me,
I'm like the slave whom in the vale we see
Seated to rest, his heavy load laid by:
I feel refreshed; the load of faults and woe
Which, groaning, I drag with me as I go,
Thy wingèd prayer bears off rejoicingly!

Pray for thy father! that his dreams be bright
With visitings of angel forms of light,
And his soul burn as incense flaming wide.
Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
So that his heart be like that holy place,
An altar pavement each eve purified!

Translation of C——, in Tait's Magazine.

MY THOUGHTS OF YE

«À quoi je songe?»

WHAT do I dream of? Far from the low roof
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you;
Of your young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer, ripening to its fall.
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,—
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two—more anxious thought—
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At even moored beneath some steepy shore,
While the waves, opening all their nostrils, breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to strand, from land to sea, given back:
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you.
Children, and house and home, the table set,
The glowing hearth, and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind;
And while before me, spotted with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot from the infinite main
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I, dreaming of you only, seek to scan
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you,—
Love sweet and powerful, and everlasting,—
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

NAPOLEON

«Tu domines notre âge; ange ou démon, qu'importe!»

ANGEL or demon! thou — whether of light
The minister, or darkness — still dost sway
This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight
Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
The eye that from thy presence fain would stray,
Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow thrown
Rests on all pictures of the living day,
And on the threshold of our time alone,
Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
The subject-lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
To Portici from fair Parthenope,
Or, lingering long in dreamy revery,
O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
Wooed by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,
A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way:

Him, whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
Listening, he while away the evening hour;
Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone, and deep,
Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posilippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleasèd shade,—
Ever he sees throughout that circuit wide,
From shaded nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
From sea and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore!

Translation in Fraser's Magazine.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

«Il neigeait»

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once, the eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days! The Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief nor banner in order could keep,—
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled mustache hoar-frost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.

It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the grassy endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on forever went,
With naught to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapor dim,—
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, unto its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold,
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar—that, worst.
Cannon were broken up in haste accurst

To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke, or woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.

'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments. And History, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,—
Unlike a downfall known before, or the defeat
Of Hannibal—reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army—fled French glory then,
Though there the Emperor! He stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw—
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass—
Backwards and forwards; for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! It could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do—a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate.
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul:
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea!
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
«Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?» he sighed;
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
«Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?»
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness;—a Voice answered: «No!
Not yet.»
Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed? or but a dream?
It was the vulture's, but how like the *sea-bird's scream.*

Translation of Toru Dutt.

THE LIONS

«Les lions dans la fosse étaient sans nourriture»

FAMISHED the Lions were in their strong den,
And roared appeal to Nature from the men
Who caged them — Nature, that for them had care.
Kept for three days without their needful fare,
The creatures raved with hunger and with hate,
And through their roof of chains and iron grate
Looked to the blood-red sunset in the west:
Their cries the distant traveler oppressed,
Far as horizon which the blue hill veils.

Fiercely they lashed their bodies with their tails
Till the walls shook; as if their eyes' red light
And hungry jaws had lent them added might.

By Og and his great sons was shaped the cave;
They hollowed it, in need themselves to save.
It was a deep-laid place wherein to hide,
This giant's palace in the rock's dark side;
Their heads had broken through the roof of stone,
So that the light in every corner shone,
And dreary dungeon had for dome blue sky.
Nebuchadnezzar, savage king, had eye
For this strong cavern, and a pavement laid
Upon the centre, that it should be made
A place where lions he could safely mew,
Though once Deucalions and khans it knew.

The beasts were four most furious all. The ground
Was carpeted with bones that lay all round;
While as they walked, and crunched with heavy tread
Men's skeletons and brutes', far overhead
The tapering shadows of the rocks were spread.

The first had come from Sodom's desert plain;
When savage freedom did to him remain
He dwelt at Sin, extremest point and rude
Of silence terrible and solitude.
Oh! woe betide who fell beneath his claw,
This Lion of the sand with rough-skinned paw.

The second came from forest watered by
The stream Euphrates. When his step drew nigh,
Descending to the river, all things feared;
Hard fight to snare this growler it appeared.

The hounds of two kings were employed to catch
This Lion of the woods and be his match.

The third one dwelt on the steep mountain's side.
Horror and gloom companioned every stride:
When towards the miry ravines they would stray,
And herds and flocks in their wild gambols play,
All fled — the shepherd, warrior, priest — in fright
If he leaped forth in all his dreadful might.

The fourth tremendous, furious creature came
From the sea-shore, and prowled with leonine fame,
Before he knew captivity's hard throes,
Along the coast where Gur's strong city rose.
Reeking its roofs — and in its ports were met
The masts of many nations thickly set.
There peasants brought their manna fine, and gum,
And there the prophet on his ass would come;
And folks were happy as caged birds set free.

Gur had a market-place 'twas grand to see;
There Abyssinians brought their ivories rare,
And Amorrhiens amber for their ware,
And linens dark. From Assur came fine wheat,
And from famed Ascalon the butter sweet.
The fleet of vessels stir on ocean made.
This beast in revery of evening's shade
Was fretted by the noisy town so near,—
Too many folks lived in it, that was clear.
Gur was a lofty, formidable town:
At night three heavy barriers made it frown
And closed the entrance inaccessible;
Between each battlement rose terrible
Rhinoceros horn, or one of buffalo;
The strong, straight wall did like a hero show.
Some fifteen fathoms deep the moat might be,
And it was filled by sluices from the sea.
Instead of kenneled watch-dogs barking near,
Two monstrous dragons did for guards appear:
They had been captured 'mong the reeds of Nile,
And by magician tamed to guards servile.
One night, the gate thus kept the Lion neared:
With single bound the guarding moat he cleared;
Then with barbaric teeth the gate he smashed
And all its triple bars; and next he crashed

The dragons twain, without so much as look
At them, and bolts and hinges all he shook
Into one wreck. And when he made his way
Back towards the strand, remained there of the fray
Only a vision of the peopled town,
Only a memory of the wall knocked down,
'Neath spectral towers fit but for vulture's nest,
Or for the tiger wanting timely rest.

This Lion scorned complaint, but crouching lay
And yawned, so heavily time passed away.
Mastered by man, sharp hunger thus he bore,
Yet weariness of woe oppressed him sore.

But to and fro the others stamp all three;
And if a fluttering bird outside they see,
They gnaw its shadow as they mark it soar,
Their hunger growing as they hoarsely roar.

In a dark corner of the cavern dim
Quite suddenly there oped a portal grim;
And pushed by brawny arms that fright betrayed,
Appeared a Man in grave-clothes white arrayed.

The grating closed as closing up a tomb;
The Man was with the Lions in the gloom.
The monsters foamed, and rushed their prey to gain,
With frightful yell, while bristled every mane;
Their howling roar expressing keenest hate
Of savage nature rebel to its fate,
With anger dashed by fear. Then spoke the Man,
And stretching forth his hand his words thus ran:
"May peace be with you, Lions." Paused the beasts.

The wolves that disinter the dead for feasts,
The flat-skulled bears and writhing jackals, they
Who prowl at shipwrecks on the rocks for prey,
Are fierce; hyenas are unpitying found,
And watchful tiger felling at one bound.
But the strong lion in his stately force
Will sometimes lift the paw, yet stay its course.
He the lone dreamer in the shadows gray.
And now the Lions grouped themselves; and they
Amid the ruins looked like elders set
On grave discussion, in a conclave met,
With knitted brows intent disputes to end,
While over them a dead tree's branches bend.

First spoke the Lion of the sandy plain,
And said:—"When this man entered, I again
Beheld the midday sun, and felt the blast
Of the hot simoom blown o'er spaces vast.
Oh, this man from the desert comes, I see!"

Then spoke the Lion of the woods:—"For me,
One time where fig and palm and cedars grow,
And holly, day and night came music's flow
To fill my joyous cave; even when still
All life, the foliage round me seemed to thrill
With song. When this man spoke, a sound was made
Like that from birds'-nests in the mossy shade.
This man has journeyed from my forest home!"

And now the one which had the nearest come,
The Lion black from mountains huge, exclaimed:—
"This man is like to Caucasus, far famed,
Where no rock stirs; the majesty has he
Of Atlas. When his arm he raised all free,
I thought that Lebanon had made a bound
And thrown its shadow vast on fields around.
This man comes to us from the mountain's side!"

The Lion dweller near the ocean wide,
Whose roar was loud as roar of frothing sea,
Spoke last:—"My sons, my habit is," said he,
"In sight of grandeur wholly to ignore
All enmity; and this is why the shore
Became my home: I watched the sun arise,
And moon, and the grave smile of dawn; mine eyes
Grew used to the sublime; while waves rolled by
I learned great lessons of eternity.
Now, how this man is named I do not know,
But in his eyes I see the heavens glow;
This man, with brow so calm, by God is sent."

When night had darkened the blue firmament,
The keeper wished to see inside the gate,
And pressed his pale face 'gainst the fastened grate.
In the dim depth stood Daniel, calm of mien,
With eyes uplifted to the stars serene,
While this the sight for wondering gaze to meet,—
The Lions fawning at the Captive's feet!

Translation of Mrs. Newton Crosland.

THE CONSPIRACY

From 'Hernani'

[The scene is the crypt that incloses the tomb of Charlemagne, under the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is night. Great arches in Lombardian architecture, with capitals of birds and flowers. At the right of the stage is a small bronze door, low and curved. A single lamp in the gloom, suspended from the stone ceiling, shows the inscription «CAROLVS MAGNVS.» One cannot see to the end of the succeeding vaults, in the intricacy of arches, steps, and columns in shadow. Don Carlos of Spain, aware of the meeting of the conspiring league, of which the outlawed Hernani is a member, has decided (at the risk of assassination) to overhear the plot and to surprise the plotters; not only in their own council but at the moment when he is likely, in spite of their cabal, to be announced as elected Emperor by the firing of three cannon at the command of the electoral college. This extract abridges his sombre monologue, giving the beginning and concluding passage.]

DON CARLOS [*alone*]—Forgive me, Charlemagne! Oh, this lonely vault
Should echo only unto solemn words.
Thou must be angry at the babble vain
Of our ambition at your monument.
Here Charlemagne rests! How can the sombre tomb
Without a rifting spasm hold such dust!
And art thou truly here, colossal power,
Creator of the world? And canst thou now
Crouch down from all thy majesty and might?
Ah, 'tis a spectacle to stir the soul—
What Europe was, and what by thee 'twas made.
To govern this—to mount so high if called,
Yet know myself to be but mortal man!
To see the abyss—if not that moment struck
With dizziness bewildering every sense.
Oh, moving pyramid of states and kings
With apex narrow,—woe to timid step!
What shall restrain me? If I fail when there
Feeling my feet upon the trembling world,
Feeling alive the palpitating earth,
Then when I have between my hands the globe
Have I alone the strength to hold it fast,
To be an Emperor? O God! 'twas hard
And difficult to play the kingly part.
Certes, no man is rarer than the one
Who can enlarge his soul to duly meet
Great Fortune's smiles and still increasing gifts.

But I!—Who is it that shall be my guide,
My counselor, and make me great?
[*Falls on his knees before the tomb.*
'Tis thou,
O Charlemagne! And since 'tis God for whom
All obstacles dissolve, who takes us now
And puts us face to face,—from this tomb's depths
Endow me with sublimity and strength.
Let me be great enough to see the truth
On every side. Show me how small the world
I dare not measure—me this Babel show
Where, from the hind to Cæsar mounting up,
Each one, complaisant with himself, regards
The next with scorn that is but half restrained.
Teach me the secret of thy conquests all,
And how to rule. And show me certainly
Whether to punish or to pardon be
The worthier thing to do.
Is it not fact
That in his solitary bed sometimes
A mighty shade is wakened from his sleep,
Aroused by noise and turbulence on earth;
That suddenly his tomb expands itself,
And bursts its doors—and in the night flings forth
A flood of light? If this be true indeed,
Say, Emperor! what can after Charlemagne
Another do! Speak, though thy sovereign breath
Should cleave this brazen door. Or rather now
Let me thy sanctuary enter lone!
Let me behold thy veritable face,
And not repulse me with a freezing breath.
Upon thy stony pillow elbows lean,
And let us talk. Yes, with prophetic voice
Tell me of things which make the forehead pale,
And clear eyes mournful. Speak, and do not blind
Thine awe-struck son, for doubtlessly thy tomb
Is full of light. Or if thou wilt not speak,
Let me make study in the solemn peace
Of thee, as of a world; thy measure take,
O giant! for there's nothing here below
So great as thy poor ashes. Let them teach,
Failing thy spirit. [*He puts the key in the lock.*
Let us enter now. [*He recoils.*
O God, if he should really whisper me!

If he be there and walks with noiseless tread,
And I come back with hair in moments bleached!
I'll do it still.

[*Sound of footsteps.*]

Who comes? who dares disturb
Besides myself the dwelling of such dead!

[*The sound comes nearer.*]

My murderers! I forgot! Now enter we.

[*He opens the door of the tomb, which shuts upon him.*]

Enter several men (Conspirators) *walking softly, disguised by large cloaks and hats. They take each other's hands, going from one to another and speaking in a low tone.*

First Conspirator [*who alone carries a lighted torch*]—
Ad augusta.
Second Conspirator— *Per angusta.*
First Conspirator— The Saints
Shield us.
Third Conspirator— The dead assist us.
First Conspirator— Guard us, God!

[*Noise in the shade.*]

First Conspirator—
Who's there?
A Voice— *Ad augusta.*
Second Conspirator— *Per angusta.*

Enter fresh Conspirators—*noise of footsteps*

First Conspirator to Third—
See! there is some one still to come.
Third Conspirator— Who's there?
Voice [*in the darkness*]—
Ad augusta.
Third Conspirator— *Per angusta.*

Enter more Conspirators, *who exchange signs with their hands with the others*

First Conspirator— 'Tis well.
All now are here. Gotha, to you it falls
To state the case. Friends, darkness waits for light.

[*The Conspirators sit in a half-circle on the tombs. The First Conspirator passes before them, and from his torch each one lights a wax taper which he holds in his hand. Then the First Conspirator seats himself in silence on a tomb a little higher than the others, in the centre of the circle.*]

Duke of Gotha [*rising*]—
My friends! This Charles of Spain, by mother's side
A foreigner, aspires to mount the throne
Of Holy Empire.
First Conspirator— But for him the grave.
Duke of Gotha [*throwing down his light and crushing it with his foot*]—
Let it be with his head as with this flame.
All— So be it.
First Conspirator— Death unto him.
Duke of Gotha— Let him die.
All— Let him be slain.
Don Juan de Haro— German his father was.
Duke de Lutzelbourg—
His mother Spanish.
Duke of Gotha— Thus you see that he
Is no more one than other. Let him die.
A Conspirator—
Suppose th' Electors at this very hour
Declare him Emperor!
First Conspirator— Him! oh, never him!
Don Gil Tellez Giron—
What signifies? Let us strike off the head,
The crown will fall.
First Conspirator— But if to him belongs
The Holy Empire, he becomes so great
And so august, that only God's own hand
Can reach him.
Duke of Gotha— All the better reason why
He dies before such power august he gains.
First Conspirator—
He shall not be elected.
All— Not for him
The Empire.
First Conspirator— Now, how many hands will't take
To put him in his shroud?
All— One is enough.
First Conspirator—
How many strokes to reach his heart?
All— But one.

First Conspirator—
Who, then, will strike?
All— All! All!
First Conspirator— The victim is
A traitor proved. They would an Emperor choose,
We've a high priest to make. Let us draw lots.

[*All the Conspirators write their names on their tablets, tear out the leaf, roll it up, and one after another throw them into the urn on one of the tombs. Afterwards the First Conspirator says:*—]

Now let us pray.

[*All kneel; the First Conspirator rises and says:*—]

Oh, may the chosen one
Believe in God, and like a Roman strike,—
Die as a Hebrew would, and brave alike
The wheel and burning pincers, laugh at rack
And fire and wooden horse, and be resigned
To kill and die. He might have all to do.

[*He draws a parchment from the urn.*]

All— What name?
First Conspirator [*in low voice*]—
Hernani!

Hernani [*coming out from the crowd of Conspirators*]—
I have won,—yes, won!
I hold thee fast! Thee I've so long pursued
With vengeance.
Don Ruy Gomez [*piercing through the crowd and taking Hernani aside*]—
Yield—oh yield this right to me.
Hernani—Not for my life! O Signor, grudge me not
This stroke of fortune—'tis the first I've known.
Don Ruy Gomez—
You nothing have! I'll give you houses, lands,
A hundred thousand vassals shall be yours
In my three hundred villages, if you
But yield the right to strike to me.
Hernani— No—no.
Duke of Gotha—
Old man, thy arm would strike less sure a blow.
Don Ruy Gomez—
Back! I have strength of soul, if not of arm.
Judge not the sword by the mere scabbard's rust.

[*To Hernani*]—
You do belong to me.
Hernani— My life is yours,
As his belongs to me.
Don Ruy Gomez [*drawing the horn from his girdle*]—
I yield Her up,
And will return the horn.
Hernani [*trembling*]— What, life! my life
And Doña Sol! No, I my vengeance choose.
I have my father to revenge—yet more,
Perchance I am inspired by God in this.
Don Ruy Gomez—
I yield thee Her—and give thee back the horn!
Hernani—No!
Don Ruy Gomez—
Boy, reflect.
Hernani— O Duke, leave me my prey!
Don Ruy Gomez—
My curses on you for depriving me
Of this my joy.
First Conspirator [*to Hernani*]—
O brother! ere they can
Elect him—'twould be well this very night
To watch for Charles.
Hernani— Fear naught: I know the way
To kill a man.
First Conspirator— May every treason fall
On traitor, and may God be with you now.
We counts and barons, let us take the oath
That if he fall, yet slay not, we go on
And strike by turn unflinching till Charles dies.
All [*drawing their swords*]—
Let us all swear.
Duke of Gotha [*to First Conspirator*]—
My brother, let's decide
On what we swear.
Don Ruy Gomez [*taking his sword by the point and raising it above his head*]— By this same cross—
All [*raising their swords*]— And this—
That he must quickly die impenitent.

[*They hear a cannon fired afar off. All pause and are silent. The door of the tomb half opens, and Don Carlos appears at the threshold. A second gun is fired, then a third. He opens wide the door, and stands erect and motionless without advancing.*]

Don Carlos—

Fall back, ye gentlemen—the Emperor hears.

[*All the lights are simultaneously extinguished. A profound silence. Don Carlos advances a step in the darkness, so dense that the silent, motionless Conspirators can scarcely be distinguished.*]

Silence and night! From darkness sprung, the swarm
Into the darkness plunges back again!
Think ye this scene is like a passing dream,
And that I take you, now your lights are quenched,
For men's stone figures seated on their tombs?
Just now, my statues, you had voices loud.
Raise, then, your drooping heads, for Charles the Fifth
Is here. Strike. Move a pace or two and show
You dare. But no, 'tis not in you to dare.
Your flaming torches, blood-red 'neath these vaults,
My breath extinguished; but now turn your eyes
Irresolute, and see that if I thus
Put out the many, I can light still more.

[*He strikes the iron key on the bronze door of the tomb. At the sound all the depths of the cavern are filled with soldiers bearing torches and halberts. At their head the Duke d'Alcala, the Marquis d'Almuñan, etc.*]

Come on, my falcons! I've the nest—the prey.
[*To Conspirators*]—
I can make blaze of light; 'tis my turn now,—
Behold!
[*To the Soldiers*]—
Advance—for flagrant is the crime.

Hernani [*looking at the Soldiers*]—

Ah, well! At first I thought 'twas Charlemagne,—
Alone he seemed so great,—but after all
'Tis only Charles the Fifth.

Don Carlos [*to the Duke d'Alcala*]— Come, Constable
Of Spain,
[*To Marquis d'Almuñan*]—
And you, Castilian Admiral,
Disarm them all.

[*The Conspirators are surrounded and disarmed.*]

Don Ricardo [*hurrying in and bowing almost to the ground*]—
Your Majesty!

Don Carlos— Alcadé
I make you of the Palace.

Don Ricardo [*again bowing*]— Two Electors,
To represent the Golden Chamber, come
To offer to your Sacred Majesty
Congratulations now.

Don Carlos— Let them come forth.
[*Aside to Don Ricardo*]—
The Doña Sol.

[*Ricardo bows, and exit.*]

Enter with flambeaux and flourish of trumpets the King of Bohemia *and the* Duke of Bavaria, *both wearing cloth of gold and with crowns on their heads, and with numerous followers. German nobles carrying the banner of the Empire, the double-headed Eagle, with the escutcheon of Spain in the middle of it. The soldiers divide, forming lines between which the* Electors *pass to the* Emperor, *to whom they bow low. He returns the salutation by raising his hat.*

Duke of Bavaria— Most Sacred Majesty
Charles, of the Romans King, and Emperor,
The Empire of the world is in your hands—
Yours is the throne to which each king aspires!
The Saxon Frederick was elected first,
But he judged you more worthy, and declined.
Now then receive the crown and globe, O King:
The Holy Empire doth invest you now;
Arms with the sword, and you indeed are great.

Don Carlos—
The College I will thank on my return.
But go, my brother of Bohemia,
And you, Bavarian cousin.—Thanks; but now
I do dismiss you—I shall go myself.

King of Bohemia—
O Charles, our ancestors were friends. My sire
Loved yours, and their two fathers were two friends—
So young! exposed to varied fortunes! Say,
O Charles, may I be ranked a very chief
Among thy brothers? I cannot forget
I knew you as a little child.

Don Carlos— Ah, well—
King of Bohemia, you presume too much.

[*He gives him his hand to kiss, also the Duke of Bavaria; both bow low.*]

Depart. [*Exeunt the two Electors with their followers.*

The Crowd— Long live the Emperor!

Don Carlos [*aside*]— So 'tis mine!
All things have helped, and I am Emperor—
By the refusal, though, of Frederick
Surnamed the Wise!

Enter Doña Sol, *led by* Ricardo

Doña Sol— What, soldiers!—Emperor!—
Hernani! Heaven, what an unlooked-for chance!
Hernani—Ah! Doña Sol!
Don Ruy Gomez [*aside to Hernani*]—
She has not seen me.

[*Doña Sol runs to Hernani, who makes her recoil by a look of disdain.*]

Hernani— Madam!
Doña Sol [*drawing the dagger from her bosom*]—
I still his poniard have!
Hernani [*taking her in his arms*]— My dearest one!
Don Carlos—
Be silent all.
[*To the Conspirators*]—
Is't you remorseless are?
I need to give the world a lesson now,
The Lara of Castile, and Gotha, you
Of Saxony—all—all—what were your plans
Just now? I bid you speak.
Hernani— Quite simple, sire,
The thing, and we can briefly tell it you.
We 'graved the sentence on Belshazzar's wall.

[*He takes out a poniard and brandishes it.*

We render unto Cæsar Cæsar's due.
Don Carlos—
Silence!
[*To Don Ruy Gomez*]—
And you! you too are traitor, Silva!
Don Ruy Gomez—
Which of us two is traitor, sire?
Hernani [*turning towards the Conspirators*]— Our heads
And Empire—all that he desires he has.
[*To the Emperor*]—
The mantle blue of kings incumbered you;
The purple better suits—it shows not blood.

Don Carlos [*to Don Ruy Gomez*]—
Cousin of Silva, this is felony,
Attainting your baronial rank. Think well,
Don Ruy—high treason!
Don Ruy Gomez— Kings like Roderick
Count Julians make.
Don Carlos [*to the Duke d'Alcala*]—
Seize only those who seem
The nobles; for the rest—!

[*Don Ruy Gomez, the Duke de Lutzelbourg, the Duke of Gotha, Don Juan de Haro, Don Guzman de Lara, Don Tellez Giron, the Baron of Hohenbourg, separate themselves from the group of Conspirators, among whom is Hernani. The Duke d'Alcala surrounds them with guards.*]

Doña Sol [*aside*]— Ah, he is saved!
Hernani [*coming from among the Conspirators*]—
I claim to be included!
[*To Don Carlos*]— Since to this
It comes, the question of the axe: that now
Hernani, humble churl, beneath thy feet
Unpunished goes, because his brow is not
At level with thy sword,—because one must
Be great to die,—I rise. God, who gives power,
And gives to thee the sceptre, made me Duke
Of Segorbe and Cardona, Marquis too
Of Monroy, Albaterra's Count, of Gor
Viscount, and lord of many places, more
Than I can name. Juan of Aragon
Am I, Grand Master of Avis—the son
In exile born, of murdered father slain
By king's decree, King Charles, which me proscribed.
Thus death 'twixt us is family affair;
You have the scaffold—we the poniard hold.
Since heaven a duke has made me, and exile
A mountaineer,—since all in vain I've sharpened
Upon the hills my sword, and in the torrents
Have tempered it, [*He puts on his hat.*
[*To the Conspirators*]—
Let us be covered now,—
Us, the Grandees of Spain. [*They cover.*
[*To Don Carlos*]— Our heads, O King,
Have right to fall before thee covered thus.

[*To the prisoners*]—
Silva and Haro, Lara,—men of rank
And race,—make room for Juan of Aragon.
Give me my place, ye dukes and counts—my place.
[*To the courtiers and guards*]—
King, headsmen, varlets—Juan of Aragon
Am I. If all your scaffolds are too small,
Make new ones. [*He joins the group of nobles.*

Doña Sol— Heavens!

Don Carlos— I had forgotten quite
This history.

Hernani— But they who bleed remember
Far better. Th' evil that wrong-doer thus
So senselessly forgets, forever stirs
Within the outraged heart.

Don Carlos— Therefore, enough
For me to bear this title, that I'm son
Of sires whose power dealt death to ancestors
Of yours!

Doña Sol [*falling on her knees before the Emperor*]—
Oh, pardon—pardon! Mercy, sire;
Be pitiful, or strike us both, I pray:
For he my lover is, my promised spouse;
In him it is alone I live—I breathe;
O sire, in mercy us together slay.
Trembling, O Majesty! I trail myself
Before your sacred knees. I love him, sire,
And he is mine—as Empire is your own.
Have pity!
[*Don Carlos looks at her without moving.*
Oh, what thought absorbs you?

Don Carlos— Cease.
Rise, Duchess of Segorbe, Marchioness
Of Monroy, Countess Albaterra, and—
[*To Hernani*]—
Thine other names, Don Juan?

Hernani— Who speaks thus:
The King?

Don Carlos— No, 'tis the Emperor.

Doña Sol— Just Heaven!

Don Carlos [*pointing to her*]—
Duke Juan, take your wife.

Hernani [*his eyes raised to heaven, Doña Sol in his arms*]—
Just God!

Don Carlos [*to Don Ruy Gomez*]— My cousin,
I know the pride of your nobility,
But Aragon with Silva well may mate.
Don Ruy Gomez [*bitterly*]—
'Tis not a question of nobility.
Hernani [*looking with love on Doña Sol and still holding her in his arms*]—
My deadly hate is vanishing away.

[*Throws away his dagger.*

Don Ruy Gomez [*aside, and looking at them*]—
Shall I betray myself? Oh, no—my grief,
My foolish love would make them pity cast
Upon my venerable head. Old man
And Spaniard! Let the hidden fire consume,
And suffer still in secret. Let heart break
But cry not;—they would laugh at thee.
Doña Sol [*still in Hernani's arms*]— My Duke!
Hernani—Nothing my soul holds now but love!
Doña Sol— Oh, joy!
Don Carlos [*aside, his hand in his bosom*]—
Stifle thyself, young heart so full of flame;
Let reign again the better thoughts which thou
So long hast troubled. Henceforth let thy loves,
Thy mistresses, alas! be Germany
And Flanders—Spain. [*Looking at the banner.*
The Emperor is like
The Eagle his companion,—in the place
Of heart, there's but a 'scutcheon.
Hernani— Cæsar you!
Don Carlos—
Don Juan, of your ancient name and race
Your soul is worthy, [*Pointing to Doña Sol.*
Worthy e'en of her.
Kneel, Duke.

[*Hernani kneels. Don Carlos unfastens his own Golden Fleece and puts it on Hernani's neck.*]

Receive this collar.

[*Don Carlos draws his sword and strikes him three times on the shoulder.*]

Faithful be;
For by St. Stephen now I make thee Knight.
[*He raises and embraces him.*
Thou hast a collar softer and more choice,—
That which is wanting to my rank supreme,—

The arms of loving woman, loved by thee.
Thou wilt be happy — I am Emperor.
[*To Conspirators*] —
Sirs, I forget your names. Anger and hate
I will forget. Go — go — I pardon you.
This is the lesson that the world much needs.

The Conspirators —
Glory to Charles!

Don Ruy Gomez [*to Don Carlos*] —
I only suffer, then!

Don Carlos —
And I!

Don Ruy Gomez — But I have not like Majesty
Forgiven!

Hernani — Who is't has worked this wondrous change?

All — Nobles, Soldiers, Conspirators —
Honor to Charles the Fifth, and Germany!

Don Carlos [*turning to the tomb*] —
Honor to Charlemagne! Leave us now together.
[*Exeunt all.*

Don Carlos [*alone*] — [*He bends towards the tomb.*
Art thou content with me, O Charlemagne?
Have I the kingship's littleness stripped off?
Become as Emperor another man?
Can I Rome's mitre add unto my helm?
Have I the right the fortunes of the world
To sway? Have I a steady foot that safe
Can tread the path, by Vandal ruins strewed,
Which thou hast beaten by thine armies vast?
Have I my candle lighted at thy flame?
Did I interpret right the voice that spake
Within this tomb? Ah, I was lost — alone
Before an Empire — a wide howling world
That threatened and conspired! There were the Danes
To punish, and the Holy Father's self
To compensate — with Venice — Soliman,
Francis, and Luther — and a thousand dirks
Gleaming already in the shade — snares — rocks;
And countless foes; a score of nations, each
Of which might serve to awe a score of kings.
Things ripe, all pressing to be done at once.
I cried to thee — with what shall I begin?
And thou didst answer — Son, by clemency!

THE CHAIN-GANG FOR THE GALLEYS

From 'Les Misérables.' Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Copyright 1887, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

JEAN VALJEAN'S inclination led him, as we have seen, to the least frequented spots, to solitary nooks, to forgotten places. There then existed, in the vicinity of the barriers of Paris, a sort of poor meadows, which were almost confounded with the city, where grew in summer sickly grain, and which in autumn, after the harvest had been gathered, presented the appearance of having been not reaped, but peeled. Jean Valjean loved to haunt these fields. Cosette was not bored there. It meant solitude to him and liberty to her. There she became a little girl once more: she could run and almost play; she took off her hat, laid it on Jean Valjean's knees, and gathered bunches of flowers. She gazed at the butterflies on the flowers, but did not catch them; gentleness and tenderness are born with love, and the young girl who cherishes within her breast a trembling and fragile ideal has mercy on the wing of a butterfly. She wove garlands of poppies, which she placed on her head, and which, crossed and penetrated with sunlight, glowing until they flamed, formed for her rosy face a crown of burning embers.

Even after their life had grown sad, they kept up their custom of early strolls.

One morning in October, therefore, tempted by the serene perfection of the autumn of 1831, they set out, and found themselves at break of day near the Barrière du Maine. It was not dawn, it was daybreak; a delightful and stern moment. A few constellations here and there in the deep, pale azure, the earth all black, the heavens all white, a quiver amid the blades of grass, everywhere the mysterious chill of twilight. A lark, which seemed mingled with the stars, was caroling at a prodigious height, and one would have declared that that hymn of pettiness calmed immensity. In the East, the Val-de-Grâce projected its dark mass on the clear horizon with the sharpness of steel; Venus dazzlingly brilliant was rising behind that dome, and had the air of a soul making its escape from a gloomy edifice.

All was peace and silence; there was no one on the road; a few stray laborers, of whom they caught barely a glimpse, were on their way to their work along the side paths.

Jean Valjean was sitting in a cross-walk, on some planks deposited at the gate of the timber-yard. His face was turned towards the highway, his back towards the light; he had forgotten the sun, which was on the point of rising; he had sunk into one of those profound absorptions in which the mind becomes concentrated, which imprison even the eye, and which are equivalent to four walls. There are meditations which may be called vertical; when one is at the bottom of them, time is required to return to earth. Jean Valjean had plunged into one of these reveries. He was thinking of Cosette, of the happiness that was possible if nothing came between him and her, of the light with which she filled his life,—a light which was but the emanation of her soul. He was almost happy in his revery. Cosette, who was standing beside him, was gazing at the clouds as they turned rosy.

All at once Cosette exclaimed, "Father, I should think some one was coming yonder." Jean Valjean raised his eyes.

Cosette was right. The causeway which leads to the ancient Barrière du Maine is a prolongation, as the reader knows, of the Rue de Sèvres, and is cut at right angles by the inner boulevard. At the elbow of the causeway and the boulevard, at the spot where it branches, they heard a noise which it was difficult to account for at that hour, and a sort of confused pile made its appearance. Some shapeless thing which was coming from the boulevard was turning into the road.

It grew larger; it seemed to move in an orderly manner, though it was bristling and quivering; it seemed to be a vehicle, but its load could not be distinctly made out. There were horses, wheels, shouts; whips were cracking. By degrees the outlines became fixed, although bathed in shadows. It was a vehicle, in fact, which had just turned from the boulevard into the highway, and which was directing its course towards the barrier near which sat Jean Valjean; a second of the same aspect followed, then a third, then a fourth: seven chariots made their appearance in succession, the heads of the horses touching the rear of the wagon in front. Figures were moving on these vehicles, flashes were visible through the dusk as though there were naked swords there, a clanking became audible which resembled the rattling of chains; and as this something advanced, the sound of voices waxed louder, and it turned into a terrible thing such as emerges from the cave of dreams.

As it drew nearer it assumed a form, and was outlined behind the trees with the pallid hue of an apparition; the mass grew white; the day, which was slowly dawning, cast a wan light on this swarming heap which was at once both sepulchral and living, the heads of the figures turned into the faces of corpses, and this is what it proved to be:—

Seven wagons were driving in a file along the road. The first six were singularly constructed. They resembled coopers' drays; they consisted of long ladders placed on two wheels and forming barrows at their rear extremities. Each dray, or rather let us say, each ladder, was attached to four horses harnessed tandem. On these ladders strange clusters of men were being drawn. In the faint light, these men were to be divined rather than seen. Twenty-four on each vehicle, twelve on a side, back to back, facing the passers-by, their legs dangling in the air,—this was the manner in which these men were traveling; and behind their backs they had something which clanked, and which was a chain, and on their necks something which shone, and which was an iron collar. Each man had his collar, but the chain was for all; so that if these four-and-twenty men had occasion to alight from the dray and walk, they were seized with a sort of inexorable unity, and were obliged to wind over the ground with the chain for a backbone, somewhat after the fashion of millepeds. In the back and front of each vehicle, two men armed with muskets stood erect, each holding one end of the chain under his foot. The iron necklets were square. The seventh vehicle, a huge rack-sided baggage wagon, without a hood, had four wheels and six horses, and carried a sonorous pile of iron boilers, cast-iron pots, braziers, and chains, among which were mingled several men who were pinioned and stretched at full length, and who seemed to be ill. This wagon, all lattice-work, was garnished with dilapidated hurdles, which appeared to have served for former punishments. These vehicles kept to the middle of the road. On each side marched a double hedge of guards of infamous aspect, wearing three-cornered hats, like the soldiers under the Directory, shabby, covered with spots and holes, muffled in uniforms of veterans and the trousers of undertakers' men, half gray, half blue, which were almost hanging in rags, with red epaulets, yellow shoulder-belts, short sabres, muskets, and cudgels; they were a species of soldier blackguards. These myrmidons seemed composed of the abjectness of the beggar and the authority of the executioner. The one who appeared

to be their chief held a postilion's whip in his hand. All these details, blurred by the dimness of dawn, became more and more clearly outlined as the light increased. At the head and in the rear of the convoy rode mounted gendarmes, serious and with sword in fist.

This procession was so long that when the first vehicle reached the barrier, the last was barely debouching from the boulevard. A throng, sprung it is impossible to say whence, and formed in a twinkling, as is frequently the case in Paris, pressed forward from both sides of the road and looked on. In the neighboring lanes the shouts of people calling to each other, and the wooden shoes of market gardeners hastening up to gaze, were audible.

The men massed upon the drays allowed themselves to be jolted along in silence. They were livid with the chill of morning. They all wore linen trousers, and their bare feet were thrust into wooden shoes. The rest of their costume was a fantasy of wretchedness. Their accoutrements were horribly incongruous; nothing is more funereal than the harlequin in rags. Battered felt hats, tarpaulin caps, hideous woolen nightcaps, and side by side with a short blouse, a black coat broken at the elbow; many wore women's headgear, others had baskets on their heads; hairy breasts were visible, and through the rents in their garments tattooed designs could be descried,—temples of Love, flaming hearts, Cupids; eruptions and unhealthy red blotches could also be seen. Two or three had a straw rope attached to the cross-bar of the dray, and suspended under them like a stirrup, which supported their feet. One of them held in his hand and raised to his mouth something which had the appearance of a black stone, and which he seemed to be gnawing: it was bread which he was eating. There were no eyes there which were not either dry, dulled, or flaming with an evil light. The escort troop cursed, the men in chains did not utter a syllable; from time to time the sound of a blow became audible as the cudgels descended on shoulder-blades or skulls. Some of these men were yawning. Their rags were terrible; their feet hung down, their shoulders oscillated, their heads clashed together, their fetters clanked, their eyes glared ferociously, their fists clenched or fell open inertly like the hands of corpses. In the rear of the convoy ran a band of children screaming with laughter.

This file of vehicles, whatever its nature was, was mournful. It was evident that to-morrow, that an hour hence, a pouring rain might descend, that it might be followed by another and

another, and that their dilapidated garments would be drenched, that once soaked these men would not get dry again, that once chilled they would not again get warm, that their linen trousers would be glued to their bones by the downpour, that the water would fill their shoes, that no lashes from the whips would be able to prevent their jaws from chattering, that the chain would continue to bind them by the neck, that their legs would continue to dangle; and it was impossible not to shudder at the sight of these human beings thus bound and passive beneath the cold clouds of autumn, and delivered over to the rain, to the blast, to all the furies of the air, like trees and stones.

Blows from the cudgel were not omitted even in the case of the sick men, who lay there knotted with ropes and motionless on the seventh wagon, and who appeared to have been tossed there like sacks filled with misery.

Suddenly the sun made its appearance; the immense light of the Orient burst forth, and one would have said that it had set fire to all those ferocious heads. Their tongues were unloosed; a conflagration of grins, oaths, and songs exploded. The broad horizontal sheet of light severed the file into two parts, illuminating heads and bodies, leaving feet and wheels in the obscurity. Thoughts made their appearance on these faces: it was a terrible moment; visible demons with their masks removed, fierce souls laid bare. Though lighted up, this wild throng remained in gloom. Some, who were gay, had in their mouths quills through which they blew vermin over the crowd, picking out the women; the dawn accentuated these lamentable profiles with the blackness of its shadows; there was not one of these creatures who was not deformed by reason of wretchedness; and the whole was so monstrous that one would have said that the sun's brilliancy had been changed into the glare of the lightning. The wagon-load which headed the line had struck up a song, and were shouting at the top of their voices, with a haggard joviality, a pot-pourri by Desaugiers, then famous, called 'The Vestal'; the trees shivered mournfully; in the cross-lanes, countenances of bourgeois listened in idiotic delight to these coarse strains droned by spectres.

All sorts of distress met in this procession as in chaos: here were to be found the facial angles of every sort of beast, old men, youths, bald heads, gray beards, cynical monstrosities, sour resignation, savage grins, senseless attitudes, snouts surmounted

by caps, heads like those of young girls with corkscrew curls on the temples, infantile visages, and by reason of that, horrible thin skeleton faces, to which death alone was lacking. On the first cart was a negro, who had been a slave in all probability, and who could make a comparison of his chains. The frightful leveler from below, shame, had passed over these brows; at that degree of abasement, the last transformations were suffered by all in their extremest depths, and ignorance converted into dullness was the equal of intelligence converted into despair. There was no choice possible between these men, who appeared to the eye as the flower of the mud. It was evident that the person who had had the ordering of that unclean procession had not classified them. These beings had been fettered and coupled pell-mell, in alphabetical disorder probably, and loaded hap-hazard on those carts. Nevertheless, horrors, when grouped together, always end by evolving a result; all additions of wretched men give a sum total: each chain exhaled a common soul, and each dray-load had its own physiognomy. By the side of the one where they were singing, there was one where they were howling; a third where they were begging; one could be seen in which they were gnashing their teeth; another load menaced the spectators, another blasphemed God; the last was as silent as the tomb. Dante would have thought that he beheld his seven circles of hell on the march; the march of the damned to their tortures, performed in sinister wise, not on the formidable and flaming chariot of the Apocalypse, but what was more mournful than that, on the gibbet cart.

One of the guards, who had a hook on the end of his cudgel, made a pretense from time to time of stirring up this mass of human filth. An old woman in the crowd pointed them out to her little boy five years old, and said to him, "Rascal, let that be a warning to you!"

As the songs and blasphemies increased, the man who appeared to be the captain of the escort cracked his whip, and at that signal a fearful dull and blind flogging, which produced the sound of hail, fell upon the seven dray-loads: many roared and foamed at the mouth; which redoubled the delight of the street urchins who had hastened up, a swarm of flies on these wounds.

Jean Valjean's eyes had assumed a frightful expression. They were no longer eyes; they were those deep and glassy objects which replace the glance in the case of certain wretched men,

which seem unconscious of reality, and in which flames the reflection of terrors and of catastrophes. He was not looking at a spectacle, he was seeing a vision. He tried to rise, to flee, to make his escape: he could not move his feet. Sometimes the things that you see, seize upon you and hold you fast. He remained nailed to the spot, petrified, stupid, asking himself athwart confused and inexpressible anguish what this sepulchral persecution signified, and whence had come that pandemonium which was pursuing him. All at once he raised his hand to his brow,—a gesture habitual to those whose memory suddenly returns: he remembered that this was in fact the usual itinerary; that it was customary to make this detour in order to avoid all possibility of encountering royalty on the road to Fontainebleau, and that five-and-thirty years before he had himself passed through that barrier.

Cosette was no less terrified, but in a different way. She did not understand; what she beheld did not seem to her to be possible: at length she cried:—

"Father! what are those men in those carts?"

Jean Valjean replied, "Convicts."

"Whither are they going?"

"To the galleys."

At that moment the cudgeling, multiplied by a hundred hands, became zealous, blows with the flat of the sword were mingled with it, it was a perfect storm of whips and clubs; the convicts bent before it, a hideous obedience was evoked by the torture, and all held their peace, darting glances like chained wolves.

Cosette trembled in every limb; she resumed:—

"Father, are they still men?"

"Sometimes," answered the unhappy man.

It was the chain-gang; in fact, which had set out before daybreak from Bicêtre, and had taken the road to Mans in order to avoid Fontainebleau, where the King then was. This caused the horrible journey to last three or four days longer; but torture may surely be prolonged with the object of sparing the royal personage a sight of it.

Jean Valjean returned home utterly overwhelmed. Such encounters are shocks, and the memory that they leave behind them resembles a thorough shaking-up.

THE COMBAT WITH THE OCTOPUS

From 'The Toilers of the Sea.' Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Copyright 1888, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Just as Gilliatt was making up his mind to resign himself to sea-urchins and sea-chestnuts, a splash was made at his feet.

A huge crab, frightened by his approach, had just dropped into the water. The crab did not sink so deeply that Gilliatt lost sight of it.

Gilliatt set out on a run after the crab along the base of the reef. The crab sought to escape.

Suddenly, he was no longer in sight.

The crab had just hidden in some crevice under the rock.

Gilliatt clung to the projections of the rock, and thrust forward his head to get a look under the overhanging cliff.

There was in fact a cavity there. The crab must have taken refuge in it.

It was something more than a crevice. It was a sort of porch.

The sea entered beneath this porch, but was not deep. The bottom was visible, covered with stones. These stones were smooth and clothed with algæ, which indicated that they were never dry. They resembled the tops of children's heads covered with green hair.

Gilliatt took his knife in his teeth, climbed down with his hands and feet from the top of the cliff, and leaped into the water. It reached almost to his shoulders.

He passed under the porch. He entered a much worn corridor in the form of a rude pointed arch overhead. The walls were smooth and polished. He no longer saw the crab. He kept his foothold, and advanced through the diminishing light. He began to be unable to distinguish objects.

After about fifteen paces, the vault above him came to an end. He was out of the corridor. He had here more space, and consequently more light; and besides, the pupils of his eyes were now dilated: he saw with tolerable clearness. He had a surprise.

He was just re-entering that strange cave which he had visited a month previously.

Only he had returned to it by way of the sea.

That arch which he had then seen submerged was the one through which he had just passed. It was accessible at certain low tides.

His eyes became accustomed to the place. He saw better and better. He was astounded. He had found again that extraordinary palace of shadows, that vault, those pillars, those purple and blood-like stains, that jewel-like vegetation, and at the end that crypt, almost a sanctuary, and that stone which was almost an altar.

He had not taken much notice of these details; but he carried the general effect in his mind, and he beheld it again.

Opposite him, at a certain height in the cliff, he saw the crevice through which he had made his entrance on the first occasion, and which, from the point where he now stood, seemed inaccessible.

He beheld again, near the pointed arch, those low and obscure grottoes, a sort of caverns within the cavern, which he had already observed from a distance. Now he was close to them. The one nearest to him was dry and easily accessible.

Still nearer than that opening he noticed a horizontal fissure in the granite above the level of the water. The crab was probably there. He thrust in his hand as far as he could and began to grope in this hole of shadows.

All at once he felt himself seized by the arm.

What he felt at that moment was indescribable horror.

Something thin, rough, flat, slimy, adhesive, and living, had just wound itself round his bare arm in the dark. It crept up towards his breast. It was like the pressure of a leather thong and the thrust of a gimlet. In less than a second an indescribable spiral form had passed around his wrist and his elbow, and reached to his shoulder. The point burrowed under his armpit.

Gilliatt threw himself backwards, but could hardly move. He was as though nailed to the spot; with his left hand, which remained free, he took his knife, which he held between his teeth, and holding the knife with his hand he braced himself against the rock, in a desperate effort to withdraw his arm. He only succeeded in disturbing the ligature a little, which resumed its pressure. It was as supple as leather, as solid as steel, as cold as night.

A second thong, narrow and pointed, issued from the crevice of the rock. It was like a tongue from the jaws of a monster. It licked Gilliatt's naked form in a terrible fashion, and suddenly stretching out, immensely long and thin, it applied itself to his skin and surrounded his whole body. At the same time, unheard-of suffering, which was comparable to nothing he had previously known, swelled Gilliatt's contracted muscles. He felt in his skin round and horrible perforations; it seemed to him that innumerable lips were fastened to his flesh and were seeking to drink his blood.

A third thong undulated outside the rock, felt of Gilliatt, and lashed his sides like a cord. It fixed itself there.

Anguish is mute when at its highest point. Gilliatt did not utter a cry. There was light enough for him to see the repulsive forms adhering to him.

A fourth ligature, this one as swift as a dart, leaped towards his belly and rolled itself around there.

Impossible either to tear or to cut away these shiny thongs which adhered closely to Gilliatt's body, and by a number of points. Each one of those points was the seat of frightful and peculiar pain. It was what would be experienced if one were being swallowed simultaneously by a throng of mouths which were too small.

A fifth prolongation leaped from the hole. It superimposed itself upon the others, and folded over Gilliatt's chest. Compression was added to horror; Gilliatt could hardly breathe.

These thongs, pointed at their extremity, spread out gradually like the blades of swords towards the hilt. All five evidently belonged to the same centre. They crept and crawled over Gilliatt. He felt these strange points of pressure, which seemed to him to be mouths, changing their places.

Suddenly a large, round, flat, slimy mass emerged from the lower part of the crevice.

It was the centre; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to a hub; on the opposite side of this foul disk could be distinguished the beginnings of three other tentacles, which remained under the slope of the rock. In the middle of this sliminess there were two eyes gazing.

The eyes were fixed on Gilliatt.

Gilliatt recognized the octopus (*devil-fish*).

II

To BELIEVE in the octopus, one must have seen it.

Compared with it, the hydras of old are laughable.

At certain moments one is tempted to think that the intangible forms which float through our vision encounter in the realm of the possible, certain magnetic centres to which their lineaments cling, and that from these obscure fixations of the living dream, beings spring forth. The unknown has the marvelous at its disposal, and it makes use of it to compose the monster. Orpheus, Homer, and Hesiod were only able to make the Chimæra: God made the octopus.

When God wills it, he excels in the execrable. . . .

All ideals being admitted, if terror be an object, the octopus is a masterpiece.

The whale has enormous size, the octopus is small; the hippopotamus has a cuirass, the octopus is naked; the jararoca hisses, the octopus is dumb; the rhinoceros has a horn, the octopus has no horn; the scorpion has a sting, the octopus has no sting; the buthus has claws, the octopus has no claws; the ape has a prehensile tail, the octopus has no tail; the shark has sharp fins, the octopus has no fins; the vespertilio vampire has wings armed with barbs, the octopus has no barbs; the hedgehog has quills, the octopus has no quills; the sword-fish has a sword, the octopus has no sword; the torpedo-fish has an electric shock, the octopus has none; the toad has a virus, the octopus has no virus; the viper has a venom, the octopus has no venom; the lion has claws, the octopus has no claws; the hawk has a beak, the octopus has no beak; the crocodile has jaws, the octopus has no teeth.

The octopus has no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breastplate, no horn, no dart, no pincers, no prehensile or bruising tail, no cutting pectoral fins, no barbed wings, no quills, no sword, no electric discharge, no virus, no venom, no claws, no beak, no teeth. Of all creatures, the octopus is the most formidably armed.

What then is the octopus? It is the cupping-glass.

In open sea reefs, where the water displays and hides all its splendors, in the hollows of unvisited rocks, in the unknown caves where vegetations, crustaceans, and shell-fish abound, beneath the deep portals of the ocean,—the swimmer who hazards himself

there, led on by the beauty of the place, runs the risk of an encounter. If you have this encounter, be not curious but fly. One enters there dazzled, one emerges from thence terrified.

This is the nature of the encounter always possible among rocks in the open sea.

A grayish form undulates in the water: it is as thick as a man's arm, and about half an ell long; it is a rag; its form resembles a closed umbrella without a handle. This rag gradually advances towards you, suddenly it opens: eight radii spread out abruptly around a face which has two eyes; these radii are alive; there is something of the flame in their undulation; it is a sort of wheel; unfolded, it is four or five feet in diameter. Frightful expansion. This flings itself upon you.

The hydra harpoons its victim.

This creature applies itself to its prey; covers it, and knots its long bands about it. Underneath, it is yellowish; on top, earth-colored: nothing can represent this inexplicable hue of dust; one would pronounce it a creature made of ashes, living in the water. In form it is spider-like, and like a chameleon in its coloring. When irritated it becomes violet in hue. Its most terrible quality is its softness.

Its folds strangle; its contact paralyzes.

It has an aspect of scurvy and gangrene. It is disease embodied in monstrosity.

It is not to be torn away. It adheres closely to its prey. How? By a vacuum. Its eight antennæ, large at the root, gradually taper off and end in needles. Underneath each one of them are arranged two rows of decreasing pustules, the largest near the head, the smallest ones at the tip. Each row consists of twenty-five; there are fifty pustules to each antenna, and the whole creature has four hundred of them. These pustules are cupping-glasses.

These cupping-glasses are cylindrical, horny, livid cartilages. On the large species they gradually diminish from the diameter of a five-franc piece to the size of a lentil. These fragments of tubes are thrust out from the animal and retire into it. They can be inserted into the prey for more than an inch.

This sucking apparatus has all the delicacy of a key-board. It rises, then retreats. It obeys the slightest wish of the animal. The most exquisite sensibilities cannot equal the contractibility of these suckers, always proportioned to the internal movements

of the creature and to the external circumstances. This dragon is like a sensitive-plant.

This is the monster which mariners call the poulp, which science calls the cephalopod, and which legend calls the kraken. English sailors call it the "devil-fish." They also call it the "blood-sucker." In the Channel Islands it is called the *pieuvre*.

It is very rare in Guernsey, very small in Jersey, very large and quite frequent in Sark.

A print from Sonnini's edition of Buffon represents an octopus crushing a frigate. Denis Montfort thinks that the octopus of the high latitudes is really strong enough to sink a ship. Bory Saint Vincent denies this, but admits that in our latitudes it does attack man. Go to Sark and they will show you, near Brecq-Hou, the hollow in the rock where, a few years ago, an octopus seized and drowned a lobster-fisher.

Péron and Lamarck are mistaken when they doubt whether the octopus can swim, since it has no fins.

He who writes these lines has seen with his own eyes at Sark, in the cave called the Shops, an octopus swimming and chasing a bather. When killed and measured it was found to be four English feet in spread, and four hundred suckers could be counted. The dying monster thrust them out convulsively.

According to Denis Montfort, one of those observers whose strong gift of intuition causes them to descend or to ascend even to magianism, the octopus has almost the passions of a man; the octopus hates. In fact, in the absolute, to be hideous is to hate.

The misshapen struggles under a necessity of elimination, and this consequently renders it hostile.

The octopus when swimming remains, so to speak, in its sheath. It swims with all its folds held close. Let the reader picture to himself a sewed-up sleeve with a closed fist inside of it. This fist, which is the head, pushes through the water, and advances with a vague, undulating movement. Its two eyes, though large, are not very distinct, being the color of the water.

The octopus on the chase or lying in wait, hides; it contracts, it condenses itself; it reduces itself to the simplest possible expression. It confounds itself with the shadow. It looks like a ripple of the waves. It resembles everything except something living.

The octopus is a hypocrite. When one pays no heed to it, suddenly it opens.

A glutinous mass possessed of a will — what more frightful? Glue filled with hatred.

It is in the most beautiful azure of the limpid water that this hideous, voracious star of the sea arises.

It gives no warning of its approach, which renders it more terrible. Almost always, when one sees it, one is already caught.

At night, however, and in breeding season, it is phosphorescent. This terror has its passions. It awaits the nuptial hour. It adorns itself, it lights up, it illuminates itself; and from the summit of a rock one can see it beneath, in the shadowy depths, spread out in a pallid irradiation,— a spectre sun.

It has no bones, it has no blood, it has no flesh. It is flabby. There is nothing in it. It is a skin. One can turn its eight tentacles wrong side out, like the fingers of a glove.

It has a single orifice in the centre of its radiation. Is this one hole the vent? Is it the mouth? It is both.

The same aperture fulfills both functions. The entrance is the exit.

The whole creature is cold.

The carnarius of the Mediterranean is repulsive. An odious contact has this animated gelatine, which envelops the swimmer, into which the hands sink, where the nails scratch, which one rends without killing and tears off without pulling away, a sort of flowing and tenacious being which slips between one's fingers; but no horror equals the sudden appearance of the octopus,— Medusa served by eight serpents.

No grasp equals the embrace of the cephalopod.

It is the pneumatic machine attacking you. You have to deal with a vacuum furnished with paws. Neither scratches nor bites; an indescribable scarification. A bite is formidable, but less so than a suction. A claw is nothing beside the cupping-glass. The claw means the beast entering into your flesh; the cupping-glass means yourself entering into the beast.

Your muscles swell, your fibres writhe, your skin cracks under the foul weight, your blood spurts forth and mingles frightfully with the lymph of the mollusk. The creature superimposes itself upon you by a thousand mouths; the hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man amalgamates himself with the hydra. You form but one. This dream is upon you. The

tiger can only devour you; the octopus, oh horror! breathes you in. It draws you to it, and into it; and bound, ensnared, powerless, you feel yourself slowly emptied into that frightful pond, which is the monster itself.

Beyond the terrible, being devoured alive, is the inexpressible, being drunk alive. . . .

Such was the creature in whose power Gilliatt had been for several moments.

This monster was the inhabitant of that grotto. It was the frightful genius of the place. A sort of sombre demon of the water.

All these magnificences had horror for their centre.

A month previously, on the day when for the first time Gilliatt had made his way into the grotto, the dark outline, of which he had caught a glimpse in the ripples of the water, was this octopus.

This was its home.

When Gilliatt, entering that cave for the second time in pursuit of the crab, had perceived the crevices in which he thought the crab had taken refuge, the octopus was lying in wait in that hole.

Can the reader picture that lying in wait?

Not a bird would dare to brood, not an egg would dare to hatch, not a flower would dare to open, not a breast would dare to give suck, not a heart would dare to love, not a spirit would dare to take flight, if one meditated on the sinister shapes patiently lying in ambush in the abyss.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm into the hole; the octopus had seized it.

It held it.

He was the fly for this spider.

Gilliatt stood in water to his waist, his feet clinging to the slippery roundness of the stones, his right arm grasped and subdued by the flat coils of the octopus's thongs, and his body almost hidden by the folds and crossings of that horrible bandage. Of the eight arms of the octopus, three adhered to the rock while five adhered to Gilliatt. In this manner, clamped on one side to the granite, on the other to the man, it chained Gilliatt to the rock. Gilliatt had two hundred and fifty suckers

upon him. A combination of anguish and disgust. To be crushed in a gigantic fist, whose elastic fingers, nearly a metre in length, are inwardly full of living pustules which ransack your flesh.

As we have said, one cannot tear one's self away from the octopus. If one attempts it, one is but the more surely bound. It only clings the closer. Its efforts increase in proportion to yours. A greater struggle produces a greater constriction.

Gilliatt had but one resource,—his knife.

He had only his left hand free; but as the reader knows, he could make powerful use of it. It might have been said of him that he had two right hands.

His open knife was in his hand.

The tentacles of an octopus cannot be cut off; it is leathery and difficult to sever, it slips away from under the blade. Moreover, the superposition is such that a cut into these thongs would attack your own flesh.

The octopus is formidable; nevertheless there is a way of getting away from it. The fishermen of Sark are acquainted with it; any one who has seen them executing abrupt movements at sea knows it. Porpoises also know it: they have a way of biting the cuttlefish which cuts off its head. Hence all the headless squids and cuttlefish which are met with on the open sea.

The octopus is in fact vulnerable only in the head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact.

He had never seen an octopus of this size. He found himself seized at the outset by one of the larger species. Any other man would have been terrified.

In the case of the octopus as in that of the bull, there is a certain moment at which to seize it: it is the instant when the bull lowers his neck, it is the instant when the octopus thrusts forward its head — a sudden movement. He who misses that juncture is lost.

All that we have related lasted but a few minutes. But Gilliatt felt the suction of the two hundred and fifty cupping-glasses increasing.

The octopus is cunning. It tries to stupefy its prey in the first place. It seizes, then waits as long as it can.

Gilliatt held his knife. The suction increased.

He gazed at the octopus, which stared at him.

All at once the creature detached its sixth tentacle from the rock, and launching it at him, attempted to seize his left arm.

At the same time it thrust its head forward swiftly. A second more and its mouth would have been applied to Gilliatt's breast. Gilliatt, wounded in the flank and with both arms pinioned, would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was on his guard. Being watched, he watched.

He avoided the tentacle, and at the moment when the creature was about to bite his breast, his armed fist descended on the monster.

Two convulsions in opposite directions ensued: that of Gilliatt and that of the octopus.

It was like the conflict of two flashes of lightning.

Gilliatt plunged the point of his knife into the flat, viscous mass, and with a twisting movement, similar to the flourish of a whip, describing a circle around the two eyes, he tore out the head as one wrenches out a tooth.

It was finished.

The whole creature dropped.

It resembled a sheet detaching itself. The air-pump destroyed, the vacuum no longer existed. The four hundred suckers released their hold, simultaneously, of the rock and the man.

It sank to the bottom.

Gilliatt, panting with the combat, could perceive on the rocks at his feet two shapeless, gelatinous masses, the head on one side, the rest on the other. We say "the rest," because one could not say the body.

Gilliatt, however, fearing some convulsive return of agony, retreated beyond the reach of the tentacles.

But the monster was really dead.

Gilliatt closed his knife.

It was time that Gilliatt killed the octopus. He was almost strangled; his right arm and his body were violet in hue; more than two hundred swellings were outlined upon them; the blood spurted from some of them here and there. The remedy for these wounds is salt water: Gilliatt plunged into it. At the same time he rubbed himself with the palm of his hand. The swellings subsided under this friction.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

(1769–1859)

BARON Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, better known as Alexander von Humboldt, the scientist and author, was one of those rare scholars who, while devoting themselves to the pursuit of exact knowledge, and leaving works of moment in the advance of human thought, possess a general culture and a gift of expression which give their work distinct value to the student of literature.

Humboldt was born in Berlin, September 14th, 1769. His father was an officer of high rank in the Seven Years' War, and afterwards a court chamberlain. The son first received private instruction, with his elder brother Wilhelm, the celebrated scholar and statesman, and then studied philology, history, and other branches, at Frankfort and Göttingen, making occasional trips to the Hartz Mountains or on the Rhine,—a result of these jaunts being a monograph on a geological subject. In 1790 came travel in Holland, Belgium, England, and France,—an experience which first suggested further travels in far-lying tropic lands; then came more study at a trades-school in Hamburg and at the well-known Mining School at Freiburg. His work won for him in 1792 the position of mining engineer; and tours in Switzerland and the Tyrol gave him material for several volumes in geological or chemical fields. The year 1799 marked a turning-point in his career; for he resigned his post in order to give himself unreservedly to the study of science. Some months were spent in Jena, where he enjoyed the society of Goethe and Schiller; starting in 1797, in company with Bonpland, the distinguished French botanist, upon a series of wanderings in Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and France. In 1799, still with his fellow scientist, he set out for South America, and spent five years in that country and in Mexico, engaged in various investigations; his adventures including the climbing of Chimborazo to an altitude higher than had hitherto been attained. Except for occasional visits to Berlin and other cities, he resided by permission of the German king in Paris, pursuing his researches, writing and preparing for the press his many treatises: but finally came back to Berlin for good and all in 1827, to begin his famous lectures at the University upon physical geography; holding too the position of court chamberlain, like his father before him. His natal city was his home until his death more than thirty years later.

In 1829, at the instigation of the Russian Emperor Nicholas, he undertook with other scientists a journey to Siberia and the Caspian Sea. During the next decade he executed several government missions in Paris; was instrumental in organizing observation stations, which led to the fine system of meteorological stations now obtaining in Germany; and completed the editing of one of his greatest works, the 'Critical Examination of the History of Geography of the New Continent,' written in the French tongue. With the exception of brief journeys to England and Denmark in 1841 and 1845, Humboldt remained in Germany, and with the zeal and enthusiasm of a young man carried on his labors as teacher and scholar in Berlin; the richest fruits of which are seen in his master work 'Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Cosmography' (1845–1858). This comprehensive study of the physical universe exhibits the rare union of qualities which makes Humboldt truly a genius in science. Of encyclopædic knowledge, a specialist pursuing technical analyses to their minutest details, the founder of meteorology and physical geography, a discoverer on the subjects of sea and plant life, a thinker who did original work in geology, astronomy, zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy,—he yet had the synthetic grasp, the insatiable desire for an all-embracing conception of the world of matter. He used his wonderful acquirements as a foundation upon which to rear a lofty structure whence all nature might be viewed and a sense of her as a living whole be gained. The 'Cosmos,' because of this broad outlook and nobility of spirit, is a unique work in scientific literature. Its general scheme embraces a fine introduction,—from which the selections below are chosen,—in which the author's views on Nature as a vast organic unity are set forth with eloquence; a grand review of natural phenomena, sidereal and terrestrial, and including the study of man as an inhabitant of the planet; followed by a consideration of the incitements to nature's study found in the literature of many lands; and concluded by a sweeping survey of the progress among mankind of natural conceptions with regard to the universe. There is nothing dry or repellently technical about the treatment, which is broad, profoundly ethical, and aglow with elevated feeling.

Humboldt, moreover, showed himself to be a man of wide human sympathy by presenting his theories and discoveries in lectures and popular articles, simply and plainly, so that those who ran could read and understand. It was natural that one who had this catholic sympathy, this feeling for the ideal significance of the natural world, this wish to put it before his fellow-men in the way of literature rather than of science, should have done writing of artistic worth.

A list of Humboldt's works would be very long, and is necessarily omitted. He died May 6th, 1859, at the great age of ninety. He

was, as a German critic remarks, the Nestor of scientific investigators in his own land, and indeed in Europe. As his statue is one of the proud ornaments of the stately entrance of Berlin University, so he himself is one of the proud intellectual adornments of his race,—a race conspicuous in the accomplishments of learning and genius.

THE BEAUTY AND UNITY OF NATURE

From 'Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe'

IN ATTEMPTING, after a long absence from my native country, to develop the physical phenomena of the globe and the simultaneous action of the forces that pervade the regions of space, I experience a twofold cause of anxiety. The subject before me is so inexhaustible and so varied, that I fear either to fall into the superficiality of the encyclopædist, or to weary the mind of my reader by aphorisms consisting of mere generalities clothed in dry and dogmatical forms. Undue conciseness often checks the flow of expression, whilst diffuseness is detrimental to a clear and precise exposition of our ideas. Nature is a free domain; and the profound conceptions and enjoyments she awakens within us can only be vividly delineated by thought clothed in exalted forms of speech, worthy of bearing witness to the majesty and greatness of the creation.

In considering the study of physical phenomena, not merely in its bearings on the material wants of life, but in its general influence on the intellectual advancement of mankind, we find its noblest and most important result to be a knowledge of the chain of connection by which all natural forces are linked together and made mutually dependent upon each other; and it is the perception of these relations that exalts our views and ennobles our enjoyments. Such a result, however, can only be reaped as the fruit of observation and intellect, combined with the spirit of the age, in which are reflected all the varied phases of thought. He who can trace, through bygone times, the stream of our knowledge to its primitive source, will learn from history how for thousands of years man has labored, amid the ever recurring changes of form, to recognize the invariability of natural laws, and has thus by the force of mind gradually subdued a great portion of the physical world to his dominion. In interrogating the history of the past, we trace the mysterious course of ideas

yielding the first glimmering perception of the same image of a Cosmos, or harmoniously ordered whole, which, dimly shadowed forth to the human mind in the primitive ages of the world, is now fully revealed to the maturer intellect of mankind as the result of long and laborious observation.

Each of those epochs of the contemplation of the external world — the earliest dawn of thought, and the advanced stage of civilization — has its own source of enjoyment. In the former, this enjoyment, in accordance with the simplicity of the primitive ages, flowed from an intuitive feeling of the order that was proclaimed by the invariable and successive reappearance of the heavenly bodies, and by the progressive development of organized beings; whilst in the latter, this sense of enjoyment springs from a definite knowledge of the phenomena of nature. When man began to interrogate nature, and not content with observing, learnt to evoke phenomena under definite conditions; when once he sought to collect and record facts, in order that the fruit of his labors might aid investigation after his own brief existence had passed away,— the *philosophy of Nature* cast aside the vague and poetic garb in which she had been enveloped from her origin; and having assumed a severer aspect, she now weighs the value of observations, and substitutes induction and reasoning for conjecture and assumption. The dogmas of former ages survive now only in the superstitions of the people and the prejudices of the ignorant, or are perpetuated in a few systems, which, conscious of their weakness, shroud themselves in a veil of mystery. We may also trace the same primitive intuitions in languages exuberant in figurative expressions; and a few of the best chosen symbols engendered by the happy inspiration of the earliest ages, having by degrees lost their vagueness through a better mode of interpretation, are still preserved amongst our scientific terms.

Nature considered *rationally* — that is to say, submitted to the process of thought — is a unity in diversity of phenomena; a harmony, blending together all created things, however dissimilar in form and attributes; one great whole (τὸ πᾶν) animated by the breath of life. The most important result of a rational inquiry into nature is therefore to establish the unity and harmony of this stupendous mass of force and matter, to determine with impartial justice what is due to the discoveries of the past and to those of the present, and to analyze the individual parts of natural phenomena without succumbing beneath the weight of

the whole. Thus, and thus alone, is it permitted to man, while mindful of the high destiny of his race, to comprehend nature, to lift the veil that shrouds her phenomena, and as it were, submit the results of observation to the test of reason and intellect.

In reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view, or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves softly rippling over the beach leave a track green with the weeds of the sea: everywhere the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of nature, revealing to the soul by a mysterious inspiration the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. Mere communion with nature, mere contact with the free air, exercises a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calms the storm of passion, and softens the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are alike vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with nature intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own existence and the image of infinity revealed on every side; whether we look upwards to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us, or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

The contemplation of the individual characteristics of the landscape, and of the conformation of the land in any definite region of the earth, gives rise to a different source of enjoyment, awakening impressions that are more vivid, better defined, and more congenial to certain phases of the mind than those of which we have already spoken. At one time the heart is stirred by a sense of the grandeur of the face of nature, by the strife of the elements, or as in Northern Asia, by the aspect of the dreary barrenness of the far-stretching steppes; at another time softer emotions are excited by the contemplation of rich harvest wrested by the hand of man from the wild fertility of nature, or by the

sight of human habitations raised beside some wild and foaming torrent. Here I regard less the degree of intensity, than the difference existing in the various sensations that derive their charm and permanence from the peculiar character of the scene.

If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollections of my own distant travels, I would instance among the most striking scenes of nature the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean; or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it were, "a forest above a forest"; or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the eye of the traveler may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever-varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it.

When, far from our native country, after a long voyage, we tread for the first time the soil of a tropical land, we experience a certain feeling of surprise and gratification in recognizing in the rocks that surround us the same inclined schistose strata, and the same columnar basalt covered with cellular amygdaloids, that we had left in Europe, and whose identity of character in latitudes so widely different reminds us that the solidification of the earth's crust is altogether independent of climatic influences. But these rocky masses of schist and of basalt are covered with

vegetation of a character with which we are unacquainted, and of a physiognomy wholly unknown to us; and it is then, amid the colossal and majestic forms of an exotic flora, that we feel how wonderfully the flexibility of our nature fits us to receive new impressions, linked together by a certain secret analogy. We so readily perceive the affinity existing amongst all the forms of organic life, that although the sight of a vegetation similar to that of our native country might at first be most welcome to the eye, as the sweet familiar sounds of our mother tongue are to the ear, we nevertheless, by degrees and almost imperceptibly, become familiarized with a new home and a new climate. As a true citizen of the world, man everywhere habituates himself to that which surrounds him: yet, fearful as it were of breaking the links of association that bind him to the home of his childhood, the colonist applies to some few plants in a far distant clime the names he had been familiar with in his native land; and by the mysterious relations existing amongst all types of organization, the forms of exotic vegetation present themselves to his mind as nobler and more perfect developments of those he had loved in earlier days. Thus do the spontaneous impressions of the untutored mind lead, like the laborious deductions of cultivated intellect, to the same intimate persuasion that one sole and indissoluble chain binds together all nature.

THE STUDY OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES

From ‹Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe›

AN EQUAL appreciation of all branches of the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences is a special requirement of the present age, in which the material wealth and the growing prosperity of nations are principally based upon a more enlightened employment of the products and forces of nature. The most superficial glance at the present condition of Europe shows that a diminution, or even a total annihilation, of national prosperity, must be the award of those States which shrink with slothful indifference from the great struggle of rival nations in the career of the industrial arts. It is with nations as with nature, which, in the happy expression of Goethe, "knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction." The propagation of an earnest and sound knowledge of

science can therefore alone avert the dangers of which I have spoken. Man cannot act upon nature, or appropriate her forces to his own use, without comprehending their full extent and having an intimate acquaintance with the laws of the physical world. Bacon has said that in human societies, knowledge is power. Both must sink and rise together. But the knowledge that results from the free action of thought is at once the delight and the indestructible prerogative of man; and in forming part of the wealth of mankind, it not infrequently serves as a substitute for the natural riches which are but sparingly scattered over the earth. Those States which take no active part in the general industrial movement, in the choice and preparation of natural substances, or in the application of mechanics and chemistry, and among whom this activity is not appreciated by all classes of society, will infallibly see their prosperity diminish in proportion as neighboring countries become strengthened and invigorated under the genial influence of arts and sciences.

As in nobler spheres of thought and sentiment — in philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts — the object at which we aim ought to be an inward one, an ennoblement of the intellect, so ought we likewise, in our pursuit of science, to strive after a knowledge of the laws and the principles of unity that pervade the vital forces of the universe; and it is by such a course that physical studies may be made subservient to the progress of industry, which is a conquest of mind over matter. By a happy connection of causes and effects, we often see the useful linked to the beautiful and the exalted. The improvement of agriculture in the hands of freemen and on properties of a moderate extent, the flourishing state of the mechanical arts when freed from the trammels of municipal restrictions, the increased impetus imparted to commerce by the multiplied means of contact of nations with each other, are all brilliant results of the intellectual progress of mankind, and of the amelioration of political institutions in which this progress is reflected. The picture presented by modern history ought to convince those who are tardy in awakening to the truth of the lesson it teaches.

Nor let it be feared that the marked predilection for the study of nature, and for industrial progress, which is so characteristic of the present age, should necessarily have a tendency to retard the noble exertions of the intellect in the domains of philosophy, classical history, and antiquity; or to deprive the arts by which

life is embellished of the vivifying breath of imagination. Where all the germs of civilization are developed beneath the ægis of free institutions and wise legislation, there is no cause for apprehending that any one branch of knowledge should be cultivated to the prejudice of others. All afford the State precious fruits, whether they yield nourishment to man and constitute his physical wealth, or whether, more permanent in their nature, they transmit in the works of mind the glory of nations to remotest posterity. The Spartans, notwithstanding their Doric austerity, prayed the gods to grant them "the beautiful with the good."

I will no longer dwell upon the considerations of the influence exercised by the mathematical and physical sciences on all that appertains to the material wants of social life; for the vast extent of the course on which I am entering forbids me to insist further upon the utility of these applications. Accustomed to distant excursions, I may perhaps have erred in describing the path before us as more smooth and pleasant than it really is, for such is wont to be the practice of those who delight in guiding others to the summits of lofty mountains: they praise the view even when a great part of the distant plains lie hidden by clouds, knowing that this half-transparent vapory veil imparts to the scene a certain charm from the power exercised by the imagination over the domain of the senses. In like manner, from the height occupied by the physical history of the world, all parts of the horizon will not appear equally clear and well defined. This indistinctness will not, however, be wholly owing to the present imperfect state of some of the sciences, but in part likewise to the unskillfulness of the guide who has imprudently ventured to ascend these lofty summits.

DAVID HUME.

DAVID HUME

(1711–1776)

BY M. A. MIKKELSEN

DAVID HUME not only founded the literary school of English historical writing, and originated some of the more important doctrines of modern political economy, but also exercised a paramount influence on the philosophic thought of the eighteenth century.

He was the younger son of Joseph Hume, laird of Ninewells in Berwickshire; and was born at Edinburgh April 26th (O. S.), 1711. He appears to have entered the University of Edinburgh at the age of twelve, and to have left at fourteen or fifteen without taking a degree. He began the study of law, but abandoned it in order to devote himself to the "pursuits of philosophy and learning." His first work, the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' was published partly in 1739 and partly in 1740; the books entitled 'Of the Understanding' and 'Of the Passions' appearing in the former, and that entitled 'Of Morals' in the latter year.

The 'Treatise of Human Nature' is the final and most complete exposition of the fundamental principles of the old school of empirical philosophy,—the school to which belonged Bacon, Locke, and Berkeley. According to Hume, the contents of the mind are embraced in the term "perceptions." Perceptions consist of sensuous impressions and ideas. Ideas are merely images of sensuous impressions. Knowledge is the cognition of the relation between two perceptions. There is no necessary connection between cause and effect. The idea of cause depends on the habit of the mind which expects the event that usually follows another. Mind is but a series or succession of isolated impressions and ideas. As knowledge is dependent on experience derived through the senses, and as the senses frequently deceive, one can have no absolute knowledge of things, but only of one's impression of them. Hence, to give the conclusion later arrived at in the famous 'Essay on Miracles,' a miracle even if genuine is incapable of proof.

The 'Treatise of Human Nature' is clear, forcible, and untechnical. Its most striking characteristics are its spontaneity and individuality. Hume owed little to academic training, and wrote his

earlier works at a distance from centres of learning, without access to large libraries. The literary beauties of the 'Treatise,' however, are marred by its structural defects. It is a series of brilliant fragments rather than a well-rounded whole, and is concerned more with criticism of metaphysical opinions from the point of view of Hume's theory of knowledge than with the construction of a complete system of philosophy.

In 1741 appeared the first volume of the 'Essays, Moral and Political,' the second volume coming out in the following year. These essays, with some additions and omissions, were republished in 1748 under the expanded title, 'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary,' which has been retained in the many subsequent editions. Hume's essays are models of their kind, full of sparkle, interest, and animation. As an essayist he has not been surpassed in purity of diction, and no English writer except Addison equals him in the sense of harmony. His essays are characterized by intellectual impartiality, and by a philosophical breadth of view coupled with critical acuteness in matters of detail. His 'Political Discourses,' which were written in the same vein as the Essays, appeared in 1752.

The 'Essays' and the 'Political Discourses' achieved great popularity both in England and on the Continent. Since the publication of Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws' no other work on politics had attracted so much attention as the 'Political Discourses.' In France particularly it was read by all classes, and was an important intellectual factor in the political agitation which preceded the French Revolution. In England Hume's views on money, trade, and government were generally accepted; and if the French Revolution had not occasioned a conservative reaction, free trade and electoral reform would probably have been adopted by Parliament in the eighteenth instead of in the nineteenth century.

The 'Political Discourses' has been called «the cradle of political economy.» It advanced original views on the subject of commerce, on money, on interest, and on the balance of trade; views which were afterwards adopted by Hume's close friend, Adam Smith. Hume refutes the mercantilist error which confounded money with wealth. «Men and commodities,» he says, «are the real strength of any community. . . . In the national stock of labor consists all real power and riches.» He exposes the error of the theory that the rate of interest depends on the quantity of money in a country, and shows that the reduction of it must be the result of «the increase of industry and frugality, of arts and commerce.» He condemns the «numberless bars, obstructions, and imposts which all nations of Europe, and none more than England, have put upon trade,» and points out the international character of commerce. «Not only as a

man, but as a British subject," he says, "I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even of France itself."

Till the age of forty, Hume's life was spent chiefly in the seclusion of Ninewells, the family estate; interrupted by a sojourn of three years in France from 1734 to 1737, by a few months' absence as companion to the Marquis of Annandale in 1745 and 1746, and by a short period of service as secretary to General St. Clair, whom he accompanied on the expedition against Port L'Orient in 1746 and on a military embassy to Vienna and Turin. In 1751 he removed to Edinburgh, where in the following year he was appointed keeper of the library of the Faculty of Advocates, a post which he occupied until 1757. The library of the Faculty was the largest in Scotland, and afforded him an opportunity, long desired, of turning his attention to historical studies. In 1754 he published a volume on the reigns of James I. and Charles I.; followed in 1756 by a volume on the period from the execution of Charles to the Revolution of 1688, in 1759 by two volumes on the house of Tudor, and in 1761 by two more on the period from Julius Cæsar to Henry VII. Thus in the short space of ten years he wrote and published his famous 'History of Great Britain,' covering the entire period from the Roman conquest to the Revolution of 1688.

Until the advent of Hume as a historian, history cannot be said to have been cultivated in Great Britain as a branch of polite literature. His predecessors were laborious compilers of dates and facts, having no appreciation of the æsthetic possibilities of historical composition. Hume brought to his task consummate literary skill, and a mind stored with the results of philosophical study and of economic and political investigations. He was the first Englishman to see that history is not merely a record of war and court intrigue, but that it is concerned also with the literature, the manners, and the conditions of life of the people. His profound psychological analysis of character, his insight into the complex social forces of history, and the grace and charm of his style, won the admiration of his contemporaries; and the 'History of Great Britain' has furnished a method to all subsequent English historical writers. In spite of a general air of impartiality, however, Hume's history is as much a Tory as Macaulay's is a Whig "pamphlet." Thus, for instance, he draws a very favorable picture of Charles I. and depreciates Cromwell. The explanation is to be sought in the facts that he had no sympathy with the religious enthusiasm of the Roundhead sectaries, and that he conceived all intellectual culture and refinement to have been the property of the court and the cavaliers. Recent investigations have shown also that he used his authorities in an extremely careless manner, and that he neglected documentary evidence at his command.

Since the rise of the modern critical school of history his work has in fact been largely superseded. Nevertheless, it stood for generations without a rival, and is even now almost unrivaled as a piece of literary composition.

In 1763 he accepted the post of secretary to Lord Hertford, then ambassador to France. In France Hume's reputation stood even higher than in Britain, and he immediately became a social lion in the Parisian world of fashion. Great nobles fêted him, and gatherings at noted salons were incomplete without his presence. He left France in 1766, and after a short term as Under-Secretary of State (1767–69) returned to Edinburgh, where he died August 25th, 1776.

Among his works of importance not hitherto mentioned are 'Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding'; 'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals'; and 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.'

Hume's personal character was thus described by himself in his Autobiography, written four months before his death:—"I am . . . a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions." The accuracy of this description is confirmed by the testimony of his contemporaries and the tone of his private correspondence. It was not until he had reached middle age that he was able to gratify his taste for intellectual society by removing from the country to the town, "the true scene for a man of letters." In his correspondence of 1751, the year in which he settled in Edinburgh, appeared a characteristic bit of domestic economy. "I might perhaps pretend as well as others to complain of fortune," he wrote to Michael Ramsay; "but I do not, and would condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have £50 a year, £100 worth of books, . . . and near £100 in my pocket, along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humor, and an unabated love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate." His reason for taking a house in Edinburgh was that he might enjoy the companionship of his sister, who like himself was unmarried. "And as my sister can join £30 a year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer." It is pleasant to read in his Autobiography that later his income rose to £1,000, and that "the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England." Slender as were his resources during his first years in the Scottish capital, he turned his salary as keeper of the Advocates' Library—£40 a year—over to the blind poet Blacklock. He afterwards befriended Rousseau, when the latter

sought refuge in England from persecution. On this occasion, however, his kind offices plunged him into a disagreeable literary quarrel with the morbid and perhaps mentally irresponsible beneficiary.

Absence of jealousy was a noticeable trait in Hume's character. He gave assistance and encouragement to several of the younger generation of Scottish writers; and his magnanimity is further illustrated by the helpful letter to his chief adversary, Thomas Reid, which he wrote on returning the manuscript of the 'Enquiry into the Human Mind,' submitted by the younger philosopher for the elder's criticism. Hume was the first Scotsman to devote himself exclusively, and with conspicuous success, to literature. During the closing years of his life he had the satisfaction of seeing himself surrounded at Edinburgh by a brilliant company of men of letters,—Adam Smith, Ferguson, Blair, Gilbert Elliot, Lord Kames, Mackenzie, and others,—who, whether accepting his philosophical opinions or not, derived inspiration from his genial companionship.

M. A. Mikkelsen.

OF REFINEMENT IN THE ARTS

LUXURY is a word of an uncertain signification, and may be taken in a good as well as in a bad sense. In general it means great refinement in the gratification of the senses; and any degree of it may be innocent or blamable, according to the age or country or condition of the person. The bounds between the virtue and the vice cannot here be exactly fixed, more than in other moral subjects. To imagine that the gratifying of any sense, or the indulging of any delicacy in meat, drink, or apparel, is of itself a vice, can never enter into a head that is not disordered by the frenzies of enthusiasm. I have indeed heard of a monk abroad, who, because the windows of his cell opened upon a noble prospect, made a *covenant with his eyes* never to turn that way, or receive so sensual a gratification. And such is the crime of drinking champagne or Burgundy, preferable to small-beer or porter. These indulgences are only vices when they are pursued at the expense of some virtue, as liberality or charity; in like manner as they are follies when for them a man ruins his fortune, and reduces himself to want and beggary. Where they intrench upon no virtue, but leave ample subject whence to provide for friends, family, and every proper

object of generosity or compassion, they are entirely innocent, and have in every age been acknowledged such by almost all moralists. To be entirely occupied with the luxury of the table, for instance, without any relish for the pleasures of ambition, study, or conversation, is a mark of stupidity, and is incompatible with any vigor of temper or genius. To confine one's expense entirely to such a gratification, without regard to friends or family, is an indication of a heart destitute of humanity or benevolence. But if a man reserves time sufficient for all laudable pursuits, and money sufficient for all generous purposes, he is free from every shadow of blame or reproach.

Since luxury may be considered either as innocent or blamable, one may be surprised at those preposterous opinions which have been entertained concerning it: while men of libertine principles bestow praises even on vicious luxury, and represent it as highly advantageous to society; and on the other hand, men of severe morals blame even the most innocent luxury, and represent it as the source of all corruptions, disorders, and factions incident to civil government. We shall here endeavor to correct both these extremes, by proving, *first*, that the ages of refinement are both the happiest and most virtuous; *secondly*, that wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree too far, is a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

To prove the first point, we need but consider the effects of refinement both on *private* and on *public* life. Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients,—action, pleasure, and indolence; and though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting, without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition. Indolence or repose, indeed, seems not of itself to contribute much to our enjoyment; but like sleep, is requisite as an indulgence to the weakness of human nature, which cannot support an uninterrupted course of business or pleasure. That quick march of the spirits which takes a man from himself, and chiefly gives satisfaction, does in the end exhaust the mind, and requires some intervals of repose, which though agreeable for a moment, yet if prolonged beget a languor and lethargy that destroy all enjoyment. Education, custom, and example have a mighty influence in turning the mind to any of

these pursuits; and it must be owned that where they promote a relish for action and pleasure, they are so far favorable to human happiness. In times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy as their reward the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labor. The mind acquires new vigor; enlarges its powers and faculties; and by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labor, and recruits the spirits exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinements in the liberal; nor can one be carried to perfection without being accompanied in some degree with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skillful weavers and ship carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woolen cloth will be brought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body.

The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become. Nor is it possible that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge, to show their wit or their breeding, their taste in conversation or living, in clothes or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise, vanity the foolish, and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are everywhere formed. Both sexes meet in an easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men as well as their behavior refine apace. So that beside the improvements which they

receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity from the very habit of conversing together, and contributing to each other's pleasure and entertainment. Thus *industry*, *knowledge*, and *humanity* are linked together by an indissoluble chain; and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished and what are commonly denominated the more luxurious ages.

Nor are these advantages attended with disadvantages that bear any proportion to them. The more men refine upon pleasure, the less will they indulge in excesses of any kind; because nothing is more destructive to true pleasure than such excesses. One may safely affirm that the Tartars are oftener guilty of beastly gluttony, when they feast on their dead horses, than European courtiers with all their refinements of cookery. And if [libertinism] be more frequent in polite ages, when it is often regarded only as a piece of gallantry, drunkenness on the other hand is much less common. . . .

But industry, knowledge, and humanity are not advantageous in private life alone: they diffuse their beneficial influence on the *public*, and render the government as great and flourishing as they make individuals happy and prosperous. The increase and consumption of all the commodities which serve to the ornament and pleasure of life are advantages to society; because, at the same time that they multiply those innocent gratifications to individuals, they are a kind of *storehouse* of labor, which in the exigencies of State may be turned to the public service. In a nation where there is no demand for such superfluities, men sink into indolence, lose all enjoyment of life, and are useless to the public, which cannot maintain or support its fleets and armies from the industry of such slothful members.

The bounds of all the European kingdoms are at present nearly the same as they were two hundred years ago. But what a difference is there in the power and grandeur of those kingdoms! which can be ascribed to nothing but the increase of art and industry. When Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy, he carried with him about 20,000 men; yet this armament so exhausted the nation, as we learn from Guicciardin, that for some years it was not able to make so great an effort. The late King of France in time of war kept in pay above 400,000 men; though from Mazarine's death to his own he was engaged in a course of wars that lasted near thirty years.

This industry is much promoted by the knowledge inseparable from ages of art and refinement; as on the other hand this knowledge enables the public to make the best advantage of the industry of its subjects. Laws, order, police, discipline,—these can never be carried to any degree of perfection before human reason has refined itself by exercise, and by an application to the more vulgar arts, at least, of commerce and manufacture. Can we expect that a government will be well modeled by a people who know not how to make a spinning-wheel, or to employ a loom to advantage? Not to mention that all ignorant ages are infested with superstition, which throws the government off its bias, and disturbs men in the pursuit of their interest and happiness.

Knowledge in the arts of government naturally begets mildness and moderation, by instructing men in the advantages of humane maxims above rigor and severity, which drive subjects into rebellion, and make the return to submission impracticable by cutting off all hopes of pardon. When the tempers of men are softened as well as their knowledge improved, this humanity appears still more conspicuous, and is the chief characteristic which distinguishes a civilized age from times of barbarity and ignorance. Factions are then less inveterate, revolutions less tragical, authority less severe, and seditions less frequent. Even foreign wars abate of their cruelty; and after the field of battle, where honor and interest steel men against compassion as well as fear, the combatants divest themselves of the brute and resume the man.

Nor need we fear that men, by losing their ferocity, will lose their martial spirit, or become less undaunted and vigorous in defense of their country or their liberty. The arts have no such effect in enervating either the mind or body. On the contrary, industry, their inseparable attendant, adds new force to both. And if anger, which is said to be the whetstone of courage, loses somewhat of its asperity by politeness and refinement,—a sense of honor, which is a stronger, more constant, and more governable principle, acquires fresh vigor by that elevation of genius which arises from knowledge and a good education. Add to this that courage can neither have any duration, nor be of any use, when not accompanied with discipline and martial skill, which are seldom found among a barbarous people. The ancients remarked that Datames was the only barbarian that ever knew the art of war. And Pyrrhus, seeing the Romans marshal their army with

some art and skill, said with surprise, "These barbarians have nothing barbarous in their discipline!" It is observable that as the old Romans, by applying themselves solely to war, were almost the only uncivilized people that ever possessed military discipline, so the modern Italians are the only civilized people among Europeans that ever wanted courage and a martial spirit. Those who would ascribe this effeminacy of the Italians to their luxury, or politeness, or application to the arts, need but consider the French and English, whose bravery is as incontestable as their love for the arts and their assiduity in commerce. The Italian historians give us a more satisfactory reason for this degeneracy of their countrymen. They show us how the sword was dropped at once by all the Italian sovereigns: while the Venetian aristocracy was jealous of its subjects, the Florentine democracy applied itself entirely to commerce, Rome was governed by priests and Naples by women. War then became the business of soldiers of fortune, who spared one another, and to the astonishment of the world, could engage a whole day in what they called a battle and return at night to their camp without the least bloodshed.

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty: but having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their State to the arts and riches imported from the East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than lewdness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman State, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill-modeled

government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire. Nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honor and virtue; which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

Of all European kingdoms, Poland seems the most defective in the arts of war as well as peace, mechanical as well as liberal; yet it is there that venality and corruption do most prevail. The nobles seem to have preserved their crown elective for no other purpose than regularly to sell it to the highest bidder. This is almost the only species of commerce with which that people are acquainted.

The liberties of England, so far from decaying since the improvements in the arts, have never flourished so much as during that period. And though corruption may seem to increase of late years, this is chiefly to be ascribed to our established liberty, when our princes have found the impossibility of governing without Parliaments, or of terrifying Parliaments by the phantom of prerogative. Not to mention that this corruption or venality prevails much more among the electors than the elected, and therefore cannot justly be ascribed to any refinements in luxury.

If we consider the matter in a proper light, we shall find that a progress in the arts is rather favorable to liberty, and has a natural tendency to preserve if not produce a free government. In rude unpolished nations, where the arts are neglected, all labor is bestowed on the cultivation of the ground; and the whole society is divided into two classes,— proprietors of land, and their vassals or tenants. The latter are necessarily dependent and fitted for slavery and subjection, especially where they possess no riches and are not valued for their knowledge in agriculture; as must always be the case where the arts are neglected. The former naturally erect themselves into petty tyrants; and must either submit to an absolute master for the sake of peace and order, or if they will preserve their independency, like the ancient

barons, they must fall into feuds and contests among themselves, and throw the whole society into such confusion as is perhaps worse than the most despotic government. But where luxury nourisnes commerce and industry, the peasants, by a proper cultivation of the land, become rich and independent; while the tradesmen and merchants acquire a share of the property, and draw authority and consideration to that middling rank of men who are the best and firmest basis of public liberty. These submit not to slavery, like the peasants, from poverty and meanness of spirit; and having no hopes of tyrannizing over others, like the barons, they are not tempted for the sake of that gratification to submit to the tyranny of their sovereign. They covet equal laws, which may secure their property, and preserve them from monarchical as well as aristocratical tyranny.

The lower House is the support of our popular government; and all the world acknowledges that it owed its chief influence and consideration to the increase of commerce, which threw such a balance of property into the hands of the Commons. How inconsistent then is it to blame so violently a refinement in the arts, and to represent it as the bane of liberty and public spirit!

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature. And as the sentiments and opinions of civilized ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices, seem peculiar to uncivilized ages; and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly therefore have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honor and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled. But I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilized in the most civilized nations.

We come now to the *second* position which we proposed to illustrate: to wit, that as innocent luxury, or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life, is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree farther begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor, —would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise; and that labor which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessities and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of pease at Christmas would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the labor would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy; as one poison may be an antidote for another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain, with the same soil and climate: I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life that can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that Omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants, they could never in such a Utopian State feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness; and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing *vicious* luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish

industry in the State, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us therefore rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a State may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a *philosophical* question, not a *political* one. For whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate, who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can only cure one vice by another; and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury when excessive is the source of many ills; but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labor of the State suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the laborers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

LEIGH HUNT

(1784–1859)

BY ERNEST RHYS

LEIGH HUNT (whose two less distinctive first names, James and Henry, his own pen has taught us to forget) was more American than English by descent. His father, Rev. Isaac Hunt, was a West-Indian, who received a large part of his education at a college in Philadelphia; his mother, Mary Shewell, came of an old Philadelphian Quaker family. His melancholy, which certainly did not play a leading part in his temperament, Leigh Hunt always declared came from his mother; his mirth from his father, who had given up his charge in the West Indies when the War of Independence threatened, and sailed for England, where he lived a rather improvident life. The boy Leigh, who was by far the youngest of the family, was born at Southgate, County Middlesex, October 19th, 1784; then quite a country village. At eight years old he was sent to Christ's Hospital, some ten years after Charles Lamb and Coleridge had passed their memorable school days there. Eight years of its strong discipline, and Leigh Hunt emerged "with much classics and no mathematics," such being then the tradition of the school, to spend a couple of years in writing verses and roaming London, under the easy-going rule of the Rev. Isaac, who collected and published a first book of his boy's poems as early as 1801. Its contents are curious, perhaps, but not worth preserving.

LEIGH HUNT

Some intermittent experiences as a London clerk in the attorney's office of his brother Stephen, and in the War Office, varied by his first essays as a dramatic critic, bring us to the climacteric point when he joined his brother John in sundry journalistic adventures. These, after some failures, led to the successful commencement in 1808 of the now historical Examiner newspaper, whose future seemed so secure in the second year that Leigh Hunt felt warranted in marrying Marianne Kent, to whom he had been for long affianced.

It was not until 1812, in its issue of March 22d, that the Examiner's growing independence led it to its well-timed attack on the vicious Prince Regent, and brought down the law on its editors' heads. The attack was made in an outspoken leading article (one of a series of such social criticisms), entitled 'The Prince on St. Patrick's Day.' Some little delay occurred in the trial; and it was even intimated that if the editors would refrain from free speech in the future, their offense would be passed over: but with great courage they refused to give any such undertaking. Eventually the trial took place in the King's Bench, Westminster, on the 9th December, 1812; and Leigh Hunt and his brother, who were defended by Lord Brougham, were condemned to two years' imprisonment in separate prisons and a fine of £1,000. Of the two, Leigh Hunt was sent to Horsemonger Lane Jail. There he went on directing and writing for the Examiner with undiminished spirit. Two numbers of its issue for February 1813 (No. 267 and No. 268, the only ones the present writer has seen) bear traces, as one might expect, of his political rather than his literary pen. The paper makes somewhat the effect of a thinner and smaller Nation, its ink a little faded, its type older fashioned. It is sub-titled 'A Sunday Paper on Politics, Domestic Economy, and Theatricals,' and it bears a characteristic motto from Swift: "Party is the madness of the Many for the gain of the Few." In its pages, during the time of Leigh Hunt's imprisonment from 1813 to 1815, appeared several of his best sonnets, and notably those addressed to his favorite Hampstead; one of which follows below. His account of how he transformed his prison cell within, by a wall-paper of trellised roses, a ceiling of blue sky and clouds, a piano, books, and busts, while without he contrived a little flower garden, added to the testimony of Charles Lamb and others, tends rather to falsify the real effect his days in jail had upon him. In truth they left him broken in health; and he was heavily embarrassed in fortune, moreover, by the heavy fine. And of the new friends that he gained among those sympathizing with his misfortune, it cannot be considered that he was altogether fortunate, for instance, in being thrown into contact with Lord Byron. As for Shelley and Keats, the two names that most naturally occur, and with the most ideal effect, in the list of Hunt's friends,—their friendship dates from before his imprisonment. His new intercourse with Byron under Shelley's auspices led to the unlucky visit of the whole Hunt family to Italy, and the still more unlucky founding of the Liberal. There is no more entertaining chapter in all Leigh Hunt's delightful 'Autobiography' than that so light-heartedly relating the story of the voyage to Italy and its results. As for the fate of the Liberal, it only ran to four numbers, issued during 1822–3; but it is a bibliophile's prize now,

whether in the original parts or in the two volumes in which these were collected in 1823. Of Leigh Hunt's other journalistic doings, Charles Lamb's couplet reminds us of one:—

> «Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator,—
> Hunt, thy best title yet is Indicator.»

The Indicator, issued weekly from 1819 to 1821; previously a quarterly, the Reflector, continuing from 1810 to 1812; and sequently the Companion, a weekly similar to the Indicator,—account for many years of sheer hard writing in Leigh Hunt's life, which was never an idle one. But the hardest task of the kind he set himself was the Talker, "A Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage," consisting of four folio pages, written with very slight exception wholly and solely by Hunt himself, from September 4th, 1830, to February 13th, 1832. It proved, as might have been expected, with his other avocations to be considered, too much for his health; and on giving it up he fell back on his favorite *belle-lettristic* weekly publications, in his London Journal (1834–5), and again his Journal at the latter end of his career. If so much is said of these papers, it is because so much of his most characteristical writing first appeared in their pages; and we have not yet nearly exhausted the list of the periodicals to which he was an occasional contributor.

When we turn to his books, we find in his 'Autobiography' perhaps the most complete and individual expression of the man: his charming fancy, his high spirits, wit, gayety, and abiding good-nature. But the same lightness and ease of style, the same kindliness and shrewdness of thought and observation, are to be found in his essays, so often written *currente calamo* for some one of his weekly periodicals. Such are the papers on the 'Deaths of Little Children,' 'The Old Lady,' 'The Maid-Servant,' and 'Coaches.' His contributions, whether as a poet or as a critic and appreciator of poetry, are, it is said, not read as much as they were ten, twenty years ago; but they make alone a remarkable contribution to nineteenth-century literature. His favorite Spenser owes a new laurel to his praise. 'The Story of Rimini,' his longest poem, still delights in its best pages, full as they are of reminders not only of older poets like Spenser, but of Keats, whom Hunt so strongly influenced; and such lines as those to "Jenny," or upon 'Abou Ben Adhem,' are simply unforgettable. His poems, together with such works as his 'Men, Women, and Books' (1847), 'Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla' (1848), 'Imagination and Fancy' (1844), 'Wit and Humor' (1846), and 'The Town' (1848), are best to be read in alternation with the chapters of his 'Autobiography.'

We have preferred to pass lightly over his much-bruited quarrel with Byron, the fault of which was mainly Byron's. It is pleasanter

to think of his unbroken friendships with so many poets and men of genius, from "Elia," Keats, and Shelley, on to Carlyle, whose tribute to him may be remembered along with that of Emerson and of Hawthorne. Accepting it as essentially true, we shall be able to forget that Dickens ever caricatured him, or that his lack of economics ever impaired the genuine character of the man and his work. The present writer, writing in a house traditionally associated with Leigh Hunt's sojourn at Hampstead, can only say that every story of his career told by his few remaining friends and acquaintances bears out the brighter estimate of his life as the true one. He lived until 1859, dying in the house of a friend at Putney on August 28th, 1859. "His death was simply exhaustion," we are told: "he broke off his work to lie down and repose. So gentle was the final approach that . . . it came without terrors."

In his prime, Leigh Hunt was described as a tall, agile, slender figure; with black hair, vivid features, brilliant dark eyes, and a lurking humor in the expression of his mobile mouth. And except that his hair grew white, he preserved this effect, and the grace and courtesy of his bearing, to the end.

The best edition of his poetical works is still the Boston one, edited by Mr. S. Adams Lee, joint author with Hunt of his posthumously published 'Book of the Sonnet.'

Ernest Rhys

JAFFÁR

Inscribed to the Memory of Shelley

Shelley, take this to thy dear memory;—
To praise the generous is to think of thee.

Jaffár, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffár was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Hároun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.
All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,

And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffár.
"Bring me this man," the Caliph cried. The man
Was brought — was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffár delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me — loved me — put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffár?"
Hároun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will:
The Caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffár!"

THE NILE

It flows through old, hushed Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

TO HAMPSTEAD

WRITTEN IN SURREY JAIL, AUGUST 27TH, 1813

SWEET upland, to whose walks, with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope I took my rise
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air;—
If health, unearned of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.
Wait then my coming on that lightsome land,
Health, and the joy that out of nature springs,
And Freedom's air-blown locks; but stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,
And Honor, and the Muse with growing wings,
And Love Domestic, smiling equably.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;—
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both though small are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

RONDEAU

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old; but add,—
Jenny kissed me!

THE OLD LADY

From the 'Indicator'

IF THE old lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enameled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, and she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and

uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well-behaved itself.

She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantelpiece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in colored ware: the man perhaps in a pink jacket, and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess; the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns of course are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantelpiece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature framed and glazed, containing some

moral distich or maxim worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below in their proper colors; the whole concluding with an A-B-C and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the Spectator and Guardian, the 'Turkish Spy,' a Bible and Prayer-Book, Young's 'Night Thoughts' with a piece of lace in it to flatten, Mrs. Rowe's 'Devout Exercises of the Heart,' Mrs. Glasse's 'Cookery,' and perhaps 'Sir Charles Grandison' and 'Clarissa.' 'John Buncle' is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough, but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new

streets, canals, etc.; and sometimes goes through the church-yard where her children and her husband lie buried, serious but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life: her marriage; her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family; and a compliment on her figure she once received in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as "a sad loose man, but engaging." His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs even for that. The last time but one that she went was to see the Duke of Würtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, "a fine royal young creature," and "Daughter of England."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

Our Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious; nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig, which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favorite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him and pull the silver hairs out ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at

the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala-days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book among other things contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

"When beauteous Mira walks the plain."

He intends this for a commonplace book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns, some of them rather gay. His principal other books are—Shakespeare's Plays and Milton's 'Paradise Lost'; the Spectator, the 'History of England,' the 'Works of Lady M. W. Montagu,' Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on 'Longevity'; several plays with portraits in character; 'Account of Elizabeth Canning,' 'Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy,' 'Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton,' Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius, as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, etc., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and by a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death,—all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money

securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubtful eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced, by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

"Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,"

or

"Come, gentle god of soft repose,"

or his wife's favorite ballad, beginning—

"At Upton on the hill
There lived a happy pair."

Of course no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North," or "my lord Rockingham"—for he rarely says simply lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's-length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at

his own house or longings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years: but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters, who if ill players are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early whether at home or abroad.

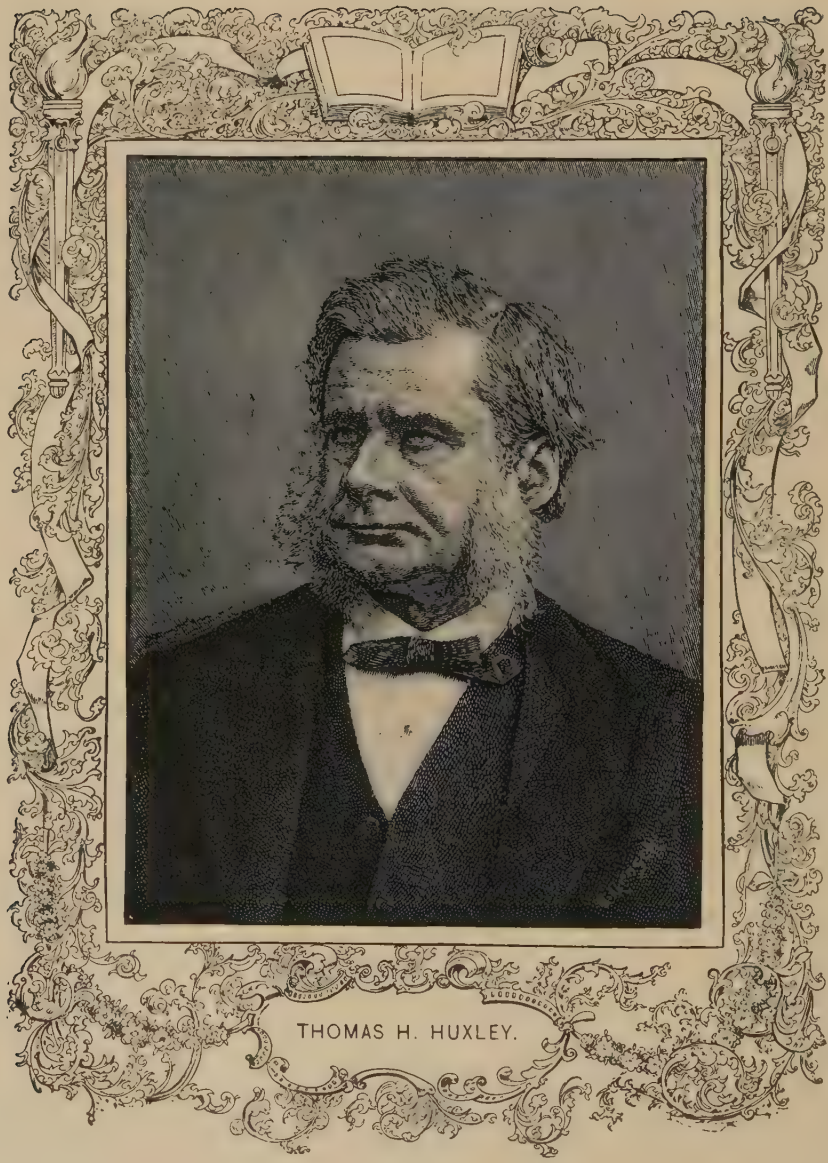
At the theatre he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A——, the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L——, a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan What's-her-name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh boxful in Tavistock Street on his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favorite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself, which is the handsomest. Yet

he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school he often goes to see them, and makes them blush by telling the master of the upper scholars that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast, and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings and say little or nothing; but informs you that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper) — "*She*'ll talk."



THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

(1825–1895)

BY E. RAY LANKESTER

THE Right Honorable Thomas Henry Huxley was the seventh child of George Huxley, himself a seventh child, and was born on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, near London. His father was one of the masters in a large semi-public school at that place, kept by a Dr. Nicholson. We know very little of this father, and Huxley himself in a brief autobiographical sketch has nothing to tell of him except that he passed on to his son «an inborn faculty for drawing, a hot temper, and a tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes called obstinacy.» Of his mother he tells us somewhat more. He inherited from her his extremely black hair and eyes, his sallow complexion, and (as he thinks) rapidity of thought and mother wit. His school days (passed presumably in the school at which his father was a master) left on Huxley only a painful impression. He speaks of those who were over the boys «caring about as much for their moral and intellectual welfare as if they were baby-farmers.» When he was twelve or thirteen, he wished to become a mechanical engineer; but a medical brother-in-law (Dr. Salt) took him in hand, and he commenced at this early age the study of medicine. Eventually he went to Charing Cross Hospital, and passed the first M. B. examination of the University of London. He read hard all kinds of literature,—novels, philosophy, history. The one of his teachers who really interested him, and for whom he cherished ever after a warm regard, was Mr. Wharton Jones, lecturer on physiology, and surgeon-oculist.

Stern necessity compelled young Huxley, as soon as his medical course was over, to seek at once, even before he was one-and-twenty, some post or employment. We know nothing of his relatives at this time, nor to what extent they assisted him. Apparently he stood alone and decided for himself. At the suggestion of a fellow-student, now Sir Joseph Fayrer, Huxley in 1846 applied for admission to the Medical Service of the Navy. In two months more he was examined and admitted, and was in attendance at the naval hospital at Haslar under the care of that fine old naturalist and Arctic voyager, Sir John Richardson.

Sir John Richardson took note of young Huxley, and instead of sending him off to the fevers of the Gold Coast, procured him the post of assistant surgeon on the surveying ship Rattlesnake, under Captain Owen Stanley, who had expressed a wish to have a surgeon who took some interest in science. The four years spent by Huxley on the Rattlesnake, chiefly off the coast of Australia, were fine training for him, not only as a naturalist but as a man. He had ample time to read, and laid in the foundations of that vast store of literary knowledge which so often astonished his scientific colleagues in later years. He also studied the anatomy and physiology of the transparent oceanic forms — jelly-fish, salpæ, pelagic mollusks, and worms — with irrepressible ardor and determination; not so much with the expectation of opening a career in science for himself, as with the desire of satisfying his own curiosity and exercising his intellectual faculties. One of his most interesting studies (still quoted with respect) — namely, that on the reproduction of Pyrosoma, the transparent phosphorescent Ascidian — was carried out in his cabin at night, with only a tallow dip to illumine his microscope, whilst a lively sea caused the ship to roll freely.

The Rattlesnake returned to England at the end of the year 1850. Huxley found that the scientific papers he had sent home had already made him famous. By the aid of those who valued the promise given by his published work, he was allowed by the Admiralty for three years to draw pay as a navy surgeon whilst devoting himself to the working up of the results of his observations when at sea. In 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1852 received one of the Royal medals of the society. In 1853, however, he was ordered to proceed again to active service, and boldly took the alternative course of retiring from the naval service. He found himself without professional employment or other resource, but trusted to his pen. For a year or so he worked as a journalist, treating scientific and literary themes in the weeklies and quarterlies, and still finding energy to carry on scientific investigations in histology and in the anatomy of microscopic organisms. His opportunity came in 1854, through the appointment of his friend Edward Forbes to the chair of natural history in Edinburgh. Thus was set free the post of lecturer on natural history at the Royal School of Mines, which, together with a special post of "naturalist to the Survey," was offered to Huxley by the director of the Geological Survey and Royal School of Mines, Sir Henry de la Bèche.

Huxley accepted this post, worth £800 a year, with the intention of resigning it for one related to physiology whenever such should offer. He declared he had no interest in "fossils," and in later years said: "I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me.

I never collected anything, and species-work was always a burden to me. What I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatus to serve diverse ends." However, Huxley held this post for thirty-one years, and soon turned his attention to the fossils he had at first despised. Amongst his most valuable scientific writings are those which embody his discoveries as regards fossil animals, fishes, reptiles, and mammals.

There is no doubt that Huxley was fortunate to obtain at the age of twenty-seven a first-rate post, worth nearly a thousand a year, in London, and unburdened with any excessive duties. He had to give during winter (October to end of February) a course of lectures on five days of the week, and he had to attend in his study at the Museum in Jermyn Street; but he had not the cares of a laboratory nor of a collection to fritter away his time. Though he had devoted disciples, he produced no pupils in the sense in which the German professor produces them. He carried out his researches alone, with his own hands, as he had done when at sea; and no younger men were the objects of his care, or were inspired and directed in his workshop. Consequently he was able to arrange the employment of his day in his own way. He wrote largely for the press upon such topics as belonged to his branch of science; he lectured frequently in other places besides Jermyn Street; he took an active and important part in various government commissions, to which his official position rendered it proper that he should be appointed. A favorite audience for him to address was that of the Royal Institution, where the members and their friends, ladies as well as gentlemen, are accustomed to have the latest discoveries in science expounded to them both by afternoon and evening lectures. Though it is incontestably established by his own and others' testimony that Huxley was at first an unattractive lecturer, he gradually developed a marvelous power of lucid exposition and firm biting eloquence. I should say that this had not attained its full development until he was about forty years of age (in 1865), and that his written style developed *pari passu* with that of his oral discourse.

As soon as he was appointed to his post in Jermyn Street, Huxley married the lady to whom he had become engaged in 1847 at Sydney, Miss Henrietta O. Heathorn, who survives him.

Soon after he returned from the voyage of the Rattlesnake he made the acquaintance of Charles Darwin in London, and became a firm friend of his, and of the botanist Hooker. Tyndall he met first in a railway carriage *en route* for the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich in 1851, and there and then commenced a warm and

lasting friendship. Huxley, Hooker, and Tyndall became a triumvirate directing and determining the official side of scientific life in London, operating through the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, the Athenæum Club, and the press; influencing and guiding not only popular opinion, but also such scanty patronage and employment of scientific men as the British government permits itself.

For the purposes of a brief review, Huxley's life, after his return from his voyage in 1850 at the age of twenty-five, may be divided into the four decennia 1850–60, 1860–70, 1870–80, 1880–90, followed by the five years 1890–95 which bring us to his death. In the first of these Huxley established his reputation as a comparative anatomist, and its close found him thoroughly in harness as a palæontologist no less than a microscopist, the determined exponent of new views in zoölogical science, and with the ambition clearly before him of displacing both the personal influence and the loose philosophic teachings of Richard Owen, twenty years his senior and enjoying great popular and social authority. At the close of this decade appeared the 'Origin of Species' by Darwin, and a new activity developed in Huxley as the defender and exponent of Darwin's views. On the very day after its publication, in November 1859, owing to a fortunate chance Huxley's was the pen which reviewed the 'Origin of Species' in the Times. In 1860 he gave a Friday evening lecture on 'Species Races and their Origin' at the Royal Institution; and at the Oxford meeting of the British Association had his famous encounter with Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, who made a gross and foolish attack upon Huxley individually in reference to his contention, in opposition to Owen, that there was less difference in structure between man and the higher apes than there is between the higher apes and the lower monkeys.

Huxley was up to this date but little known outside scientific circles. Henceforward he was recognized in London society as a leader of men in science, and a dangerous swordsman to challenge in a public arena. In the winter of the same year he gave six evening lectures to workingmen on 'The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals'—which appeared later, in 1863, as an illustrated volume entitled 'Man's Place in Nature.' In the same year, 1863, he again addressed six lectures to workingmen, on 'Our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature,' which were subsequently published from a short-hand reporter's transcript. This second course, like those which had preceded them, were attended by a densely packed audience of workingmen, who paid the nominal fee of sixpence only, for admission to the course. Never was there a more rapt and enthusiastic audience, and never were greater skill and power in the exposition of scientific methods and results to such an

audience exhibited. It was in these lectures that Huxley fully realized the great power with which he was gifted.

So till the close of his second London decade he was busy on the one hand with scientific research in palæontology,—introducing new and most important views as to the structure of fishes' fins, of reptilia and amphibia and of the vertebrate skull, teaching his regular students in Jermyn Street, and giving Hunterian lectures on comparative anatomy at the College of Surgeons,—and on the other hand expounding by occasional lectures, brief courses, or weighty essays, the principles of Darwinism and the new doctrine of organic evolution, to a wider public.

In 1870 his growing conviction that it lay in his power not merely to discover new scientific truth, but to put the methods and results of science before his fellow-men, other than those who were special students, in such a way as to influence their intellectual life, led him to accept an invitation to become a candidate for the London School Board, then first established. He was elected, and made himself felt in that assembly as a man not only acute and learned but wise and just. In 1871 he became Secretary of the Royal Society, a post which he retained until 1880; and devoted no small portion of his time and energy to the maintenance of the high position and influence which he conceived to be the just and historic attribute of that society.

The enormous amount of varied intellectual work which now occupied his brain, together with the strain of so many duties of such various kinds, at last resulted in over-fatigue. He took a long holiday in Egypt in the winter of 1872, and returned refreshed. Now he had to organize his laboratory and practical class in the new buildings at South Kensington to which the School of Mines was removed, and where it eventually became known as the Royal College of Science. Addresses, magazine articles, Royal Commissions, occupied him as fully as before his illness: and his visit in 1876 to the United States, where he gave an address on University Education at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University and three lectures on Evolution in New York, was a sort of royal progress: for everywhere his fame had spread as one who united profound scientific knowledge with an incisive power of speech, sparkling with wit such as few men of any kind of career possessed.

Though during this decade (1870–80) Huxley gave more abundantly of his strength to the delivery of scientific addresses, and to the writing of essays on subjects so varied as Descartes, Joseph Priestley, the Positive Philosophy, and Administrative Nihilism, yet in it some of his most brilliant scientific work was accomplished. His full memoir on the Triassic Crocodile Stagonolepis was published in 1877,

and his memoir on Ceratodus in 1876; but most remarkable of all, his book on the crayfish, which embodied in popular style an important study of the crayfishes of all countries, and an important analysis of the structure of the gill plumes as evidence of affinity and separation, which formed simultaneously the subject of a memoir presented by him to the Zoölogical Society.

About this time (1870–80) Huxley became a member of a very remarkable society which called itself the Metaphysical Club. This club met at irregular intervals to dine and discuss the higher philosophy. It was organized by Mr. James Knowles, the editor of the Nineteenth Century review, and included amongst its constant frequenters Lord Tennyson, Froude, Cardinal Manning, Martineau, Bishop MacGee, and "others of the weightier leaders of English thought."

Huxley rarely met Mr. Gladstone, for whose mode of thought he had a great dislike, although he admired the vivacity and irrepressible loquacity of the veteran statesman. I remember his telling me of a dinner where he had met Gladstone (towards the close of the "eighties"), and how he complained that he had not been able to get a word in edgeways on account of the incessant discourse of Mr. Gladstone.

Of Ruskin, Huxley's judgment was very severe. His invariable courtesy would not have allowed him to use such terms in speaking of Ruskin to a larger circle; but talking to me as we were walking from Naples to Baiæ in 1872, he referred to the author of 'Modern Painters' as "a pernicious idiot." On the same occasion he spoke with great kindliness of his old antagonist Owen, and expressed warm admiration for the continued devotion of Sir Richard, even in his old age, to original scientific work.

The decennium 1880–90 witnessed Huxley's appointment to the post of Inspector of Fisheries in addition to his other official work. This was the first time (and remains the last) that the British government had endeavored to secure the services of a competent scientific man for the post, and credit is due to Sir William Harcourt for his selection.

In 1883 Huxley received the crowning honor of his life, being elected President of the Royal Society. But the ill health which had threatened him in 1870 now returned, with serious complications. Symptoms of cardiac mischief, together with disturbance both in the kidneys and lungs, compelled him to give up all his official work. In 1885 he retired from his professorship, from his fishery post, and from the presidency of the Royal Society, and confined himself to such work as he could perform in his study at Eastbourne (where in 1890 he built himself a house), or in the Engadine, where he usually spent the summer. Though he suffered from an unaccountable exhaustion

whenever he was persuaded during these later years to give a public address, yet he still retained great power of work in the way of writing. He produced between 1885 and his death in 1895 a large series of brilliant and interesting essays, especially on the relation of science to Hebrew and Christian tradition, and on the evolution of theology and of ethics; and not unfrequently endeavored to fulfill his duty by addressing the public in «a letter to the Times.» During this period he was president of the Marine Biological Association, in the founding of which he took an active part, and in 1892 was made by her Majesty a member of the Privy Council.

It is interesting to note — indeed important, in view of the history of the activity of one of the greatest intellects of our times — that in these later years Huxley entirely ceased to make anatomical investigations, or to deal with those problems of morphological science in which he was for so long so active. This appears to have been due not to any purposed change of work, but to an actual inability any longer to fix his attention on or to derive intellectual interest from the old problems. New topics, such as the gentians of the Alps, he could study with some of his old fervor; but where he chiefly found intellectual pleasure was in the leisurely following out of lines of thought in regard to the relations of science, philosophy, and religion, which had been visible to him indeed during his hard-worked years of public life, but along which he had not before been able to travel to any extent, owing to lack of time and need of detachment from other occupations.

In 1888 Huxley received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, and in 1894 the Darwin medal. His speech at the society's dinner in 1894 was remarkable for the exhibition of those fine qualities of gayety, humor, and wisdom which had always characterized his after-dinner speaking. He occupied himself that winter in assisting, at considerable personal sacrifice and exertion in the form of writing and attendance at committees, the movement for a Teaching University in London. But in the early spring of 1895 he suffered badly from influenza, and he aggravated his condition by attempting to complete a review of Mr. Arthur J. Balfour's book on 'The Foundations of Belief.' His old symptoms reappeared; heart, kidneys, and lungs were all involved, and after a distressing illness of some weeks he expired at Eastbourne on June 29th, 1895. He was buried in the Marylebone Cemetery at Finchley, to the north of London.

Huxley left a large family of grown-up children, — two sons and four daughters, all married. He had lost his eldest son in early childhood, and his second daughter after her marriage. His home life was of the happiest and best kind. «Pater» was the centre of a remarkable group on Sunday afternoons and evenings, consisting of

young people, the friends of his sons and daughters, and of learned and eminent persons who had dropped into the pleasant house or garden in St. John's Wood to enjoy a few moments of the great man's company during his leisure. After 1868, when he was already forty-three years of age, but not before, he took to smoking. I well remember him at the "Red Lion's" dinner at Norwich, puffing a cigarette. In a year he had advanced to a grimy little brier-root, and kept a very good box of cigars, with which he was always very generous. My own recollections of him extend to my earliest childhood, for he carried me over the rocks on the low-tide shore at Felixtow in Suffolk, under his arm, in 1851, when I was four years old, and he a young fellow of six-and-twenty, just returned from the voyage of the Rattlesnake. Ten years later, when I was a schoolboy, a fortunate find on my part of a rare fossil oölitic mammalian jaw brought me into association with him; and he encouraged the profound attachment which I formed for him by providing me with admission cards to attend as many of his afternoon and evening lectures as I could get to without playing truant from school (happily a day school — St. Paul's). I drank in his words and steeped myself in his thoughts. I was present from this date onwards, at all his great addresses, his battles-royal, his triumphs, his new enterprises, his illnesses; and I was there, with many other dear friends, at the last, when the sand of Finchley was thrown down to cover forever that which had borne the noblest spirit, the keenest intellect, the brightest wit, and the truest, kindliest heart known to us.

It is eminently true of Huxley that "the style is the man." His writings are marked by his individuality, — clear, graceful, humorous, and incisive. He had a very large share of the artistic temperament, as was apparent both in his skill in the use of the pencil and in his extraordinary aptitude in the use of language. He had a fine innate taste, which demanded excellence in form of expression; and this was gradually cultivated by his efforts to expound scientific thought and methods to popular audiences, to a degree which gave him an unrivaled position as a speaker and writer. His gracè and artistic finish of expression were the more noticeable from the rigid adherence to truth and moderation in statement which characterized all his utterances; as well as the vast acquaintance with the best literature, whether English, French, German, or Italian, which could serve to illustrate his theme. He has been accused, by too ready and superficial critics, of venturing into controversy upon subjects which he had not really mastered, and also of neglecting scientific research in order to seek popular approval and reputation. Both suggestions are absolutely without foundation. He never delivered an attack without keeping "shot in his locker." His reply to Mr. Congreve, who had

ventured to challenge some disparaging remarks of his relative to Comte and the Positive Philosophy, is a delightful instance of the disappointment of an assailant who thought that Huxley was talking large about what he had not really studied. His equipment in regard to Christian and Hebrew tradition was as ample and thorough as that of his ecclesiastical antagonists. As to his having in any unwise way neglected the minutiæ of scientific research in later years, it is surely most ungrateful to reproach on this ground one who did so much detailed research of the best quality in earlier life, and even when his great strength was failing under the huge weight of public responsibilities accepted by him, yet showed by such papers as that on Crayfishes his delight and splendid dexterity in the well-loved work of morphological research. As Michael Foster has said of him, "one guiding principle in Huxley's life was the deep conviction that science was meant not for men of science alone, but for all the world; and that not in respect to its material benefits only, but also and even more for its intellectual good." It was thus by conviction that Huxley gave a large part of his time and vast power to writings and addresses which are designed to bring the methods and results of science home to the mind of the ordinary man. Like Darwin,—I might indeed say like all men who have been great, and almost in proportion as they were great,—Huxley was impelled to do what he did by a sense of duty. In all his philosophical and ethical discussions, his sensibility to this supreme command is apparent; and yet (perhaps it is significant of his unquestioning obedience to that command) he has left no discussion of the origin of that command, nor any analysis of the grounds upon which it may be considered reasonable or unreasonable for a man to obey or disobey that word. In his last public lecture (the Romanes lecture delivered at Oxford in 1893) he says: "Finally, to my knowledge, nobody professes to doubt that so far as we possess a power of bettering things, it is our paramount duty to use it, and to train all our intellect and energy to this supreme service of our kind." In his autobiographical sketch written in 1894, he says that the objects which he has had in view in life

"are briefly these: To promote the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability; in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off. It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain, to other ends: to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles

and skirmishes over evolution; and to the untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science. In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many; and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such.»

In a letter to me written in 1890 he says that he has never valued the individual discoveries of science, great as they are, so much as her methods; and that he shall be well content if by his efforts those who come after him will be, in some degree in consequence of them, less hindered by organized authority in thinking truly and freely than men were in his younger days.

In 1894 Huxley superintended the arrangement and publication of his various essays in nine volumes. Many of these had appeared in earlier collections, such as 'Lay Sermons' and 'American Addresses'; others had never been republished. These volumes, together with his volume on the Crayfish (International Scientific Series), and his educational works, — 'Anatomy of Invertebrate Animals,' 'Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals,' 'Lessons in Physiology,' and 'Physiography,' — comprise almost the whole of Huxley's writings not addressed to a special audience of scientific experts. Since his death, whilst a statue of him is being prepared for erection in the great hall of the British Museum of Natural History, and medals are to be founded at the Royal College of Science and at the Royal Society in commemoration of him and stamped with his features, the grandest memorial of his scientific fame and achievements is rapidly approaching completion; namely, a reissue in four royal octavo volumes of all his contributions to the scientific journals and transactions of scientific societies, — commencing with his paper published in the Medical Times and Gazette of 1845 on 'The Root Sheath of Hairs,' and ending a long list of two hundred or more memoirs with that on the Alpine species of Gentian.

E. Ray Lankester

ON A PIECE OF CHALK

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A GREAT chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe which I hope to enable you to read with your own eyes to-night. Let me add that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer and therefore a better conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of Nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn; not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell: and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we "burn" chalk, the result is quicklime. Chalk in fact is a compound of carbonic-acid gas and lime; and when you make it very hot, the carbonic acid flies away and the lime is left. By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If on the other hand you were to powder a little chalk and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and finally a clear liquid in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime dissolved in the vinegar vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones

are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and for anything chemistry tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur upon the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below. . . .

But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but imbedded in this matrix are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but on a rough average not more than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called Globigerina, and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than Globigerinæ and granules. Let us fix our attention upon the Globigerina. It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk. . . .

The history of the discovery of these living Globigerinæ, and of the part which they play in rock-building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen incidentally out of work devoted to very different

and exceedingly practical interests. When men first took to the sea, they speedily learned to look out for the shoals and rocks; and the more the burthen of their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to ascertain with precision the depth of the waters they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line; and ultimately marine surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding-ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by "arming" the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand or mud or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead; and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths), Lieutenant Brooke of the American Navy some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea bottom can be scooped out and brought up from any depth to which the lead descends. In 1853 Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin and to Bailey of West Point; and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms,—the greater proportion of these being just like the Globigerinæ already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science; but Lieutenant Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when the enterprise of laying down the telegraph cable between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the

strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth over the whole line of the cable and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young Prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the Princess. However, in the months of June and July 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great expedition and precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of all these operations is, that we know the contours and the nature of the surface soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land. It is a prodigious plain,—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland; and except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie downhill for about 200 miles, to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about 300 miles to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north-and-south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which when brought to the surface dries into a grayish-white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard if you are so inclined; and to the eye it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it, in the same way as that of the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents

innumerable Globigerinæ imbedded in a granular matrix. Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences; but as these have no bearing on the question immediately before us,—which is the nature of the Globigerinæ of the chalk,—it is unnecessary to speak of them.

Globigerinæ of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is in fact the remains of the creature to which the Globigerina shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence, and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is in fact a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind; without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting from all parts of its surface long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which in the higher animals we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency.

The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea, at the vast depths from which apparently living Globigerinæ have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the Globigerinæ of the Atlantic sea bottom do not live and die where they are found.

As I have mentioned, the soundings from the great Atlantic plain are almost entirely made up of Globigerinæ, with the granules which have been mentioned, and some few other calcareous shells; but a small percentage of the chalky mud—perhaps at most some five per cent. of it—is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of silex or pure flint. These siliceous bodies belong partly to the lowly vegetable organisms which are called Diatomaceæ, and partly to the minute and extremely simple animals termed Radiolaria. It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface, where they may be obtained in prodigious

numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence it follows that these siliceous organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen in some cases through 15,000 feet of water before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor. And considering how large a surface these bodies expose in proportion to their weight, it is probable that they occupy a great length of time in making their burial journey from the surface of the Atlantic to the bottom. . . .

Thus not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea bottom, but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began or ended its existence is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made in various parts of western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions. It has been proved that the whole population of Europe whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages such as the Esquimaux are now; that in the country which is now France they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now,—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and it is probable that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia than that of western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them as they are to us in point of antiquity. But if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they

are not older than the drift or bowlder clay, which in comparison with the chalk is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own seaboard for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the bowlder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge bowlders of chalk are in fact included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the bowlder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the bowlder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the boles of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn. When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up and remained dry land until it was covered with

forest, stocked with the great game the spoils of which have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants, hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and bowlder clay. Sea beasts such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned. . . .

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent though nowise brilliant thought to-night. It has become luminous; and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting, "without haste but without rest," of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM

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I AGREE with the Materialist that the human body, like all living bodies, is a machine, all the operations of which will sooner or later be explained on physical principles. I believe that we shall sooner or later arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat. If a pound weight falling through a distance of a foot

gives rise to a definite amount of heat, which may properly be said to be its equivalent, the same pound weight falling through a foot on a man's hand gives rise to a definite amount of feeling, which might with equal propriety be said to be its equivalent in consciousness. And as we already know that there is a certain parity between the intensity of a pain and the strength of one's desire to get rid of that pain, and secondly that there is a certain correspondence between the intensity of the heat or mechanical violence which gives rise to the pain and the pain itself, the possibility of the establishment of a correlation between mechanical force and volition becomes apparent. And the same conclusion is suggested by the fact that within certain limits the intensity of the mechanical force we exert is proportioned to the intensity of our desire to exert it.

Thus I am prepared to go with the Materialists wherever the true pursuit of the path of Descartes may lead them; and I am glad on all occasions to declare my belief that their fearless development of the materialistic aspect of these matters has had an immense, and a most beneficial, influence upon physiology and psychology. Nay, more: when they go farther than I think they are entitled to do,—when they introduce Calvinism into science and declare that man is nothing but a machine,—I do not see any particular harm in their doctrines, so long as they admit that which is a matter of experimental fact; namely, that it is a machine capable of adjusting itself within certain limits.

I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right: the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me. But when the Materialists stray beyond the borders of their path, and begin to talk about there being nothing else in the universe but Matter and Force and Necessary Laws, and all the rest of *their* "grenadiers," I decline to follow them. I go back to the point from which we started, and to the other path of Descartes. I remind you that we have already seen clearly and distinctly, and in a manner which admits of no doubt, that all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of consciousness. "Matter" and "Force" are, as far as we can know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness.

"Necessary" means that of which we cannot conceive the contrary. "Law" means a rule which we have always found to hold good, and which we expect always will hold good. Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; and as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body. If I say that impenetrability is a property of matter, all that I can really mean is that the consciousness I call extension and the consciousness I call resistance constantly accompany one another. Why and how they are thus related is a mystery. And if I say that thought is a property of matter, all that I can mean is that actually or possibly the consciousness of extension and that of resistance accompany all other sorts of consciousness. But as in the former case, why they are thus associated is an insoluble mystery.

From all this it follows that what I may term legitimate Materialism — that is, the extension of the conceptions and of the methods of physical science to the highest as well as the lowest phenomena of vitality — is neither more nor less than a sort of shorthand Idealism; and Descartes's two paths meet at the summit of the mountain, though they set out on opposite sides of it.

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS

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THERE is another fallacy which appears to me to pervade the so-called "ethics of evolution." It is the notion that because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent "survival of the fittest," therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them towards perfection. I suspect that this fallacy has arisen out of the unfortunate ambiguity of the phrase "survival of the fittest." "Fittest" has a connotation of "best"; and about "best" there hangs a moral flavor. In cosmic nature, however, what is "fittest" depends upon the conditions. Long since, I ventured to point out that if our hemisphere were to cool again, the survival of the fittest might bring about in the vegetable kingdom a population of more and more stunted and humbler

and humbler organisms, until the "fittest" that survived might be nothing but lichens, diatoms, and such microscopic organisms as those which give red snow its color; while if it became hotter, the pleasant valleys of the Thames and Isis might be uninhabitable by any animated beings save those that flourish in a tropical jungle. They as the fittest, the best adapted to the changed conditions, would survive. . . .

But if we may permit ourselves a larger hope of abatement of the essential evil of the world than was possible to those who, in the infancy of exact knowledge, faced the problem of existence more than a score of centuries ago, I deem it an essential condition of the realization of that hope that we should cast aside the notion that the escape from pain and sorrow is the proper object of life.

We have long since emerged from the heroic childhood of our race, when good and evil could be met with the same "frolic welcome"; the attempts to escape from evil, whether Indian or Greek, have ended in flight from the battle-field; it remains to us to throw aside the youthful over-confidence and the no less youthful discouragement of nonage. We are grown men, and must play the man,

> "strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,"

cherishing the good that falls in our way, and bearing the evil in and around us with stout hearts set on diminishing it. So far we all may strive in one faith towards one hope:—

> "It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles;
> . . . but something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note may yet be done."

ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE

From the Fortnightly Review

WHAT, truly, can seem to be more obviously different from one another, in faculty, in form, and in substance, than the various kinds of living beings? What community of faculty can there be between the brightly colored lichen, which so nearly resembles a mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock

on which it grows, and the painter, to whom it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist, whom it feeds with knowledge?

Again, think of the microscopic fungus,—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly; and then of the wealth of foliage, the luxuriance of flower and fruit, which lies between this bald sketch of a plant and the giant pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the Indian fig, which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while nations and empires come and go around its vast circumference.

Or turning to the other half of the world of life, picture to yourselves the great Finner whale, hugest of beasts that live or have lived, disporting his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber, with easy roll, among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dock-yard would founder hopelessly; and contrast him with the invisible animalcules, mere gelatinous specks, multitudes of which could in fact dance upon the point of a needle with the same ease as the angels of the schoolmen could in imagination. With these images before your minds, you may well ask, What community of form or structure is there between the animalcule and the whale; or between the fungus and the fig-tree; and *à fortiori*, between all four?

Finally, if we regard substance or material composition, what hidden bond can connect the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins; or what is there in common between the dense and resisting mass of the oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element? . . . .

Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action, are in the long run resolvable into muscular contraction; and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant or animalcule feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and it is more than probable that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all

plants in possession of the same powers at one time or other of their existence.

I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plant, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely spread, and at the same time more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates and breaks off in the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a cornfield.

But in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven in relatively rapid streams through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and thus there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while occasionally opposite streams come into direct collision, and after a longer or shorter struggle one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects and not themselves. . . .

If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little circular discoidal bodies or corpuscles which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvelous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm; and its activity differs in detail rather than in principle from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed but was more or less hidden in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more: in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was once no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body in its earliest state is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition it is a multiple of such units variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character: namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which structurally is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But at the very bottom of the animal scale even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a

particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock-builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad or attached end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus. . . .

In the wonderful story of the 'Peau de Chagrin,' the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild-ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results directly or indirectly in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light: so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But happily the protoplasmic

peau de chagrin differs from Balzac's, in its capacity of being repaired and brought back to its full size after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is conceivably expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By-and-by I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal,—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old function as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory which I possess will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man. . . .

Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal or what plant I lay under contribution for protoplasm; and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but as I need hardly say, a hogshead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal, or some plant; the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore in seeking for the origin of protoplasm, we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. The fluid containing

carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants: and with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigor, but grow and multiply until it has increased a millionfold, or a million millionfold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life to an indefinite extent from the common matter of the universe. . . .

After all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause or condition of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone unsupported must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know and can know about the latter phenomenon? Simply that in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have on the contrary every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, "a law of nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know: but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid

of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism and most other "isms," lie outside "the limits of philosophical inquiry"; and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a skeptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I nor any one else have any means of knowing; and that under these circumstances I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all,—I do not think he has any right to call me a skeptic. On the contrary, in replying thus I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:—

"If we take in hand any volume of divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each therefore stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest; and forms one of our

highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology or one set of symbols rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols.

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter: matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter; each statement has certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions or concomitants of thought which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may in future help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas the alternative or spiritualistic terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols.

But the man of science who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the x's and y's with which he works his problems for real entities; and with this further disadvantage as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1892*

«Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus!»

The Minster speaks

BRING me my dead!
To me that have grown,
Stone laid upon stone,
As the stormy brood
Of English blood
Has waxed and spread
And filled the world,
With sails unfurled;
With men that may not lie;
With thoughts that cannot die.

Bring me my dead!
Into the storied hall,
Where I have garnered all
My harvest without weed;
My chosen fruits of goodly seed;
And lay him gently down among
The men of State, the men of song:
The men that would not suffer wrong,
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind,
Head servants of the human kind.

Bring me my dead!
The autumn sun shall shed
Its beams athwart the bier's
Heaped blooms; a many tears
Shall flow; his words, in cadence sweet and strong,
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent throng.
Bring me my dead!

And oh! sad wedded mourner, seeking still
For vanished hand-clasp, drinking in thy fill
Of holy grief; forgive, that pious theft
Robs thee of all save memories left.
Not thine to kneel beside the grassy mound,
While dies the western glow, and all around
Is silence, and the shadows closer creep
And whisper softly, All must fall asleep.

*Ode on Tennyson's Death: From the Nineteenth Century, November 1892.

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